THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Thanksgiving Number

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Child Labor–A National Disgrace

CHILDREN SACRIFICED TO GREED

IF you could look for a moment into the great glass factories of New Jersey and western Pennsylvania, or visit with us the bituminous coal mines, or the coal breakers of the anthracite mines, and the cotton factories, and see the pinched faces and shriveled forms of little children who are doomed to spend their childhood years at work, and by this work doomed to destroy their future hope of healthy manhood or womanhood, your heart would go out to these children and your purse would be opened to the people who are trying to pass laws to rescue these little ones from disease and premature old age.

But you cannot see these conditions. The healthy and happy surroundings in which your own children are placed make it well-nigh impossible for you to realize that there are to-day hundreds of thousands of little boys and girls who are struggling under labor conditions that make their proper growth and development an impossibility.

Joe working in a glass factory

Little Joe has spent six of his sixteen years on this low stool tying glass stoppers on the bottles in a glass factory. He can tie three hundred dozen a day. His bent shoulders, sunken chest, sallow face, and lusterless eyes are the signs of Nature's protest against such toil.

We can only ask you to look through our eyes and to understand that this organization, the National Child Labor Committee, is fighting to the death this widespread form of industrial slavery.

If every person in America could see the sights which our investigators daily witness, there would not be a state in the Union that would not have child labor laws of the strictest kind, and our work would be unnecessary; and yet, because so few people have a chance of actually knowing the conditions, we have the most difficult battle on our hands against the subtle influence of selfish capital.

But we are in the fight to a finish, and we are in it to win for every child in America the opportunity to become what every child should be—a mentally clean and physically healthful American citizen; but we need help; we need your help. You cannot fight the battle, but you can give us the means to fight it on your behalf.

Girls are cheaper than cotton

These children are at work in the spinning room of an Alabama cotton mill. The spinners are nearly all young girls, as they go from the spinning room into the weaving rooms at fourteen years of age, sometimes at twelve. The President of the American Cotton Manufacturers' Association says that seventy-five per cent. of the spinners of his state, North Carolina, are fourteen years old or under. There are nine million spindles in the Southern states.

10,000 Boys from 9 to 13 years old work in the Coal Breakers.

7,500 Children under sixteen years of age work in Glass Factories. Hundreds of them work ALL NIGHT.

60,000 little Children under fourteen years of age toil in Southern Cotton Mills. Little girls 8 years old work through a TWELVE-HOUR NIGHT.

Little Messenger Boys are ruined by NIGHT calls at Houses of Vice.

How You Can Help Us

The National Child Labor Committee needs $25,000 to conduct its campaign this winter. It has absolutely no means of support, except through the voluntary contributions of its well-wishers. It asks your aid. It wants the small contributions of the people whose interests it is trying to serve. We want your dollars because your dollars mean that your heart is with us. $2 will make you an Associate member; $25 will make you a sustaining member; $100 will make you a guarantor.

During the past two years we have worked in coöperation with many existing organizations and through local and state committees organized by us in passing better laws for the protection of children in the following states: Iowa, Maryland, Massachusetts, New York, Missouri, Delaware, Georgia, Rhode Island, Kentucky, Kansas and Pennsylvania. But we finished our work with a deficit of $5,000 for the first year and nearly $2,000 in the second. This year we begin a new campaign without a dollar in the treasury. It will be begun because the children of American citizens need us, and it will be finished because we believe the American people will support us.

Do not put this off. Associate yourself with our organization. This movement hasn't an enemy in America, nor an opponent, except one whose pocket-book is being affected.

Remember this fact: In most charities a given dollar does a dollar's worth of good. In this philanthropy a dollar incorporated into a statute immediately and prodigiously enhances its efficacy by drafting into the service of the children the millions that the state has at command to enforce its laws.

Felix Adler, Chairman

Samuel McCune Lindsay, Secretary

National Child Labor Committee, United Charities Bldg., New York City

HOMER FOLKS, Vice-Chairman
V. EVERIT MACY, Treasurer
A. J. McKELWAY, } Assistant Secretaries
OWEN R. LOVEJOY, }

President Roosevelt is an honorary member, and Ex-President Grover Cleveland, President Eliot of Harvard, Cardinal Gibbons, Mrs. Emmons Blaine, Secretary Taft, Bishop Greer, Isaac N. Seligman, John S. Huyler, Paul Warburg, and William E. Harmon among the distinguished and public-spirited citizens who make up the membership of the Committee.

Detach, Sign and return

Membership Enrollment

I take pleasure in contributing
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National Child Labor Committee.

Please enroll me as { An Associate Member. / A Sustaining Member. / A Guarantor.

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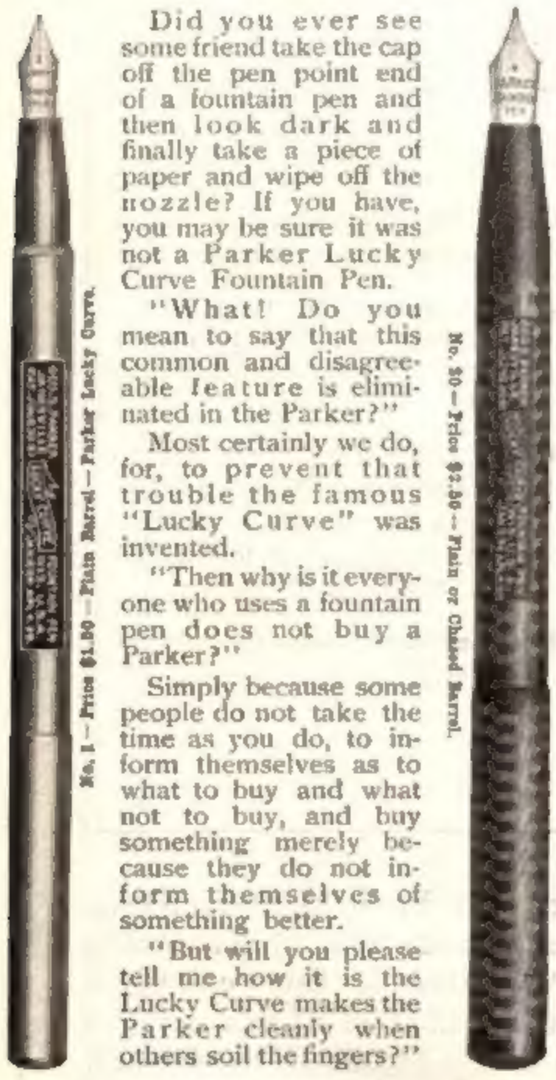

Did you ever see some friend take the cap off the pen point end of a fountain pen and then look dark and finally take a piece of paper and wipe off the nozzle? If you have, you may be sure it was not a Parker Lucky Curve Fountain Pen.

"What! Do you mean to say that this common and disagreeable feature is eliminated in the Parker?"

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"Then why is it everyone who uses a fountain pen does not buy a Parker?"

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Very gladly. Space is so limited here that a full explanation cannot be given. "Because it has the 'Lucky Curve'" is the title of a neat little booklet beautifully illustrated, awaiting your request, which tells all about this great improvement and others.

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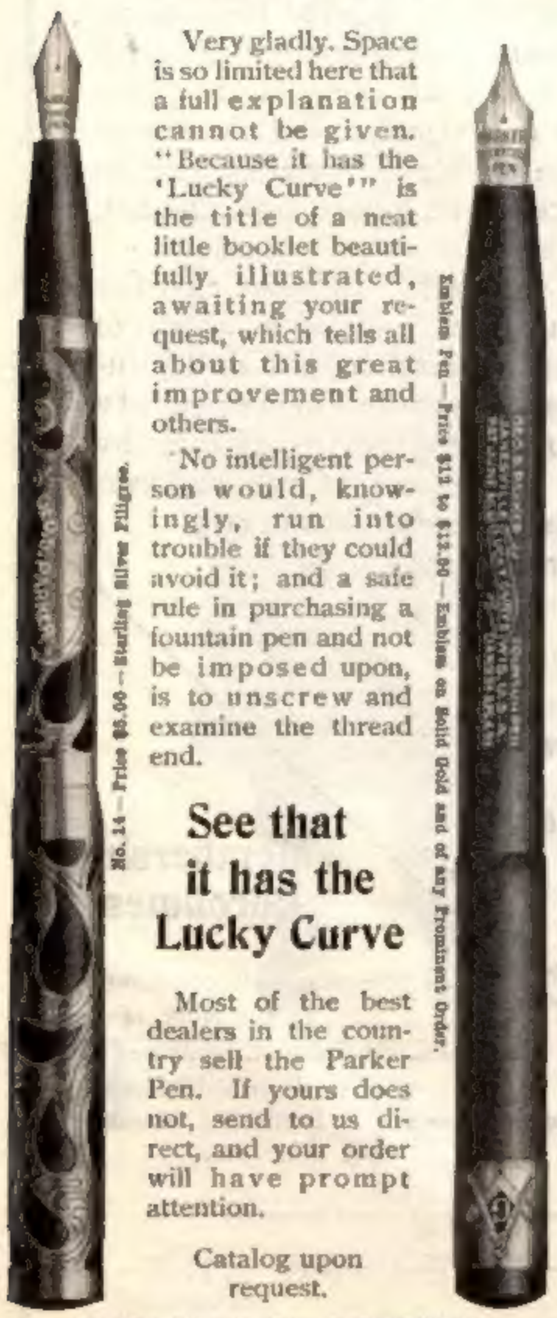

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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A Brief History

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST is the oldest journal of any kind that is issued to-day from the American press. Its history may be traced back in a continuous, unbroken line to the days when young Benjamin Franklin edited and printed the old Pennsylvania Gazette. In nearly one hundred and eighty years there has been hardly a week—save only while the British army held Philadelphia and patriotic printers were in exile—when the magazine has not been issued.

During Christmas week, 1728, Samuel Keimer began its publication under the title of the Universal Instructor in all Arts and Sciences and Pennsylvania Gazette. In less than a year he sold it to Benjamin Franklin, who, on October 2, 1729, issued the first copy under the name of the Pennsylvania Gazette. Franklin sold his share in the magazine to David Hall, his partner, in 1765. In 1803 the grandson of David Hall became its publisher. When he died, in 1821, his partner, Samuel C. Atkinson, formed an alliance with Charles Alexander, and in the summer of that year they changed the title of the Gazette to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Who is Harriman?

In all the United States there is scarcely one man who does not know *what* Mr. Harriman is. But from one end of the country to the other it would be hard to find many people outside of Wall Streetwho really know *who* he is. Here is a man who has suddenly jumped into the financial arena and, one after another, is conquering the great gladiators of the money-world; a man who can win at any game of millions yet invented and who can invent a few new ones of his own; a man upon whom are fixed the eyes of all the newspapers and "Captains of Industry," and yet a man about whose personality little has been written. Will Payne, however, has been going over the records of his career, and, in a series of articles for The Saturday Evening Post, will honestly and fairly answer the question: Who is Harriman?

A maker of "Good Hats for Men" has this notice in his workrooms:

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The idea is this: An article that is to be worn by particular people should be made by men and women who keep themselves clean. And there is no better way to keep clean than by the frequent use of Ivory Soap.

There is no "free" (uncombined) alkali in Ivory Soap. That is why it will not injure the finest fabric or the most delicate skin.

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Style Book shows "a fit for every foot." Send for it. Most Styles sell for $5.00.

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THE HAUNTED BELL

By JACQUES FUTRELLE

I

IT WAS a thing trivial enough, yet so strangely mystifying in its happening that the mind hesitated to accept it as an actual occurrence despite the indisputable evidence of the sense of hearing. As the seconds ticked on, Franklin Phillips was not at all certain that it had happened, and gradually the doubt began to assume the proportions of a conviction. Then, because his keenly-attuned brain did not readily explain it, the matter was dismissed as an impossibility. Certainly it had not happened. Mr. Phillips smiled a little. Of course it was—it must be—a trick of his nerves.

But, even as the impossibility of the thing grew upon him, the musical clang still echoed vaguely in his memory, and his eyes were still fixed inquiringly on the Japanese gong whence it had come. The gong was of the usual type—six bronze disks, or inverted bowls, of graduated sizes, suspended one above the other, with the largest at the top, and quaintly colored with the deep, florid tones of Japan's ancient decorative art. It hung motionless at the end of a silken cord which dropped down sheerly from the ceiling over a corner of his desk. It was certainly harmless enough in appearance, yet—yet ——

As he looked the bell sounded again. It was a clear, rich, vibrant note—a boom which belched forth suddenly as if of its own volition, quavered full-toned, then diminished until it was only a lingering sense of sound. Mr. Phillips started to his feet with an exclamation.

Now, in the money-marts of the world, Franklin Phillips was regarded as a living refutation of all theories as to the physical disasters consequent upon a long pursuit of the strenuous life—a human antithesis of nerves. He breathed fourteen times to the minute and his heart-beat was always within a fraction of seventy-one. This was true whether there were millions at stake in a capricious market or whether he ordered a cigar. In this calm lay the strength which had enabled him to reach his fiftieth year in perfect mental and physical condition.

Back of this utter normality was a placid, inquiring mind; so now, deliberately, he took a pencil and tapped the bells of the gong one after another, beginning at the bottom. The shrill note of the first told him instantly that was not the one which had sounded; nor was the second, nor the third. At the fourth he hesitated and struck a second time. Then he tapped the fifth. That was it. The gong trembled and swayed slightly from the blow, light as it was, and twice again he struck it. Then he was convinced.

For several minutes he stood staring, staring blankly. What had caused the bell to ring? His manner was calm, cold, quiet, inquisitive—indomitable common-sense inspired the query.

"I guess it was nerves," he said after a moment. "But I was looking at it, and——"

Nerves as a possibility were suddenly brushed ruthlessly aside, and he systematically sought some tangible explanation of the affair. Had a flying insect struck the bell? No. He was positive, because he had been looking directly at it when it sounded the second time. He would have seen an insect. Had something dropped from the ceiling? No. He would have seen that, too. With alert, searching eyes he surveyed the small room. It was his own personal den—a sort of office in his home. He was alone now; the door closed; everything appeared as usual.

Perhaps a window! The one facing east was open to the lightly stirring air of the first warm evening of spring. The wind had disturbed the gong! He jumped at the thought as an inspiration. It faded when he saw the window-curtains hanging down limply; the movement of the air was too light to disturb even these. Perhaps something had been tossed through the window! The absurdity of that conjecture was proven instantly. There was a screen in the window of so fine a mesh that hardly more than a grain of sand could pass through it. And this screen was intact.

With bewilderment in his face Mr. Phillips sat down again. Then recurred to him one indisputable fact which precluded the possibility of all those things he had considered. There had been absolutely no movement—that is, perceptible movement—of the gong when the bell sounded. Yet the tone was loud, as if a violent blow had been struck. He remembered that, when he tapped the bell sharply with his pencil, it swayed and trembled visibly, but the pencil was so light that the tone sounded far away and faint. To convince himself he touched the bell again, ever so lightly. It swayed.

"Well, of all the extraordinary things I ever heard of!" he remarked.

After a while he lighted a cigar, and for the first time in his life his hand shook. The sight brought a faint expression of amused surprise to his lips; then he snapped his fingers impatiently and settled back in his chair. It was a struggle to bring his mind around to material things; it insisted on wandering, and wove fantastic, grotesque conjectures in the drifting tobacco smoke. But at last common-sense triumphed under the sedative influence of an excellent cigar, and the incident of the bell floated off into nothingness. Business affairs—urgent, real, tangible business affairs—focused his attention.

Then suddenly, clangorously, with the insistent acclaim of a fire-alarm, the bell sounded—once! twice! thrice! Mr. Phillips leaped to his feet. The tones chilled him and stirred his phlegmatic heart to quicker action. He took a long, deep breath, and, with one glance around the little room, strode out into the hall. He paused there a moment, glanced at his watch—it was four minutes of nine—then went on to his wife's apartments.

Mrs. Phillips was reclining in a chair and listening with an amused smile to her son's recital of some commonplace college happening which chanced to be of interest to him. She was forty or forty-two, perhaps, and charming. Women never learn to be charming until they're forty; until then they are only pretty and amiable—sometimes. The son, Harvey

Phillips, arose as his father entered. He was a stalwart young man of twenty, a prototype, as it were, of that hard-headed, masterful financier—Franklin Phillips.

"Why, Frank, I thought you were so absorbed in business that ——" Mrs. Phillips began.

Mr. Phillips paused and looked blankly, unseeingly, as one suddenly aroused from sleep, at his wife and son—the two dearest of all earthly things to him. The son noted nothing unusual in his manner; the wife, with intuitive eyes, read some vague uneasiness.

"What is it?" she asked solicitously. "Has something gone wrong?"

Mr. Phillips laughed nervously and sat down near her.

"Nothing, nothing," he assured her. "I feel unaccountably nervous somehow, and I thought I should like to talk to you rather than—than ——"

"Keep on going over and over those stupid figures?" she interrupted. "Thank you."

She leaned forward with a gesture of infinite grace and took his hand. He clenched it spasmodically to stop its absurd trembling and, with an effort all the greater because it was repressed so sternly, regained control of his panic-stricken nerves. Harvey Phillips excused himself and left the room.

"Harvey has just been explaining the mysteries of baseball to me," said Mrs. Phillips. "He's going to play on the Harvard team." Her husband stared at her without the slightest heed or comprehension of what she was saying.

"Can you tell me," he asked suddenly, "where you got that Japanese gong in my room?"

"Oh, that? I saw it in a window of a queer old curio shop I pass sometimes on my charity rounds. I looked at it two or three months ago and bought it. The place is in Cranston Street. It's kept by an old German—Wagner, I think his name is. Why?"

"It looks as if it might be very old, a hundred years perhaps," remarked Mr. Phillips.

"That's what I thought," responded his wife, "and the coloring is exquisite. I had never seen one exactly like it, so ——"

"It doesn't happen to have any history, I suppose?" he interrupted.

"Not that I know of."

"Or any peculiar quality, or—or attribute out of the ordinary?"

Mrs. Phillips shook her head.

"I'm sure I don't know what you mean," she replied. "The only peculiar quality I noticed was the singular purity of the bells and the coloring."

Mr. Phillips coughed over his cigar.

"Yes, I noticed the bells myself," he explained lamely. "It just struck me that the thing was—was out of the ordinary, and I was a little curious about it." He was silent a moment. "It looks as if it might have been valuable once."

"I hardly think so," Mrs. Phillips responded. "I believe thirty dollars is what I paid for it—all that was asked."

That was all that was said about the matter at the time. But on the following morning an early visitor at Wagner's shop was Franklin Phillips. It was a typical place of its kind, half curio and half junk-store, with a coat of dust over all. There had been a crude attempt to enhance the appearance of the place by an artistic arrangement of several musty antique pieces, but, otherwise, it was a chaos of all things. An aged German met Mr. Phillips as he entered.

"Is this Mr. Wagner?" inquired the financier.

Extreme caution, amounting almost to suspicion, seemed to be a part of the old German's business régime, for he looked at his visitor from head to foot with keen eyes, then evaded the question.

"What you want?" he asked.

"I want to know if this is Mr. Wagner," said Mr. Phillips tersely. "Is it, or is it not?"

The old man met his frank stare for a moment; then his cunning, faded eyes wavered and dropped.

"I am Johann Wagner," he said humbly. "What you want?"

"Some time ago—two or three months—you sold a Japanese gong ——" Mr. Phillips began.

"I never sold it!" interrupted Wagner vehemently. "I never had a Japanese gong in the place! I never sold it!"

"Of course you sold it," insisted Mr. Phillips. "A Japanese gong—do you understand? Six bells on a silken cord?"

"I never had such a thing in my life—never had such a thing in my shop!" declared the German excitedly. "I never sold it, so help me! I never saw it!"

Curiosity and incredulity were in Mr. Phillips' eyes as he faced the old man.

"Do you happen to have any clerk?" he asked. "Or did you have three months ago?"

"No, I never had a clerk," explained the German with a violence which Mr. Phillips did not understand. "There has never been anybody here but me. I never had a Japanese gong here—I never sold one! I never saw one here!"

Mr. Phillips studied the aged, wrinkled face before him calmly for several seconds. He was trying vainly to account for an excitement, a vehemence which was as inexplicable as it was unnecessary.

"It's absurd to deny that you sold the bell," he said finally. "My wife bought it of you, here in this place."

"I never sold it!" stormed the German. "I never had it! No women ever came here. I don't want women here. I don't know anything about a Japanese gong. I never had one here."

Deeply puzzled and thoroughly impatient, Mr. Phillips decided to forego this attempt at a casual inquiry into the history of the gong. After a little while he went away. The old German watched him cautiously, with cunning, avaricious eyes, until he stepped on a car.

As the cool, pleasant days of early spring passed on the bell held its tongue. Only once, and that was immediately after his visit to the old German's shop, did Mr. Phillips refer to it again. Then he inquired casually of his wife if she had bought it of the old man in person, and she answered in the affirmative, describing him. Then the question came to him: Why had Wagner absolutely denied all knowledge of the bell, of its having been in his possession and of having sold it?

But, after a time, this question was lost in vital business affairs which engrossed his attention. The gong still hung

"I Never had a Japanese Gong Here—I Never Sold One!"

over his desk and he occasionally glanced at it. At such times his curiosity was keen, poignant even, but he made no further effort to solve the mystery which seemed to enshroud it.

So, until one evening a wealthy young Japanese gentleman, Oku Matsumi, by name, son of a distinguished nobleman in his country's diplomatic service, came to dinner at the Phillips' home as the guest of Harvey Phillips. They were classmates in Harvard, and a friendship had grown up between them which was curious, perhaps, but explainable on the ground of a mutual interest in art.

After dinner Mr. Matsumi expressed his admiration for several pictures which hung in the luxurious dining-room, and so it followed naturally that Mr. Phillips exhibited some other rare works of art. One of these pictures, a Da Vinci, hung in the little room where the gong was. With no thought of that, at the moment, Mr. Phillips led the way in and the Japanese followed.

Then a peculiar thing happened. At sight of the gong Mr. Matsumi seemed amazed, startled, and, taking one step toward it, he bent as if in obeisance. At the same time his right hand was thrust outward and upward as if describing some symbol in the air.

. . . . . .

. . . Utter silence! A suppliant throng, bowed in awed humility with hands outstretched, palms downward, and yellow faces turned in mute prayer toward the light which fluttered up feebly from the sacred fire upon the stony, leering countenance of Buddha. The gigantic golden image rose cross-legged from its pedestal and receded upward and backward into the gloom of the temple. The multitude shaded off from bold outlines within the glow of the fire to a shadowy, impalpable mass in the remotest corners; hushed of breath, immovably staring into the drooping eyes of their graven-god.

Behind the image was a protecting veil of cloth of gold. Presently there came a murmur, and the suppliants, with one accord, prostrated themselves until their heads touched the bare, cold stones of the temple floor. The murmur grew into the weirdly beautiful chant of the priests of Buddha. The flickering light for an instant gave an appearance of life to the heavy-lidded, drooping eyes, then it steadied again and they seemed fixed on the urn wherein the fire burned.

After a moment the curtain of gold was thrust aside in three places simultaneously, and three silken-robed priests appeared. Each bore in his hand a golden sceptre. Together they approached the sacred fire and together they thrust the sceptres into it. Instantly a blaze spouted up, illuminating the vast, high-roofed palace of worship, and a cloud of incense arose. The sweetly sickening odor spread out, fanlike, over the throng.

The three priests turned away from the urn, and each, with slow, solemn tread, made his way to an altar of incense with flaming torch held aloft. They met again at the feet of Buddha and prostrated themselves, at the same time extending the right hand and forming some symbol in the air. The chant from behind the golden veil softened to a murmur, and the murmur grew into silence. Then:

"Gautama!"

The name came from the three together—the tone was a prayer. It reverberated for an instant in the recesses of the great temple; then the multitude, with one motion, raised themselves, repeated the single word and groveled again on their faces.

"Siddhartha, Beloved!"

Again the three priests spoke and again the suppliants moved as one, repeating the words. The burning incense grew heavy, the sacred fire flickered, and shadows flitted elusively over the golden, graven face of the Buddha.

"Sayka-muni, Son of Heaven!"

The moving of the multitude as it swayed and answered was in perfect accord. It was as if one heart, one soul, one thought had inspired the action.

"O Buddha! Wise One! Enlightened One!" came the voices of the priests again. "O Son of Kapilavastu! Chosen One! Holy One who found Nirvana! Your unworthy people are at your feet. Omnipotent One! We seek your gracious counsel!"

The voices in chorus had risen to a chant. When they ceased there was the chill of suspense; a little shiver ran through the temple; there was a hushed movement of terrified anxiety. Of all the throng only the priests dared raise their eyes to the cold, graven face of the image. For an instant the chilling silence; then boldly, vibrantly, a bell sounded—once!

"Buddha has spoken!"

It was a murmurous whisper, almost a sigh, plaintive, awestricken. The note of the bell trembled on the incense-laden air, then was dissipated, welded into silence again. Priests and people were cowering on the bare stones; the lights flared up suddenly, then flickered, and the semi-gloom seemed to grow sensibly deeper. Behind the veil of gold the chant of the priests began again. But it was in a more solemn note—a despairing wail. For a short time it went on, then died away.

Again the sacred fire blazed up as if caught by a gust of wind, but the glow did not light the Buddha's face now—it was concentrated on a bronze gong which dropped down sheerly on a silken cord at Buddha's right hand. There were six disks, the largest at the top, silhouetted against the darkness of the golden veil beyond. From one of these bells the sound had come, but now they hung mute and motionless. Only the three priests raised reverential eyes to it, and one, the eldest, arose.

"O Voice of Buddha!" he apostrophized in a moving, swinging chant—and the face of the graven-god seemed swallowed up in the shadows—"we, your unworthy disciples, await! Each year at the eleventh festival we supplicate! But thrice only hast thou spoken in the half-century, and thrice within the eleventh day of your speaking our Emperor has passed into the arms of Death and Nirvana. Shall it again be so, Omnipotent One?"

The chant died away and the multitude raised itself to its knees with supplicating hands thrust out into the darkness toward the dim-lit gong. It was an attitude of beseeching, of prayer, of entreaty.

And again, as it hung motionless, the bell sounded. The tone rolled out melodiously, clearly—Once! Twice! Thrice! Those who gazed at the miracle lowered their eyes lest they be stricken blind. And the bell struck on—Four! Five! Six! A plaintive, wailing cry was raised: the priests behind the veil of gold were chanting again. Seven! Eight! Nine! The people took up the rolling chant as they groveled, and it swelled until the ancient walls of the temple trembled. Ten! Eleven!

Utter silence! A suppliant throng, bowed in awed humility, with hands outstretched, palms downward, and yellow faces turned in mute prayer toward the light which

fluttered up feebly from the sacred fire upon the stony, leering countenance of Buddha! . . .

. . . . . .

Mr. Matsumi straightened up suddenly to find his host staring at him in perturbed amazement.

"Why did you do that?" Mr. Phillips blurted uneasily.

"Pardon me, but you wouldn't understand if I told you," replied the Japanese with calm, inscrutable face. "May I examine it, please?" And he indicated the silent and motionless gong.

"Certainly," replied the financier wonderingly.

Mr. Matsumi, with a certain eagerness which was not lost upon the American, approached the gong and touched the bells lightly, one after another, evidently to get the tone. Then he stooped and examined them carefully—top and bottom. Inside the largest bell—that at the top—he found something which interested him. After a close scrutiny he again straightened up, and in his slant eyes was an expression which Mr. Phillips would have liked to interpret.

"I presume you have seen it before?" he ventured.

"No, never," was the reply.

"But you recognized it!"

Mr. Matsumi merely shrugged his shoulders.

"And what made you do that?" By "that" Mr. Phillips referred to Mr. Matsumi's strange act when he first saw the bell.

Again the Japanese shrugged his shoulders. An exquisite, innate courtesy which belonged to him was apparently forgotten now in contemplation of the gong. The financier gnawed at his mustache. He was beginning to feel nervous—the nervousness he had felt previously, and his imagination ran riot.

"You have not had the gong long?" remarked Mr. Matsumi after a pause.

"Three or four months."

"Have you ever noticed anything peculiar about it?"

Mr. Phillips stared at him frankly.

"Well, rather!" he said at last, in a tone which was perfectly convincing.

"It rings, you mean—the fifth bell?"

Mr. Phillips nodded. There was a tense eagerness in the manner of the Japanese.

"You have never heard the bell ring eleven times?"

Mr. Phillips shook his head. Mr. Matsumi drew a long breath—whether it was relief the other couldn't say. There was silence. Mr. Matsumi closed and unclosed his small hands several times.

"Pardon me for mentioning the matter under such circumstances," he said at last, in a tone which suggested that he feared giving offense, "but would you be willing to part with the gong?"

Mr. Phillips regarded him keenly. He was seeking in the other's manner some inkling of a solution of a mystery which each moment seemed more hopelessly beyond him.

"I shouldn't care to part with it," he replied casually. "It was given to me by my wife."

"Then no offer I might make would be considered?"

"No, certainly not," replied Mr. Phillips tartly. There was a pause. "This gong has interested me immensely. I should like to know its history. Perhaps you can enlighten me?"

With the imperturbability of his race, Mr. Matsumi declined to give any information. But, with a graceful return of his former exquisite courtesy, he sought more definite knowledge for himself.

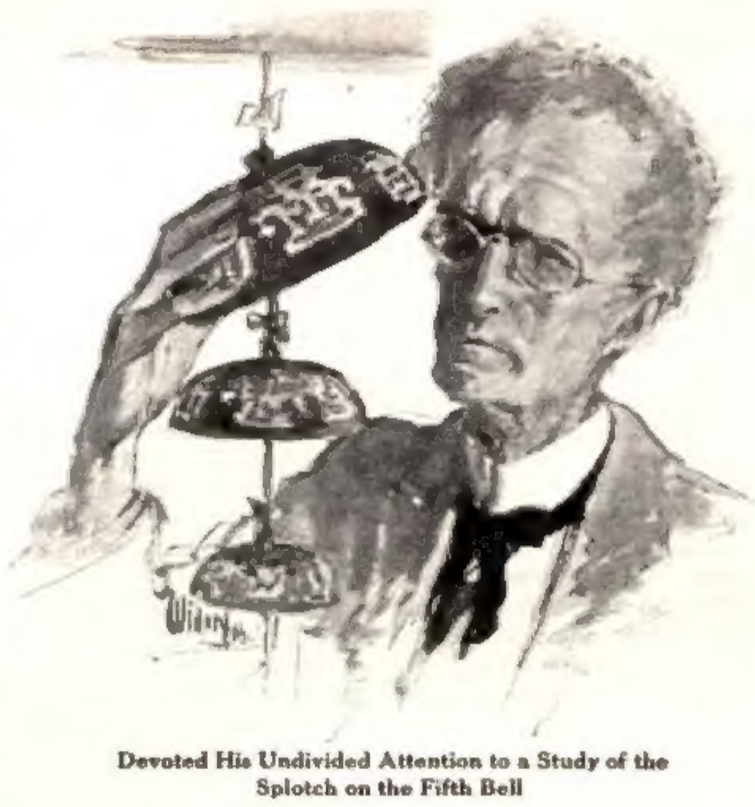
"I will not ask you to part with the gong," he said, "but perhaps you can inform me where your wife bought it?" He paused for a moment. "Perhaps it would be possible to get another like it?"

"I happen to know there isn't another," replied Mr. Phillips. "It came from a little curio shop in Cranston Street, kept by a German named Johann Wagner."

And that was all. This incident passed as the other had, the net result being only further to stimulate Mr. Phillips' curiosity. It seemed a futile curiosity, yet it was ever present, despite the fact that the gong still hung silent.

On the next evening, a balmy, ideal night of spring, Mr. Phillips had occasion to go into the small room. This was just before dinner was announced. It was rather close there, so he opened the east window to a grateful breeze, and placed the screen in position, after which he stooped to pull out a drawer of his desk. Then came again the quick, clangorous boom of the bell—One! Two! Three! Four! Five! Six! Seven!

At the first stroke he straightened up; at the second he leaned forward toward the gong with his eyes riveted to the fifth disk. As it continued to ring he grimly held on to jangling nerves and looked for the cause. Beneath the bells, on top, all around them he sought. There was nothing! nothing! The sounds simply



Devoted His Undivided Attention to a Study of the Splotch on the Fifth Bell

burst out, one after another, as if from a heavy blow, yet the bell did not move. For the seventh time it struck, and then with white, ghastly face and chilled, stiff limbs Mr. Phillips rushed out of the room. A dew of perspiration grew in the palms of his quavering hands.

It was a night of little rest and strange dreams for him. At breakfast on the following morning Mrs. Phillips poured his coffee and then glanced through the mail which had been placed beside her.

"Do you particularly care for that gong in your room?" she inquired.

Mr. Phillips started a little. That particular object had enchained his attention for the last dozen hours, awake and asleep.

"Why?" he asked.

"You know I told you I bought it of a curio dealer," Mrs. Phillips explained. "His name is Johann Wagner, and he offers me five hundred dollars if I will sell it back to him. I presume he has found it is more valuable than he imagined, and the five hundred dollars would make a comfortable addition to my charity fund."

Mr. Phillips was deeply thoughtful. Johann Wagner! What was this new twist? Why had Wagner denied all knowledge of the gong to him? Having denied, why should he now make an attempt to buy it back? In seeking answers to these questions he was silent.

"Well, dear?" inquired his wife after a pause. "You didn't answer me."

"No, don't sell the gong," he exclaimed abruptly. "Don't sell it at any price. I—I want it. I'll give you a check for your charity."

There was something of uneasiness in her devoted eyes. Some strange, subtle, indefinable air which she could not fathom was in his manner. With a little sigh which breathed her unrest she finished her breakfast.

On the following morning still another letter came from Johann Wagner. It was an appeal—an impassioned appeal—hurriedly scrawled and almost incoherent in form. He *must* have the gong! He would give five thousand dollars for it. Mrs. Phillips was frankly bewildered at the letter, and turned it over to her husband. He read it through twice with grimly-set teeth.

"Well, Dear? You Didn't Answer Me"

"No," he exclaimed violently; "it sha'n't be sold for any price!" Then his voice dropped as he recollected himself. "No, my dear," he continued, "it shall not be sold. It was a present from you to me. I want it, but"—and he smiled whimsically—"if he keeps raising the price it will add a great deal to your charity fund, won't it?"

Twice again within thirty-six hours Mr. Phillips heard the bell ring—once on one occasion and four on the other. And now visibly, tangibly, a great change was upon him. The healthy glow went from his face. There was a constant twitching of his hands; a continual, impatient snapping of his fingers. His eyes lost their steady gaze. They roved aimlessly, and one's impression always was that he was listening. The strength of the master spirit was being slowly destroyed, eaten up by a hideous gnawing thing of which he seemed hopelessly obsessed. But he took no one into his confidence; it was his own private affair to work out to the end.

This condition was upon him at a time when the activity of the speculative centres of the world was abnormal, and when every faculty was needed in the great financial schemes of which he was the centre. He, in person, held the strings which guided millions. The importance of his business affairs was so insistently and relentlessly thrust upon him that he was compelled to meet them. But the effort was a desperate one, and that night late, when a city slept around him, the bell sounded twice.

When he reached his downtown office next day an enormous amount of detail work lay before him, and he attacked it with a feverish exaltation which followed upon days and nights of restlessness. He had been at his desk only a few minutes when his private telephone clattered. With an exclamation he arose; comprehending, he sat down again.

Half-a-dozen times within the hour the bell rang, and each time he was startled. Finally he arose in a passion, tore the desk-telephone from its connecting wires and flung it into the waste-basket. Deliberately he walked around to the side of his desk and, with a well-directed kick, smashed the battery-box. His secretary regarded him in amazement.

"Mr. Camp," directed the financier sharply, "please instruct the office operator not to ring another telephone-bell in this office—ever."

The secretary went out and he sat down to work again. Late that afternoon he called on his family physician, Doctor Perdue, a robust individual of whom it was said that his laugh cured more patients than his medicine. Be that as it may, he was a successful man, high in his profession. Doctor Perdue looked up with frank interest as he entered.

"Hello, Phillips!" was his greeting. "What can I do for you?"

"Nerves," was the laconic answer.

"I thought it would come to that," remarked the physician, and he shook his head sagely. "Too much work, too much worry and too many cigars; and besides, you're not so young as you once were."

"It isn't work or cigars," Phillips replied impatiently. "It's worry—worry because of some peculiar circumstances which—which ——"

He paused with a certain childish feeling of shame, of cowardice. Doctor Perdue regarded him keenly and felt of his pulse.

"What peculiar circumstances?" he demanded.

"Well, I—I can hardly explain it myself," replied Mr. Phillips between tightly-clenched teeth. "It's intangible, unreal, ghostly—what you will. Perhaps I can best make you understand it by saying that I'm always—I always seem to be waiting for something."

Doctor Perdue laughed heartily; Mr. Phillips glared at him.

"Most of us are always waiting for something," said the physician. "If we got it there wouldn't be any particular object in life. Just what sort of a thing is it you're always waiting for?"

Mr. Phillips arose suddenly and paced the length of the room twice. His under jaw was thrust out a little, his teeth crushed together, but in his eyes lay a haunting, furtive fear.

"I'm always waiting for a—for a bell," he blurted fiercely, and his face became scarlet. "I know it's absurd, but I awake in the night trembling, and lie for hours waiting, waiting, yet dreading the sound as no man ever dreaded anything in this world. At my desk I find myself straining every nerve, waiting, listening. When I talk to any one I'm always waiting, waiting, waiting! Now, right this minute, I'm waiting, waiting for it. The thing is driving me mad, man, mad! Don't you understand?"

Doctor Perdue arose with grave face and led the financier back to his seat.

"You are behaving like a child, Phillips!" he said sharply. "Sit down and tell me about it."

"Now, look here, Perdue," and Mr. Phillips brought his fist down on the desk with a crash, "you must believe it—you've *got* to believe it! If you don't, I shall know I am mad."

"Tell me about it," urged the physician quietly.

Then haltingly, hesitatingly, the financier related the incidents as they had happened. Incipient madness, fear, terror, blazed in his eyes, and at times his pale lips quivered as a child's might. The physician listened attentively and nodded several times.

"The bell must be—must be haunted!" Mr. Phillips burst out in conclusion. "There's no reasonable way to account for it. My common-sense tells me that it doesn't sound at all, and yet I know it does."

Doctor Perdue was silent for several minutes.

"You know, of course, that your wife did buy the bell of the old German?" he asked after a while.

"Why, certainly, I know it. It's proven absolutely by the letters he writes trying to get it back."

"And your fear doesn't come from anything the Japanese said?"

"It isn't the denial of the German; it isn't the childish things Mr. Matsumi said and did; it's the actual sound of the bell that's driving me insane—it's the hopeless, everlasting, eternal groping for a reason. It's an inanimate thing and it acts as if—it acts as if it were alive!"

The physician had been sitting with his fingers on Mr. Phillips' wrist. Now he arose and mixed a quieting potion which the other swallowed at a gulp.

Soon after his patient went home somewhat more self-possessed, and with rigid instructions as to the regularity of his life and habits.

"You need about six months in Europe more than anything else," Doctor Perdue declared. "Take three weeks, shape up your business and go. Meanwhile, if you won't sell the gong or throw it away, keep out of its reach."

Next morning a man—a stranger—was found dead in the small room where the gong hung. A bullet through the heart showed the manner of death. The door leading from the room into the hall was locked on the outside; an open window facing east indicated how he had entered and suggested a possible avenue of escape for his slayer.

Attracted by the excitement which followed the discovery of the body, Mr. and Mrs. Phillips went to investigate, and thus saw the dead man. The wife entered the room first, and for an instant stood speechless, staring into the white, upturned face. Then came an exclamation.

"Why, it's the man from whom I bought the gong!" She turned to find her husband peering over her shoulder. His face was ashen to the lips, his eyes wide and staring.

"Johann Wagner!" he exclaimed. Then, as if frenzied, he flung her aside and rushed to where the gong hung silent and motionless. He seemed bent on destruction as he reached for it with gripping fingers. Suddenly he staggered as if from a heavy blow in the face, and covered both eyes with his hands.

"Look!" he screamed.

There was a smudge of fresh, red blood on the fifth bell. Mrs. Phillips glanced from the bell to him inquiringly.

He stood for a moment with hands pressed to his eyes, then laughed mirthlessly, demoniacally.

II

HERE a small brazier spouting a blue flame, there a retort partially filled with some purplish, foul-smelling liquid, yonder a sinuous copper coil winding off into the shadows, and moving about like an alchemist of old, the slender, childlike figure of Professor Augustus S. F. X. Van Dusen, Ph. D., LL. D., F. R. S., M. D., etc., etc. A ray of light shot down blindingly from a reflector above and brilliantly illuminated the laboratory table. The worker leaned forward to peer at some minute particle under the microscope, and for an instant his head and face were thrown out against the darkness of the room like some grotesque, disembodied thing.

It was a singular head and face—a head out of all proportion to body, domelike, enormous, with a wilderness of straw-yellow hair. The face was small, wizened, petulant even; the watery blue eyes, narrow almost to the disappearing point, squinted everlastingly through thick spectacles; the mouth drooped at the corners. The small, white hands which twisted and turned the object-glass into focus were possessed of extraordinarily long, slender fingers.

This man of the large head and small body was the undisputed leader in contemporaneous science. His was the sanest, coldest, clearest brain in scientific achievement. His word was the final one. Once upon a time a newspaper man, Hutchinson Hatch, had dubbed him The Thinking Machine, and so it came about that the world at large had heard of and knew him by that title. The reporter, a tall, slender young man, sat now watching him curiously and listening. The scientist spoke in a tone of perpetual annoyance; but a long acquaintance had taught the reporter that it was what he said and not the manner of its saying that was to be heeded.

"Imagination, Mr. Hatch, is the single connecting link between man and the infinite," The Thinking Machine was saying. "It is the one quality which distinguishes us from what we are pleased to call the brute creation, for we have the same passions, the same appetites, and the same desires. It is the most valuable adjunct to the scientific mind, because it is the basis of all scientific progress. It is the thing which temporarily bridges gaps and makes it possible to solve all material problems—not some, but all of them. We can achieve nothing until we imagine it. Just so far as the human brain can imagine it can comprehend. It fails only to comprehend the eternal purpose, the Omnipotent Will, because it cannot imagine it. For imagination has a limit, Mr. Hatch, and beyond that we are not to go—beyond that is Divinity."

His Roving Eyes Settled on the Petulant, Inscrutable Face of The Thinking Machine

This wasn't at all what Hatch had come to hear, but he listened with a sort of fascination.

"The first intelligent being," the irritated voice went on, "had to imagine that when two were added to two there would be a result. He found it was four, he proved it was four, and instantly it became immutable—a point in logic, a thing by which we may solve problems. Thus two and two make four, not sometimes, but all the time."

"I had always supposed that imagination was limitless," Hatch ventured after a moment, "that it knows no bounds."

The Thinking Machine squinted at him coldly.

"On the contrary," he declared, "it has a boundary beyond which the mind of man merely reels, staggers, collapses. I'll take you there." He spoke as if it were just around the corner. "By aid of a microscope of far less power than the one there, the atomic or molecular theory was formulated. You know that—it is that all matter is composed of atoms. Now, imagination suggested and logic immutably demonstrates that the atoms themselves are composed of other atoms, and that those atoms in turn are composed of still others, *ad infinitum*. They are merely invisible, and imagination—I am not now stating a belief, but citing an example of what imagination can do—imagination can make us see the possibility of each of those atoms, down to infinity, being inhabited, being in itself a world relatively as distant from its fellows as we are from the moon. We can even imagine what those inhabitants would look like."

He paused a minute; Hatch blinked several times.

"But the boundary lies the other way—through the telescope," continued the scientist. "The most powerful glass ever devised has brought no suggestion of the end of the universe. It only brings more millions of worlds, invisible to the naked eye, into sight. The stronger the glass, the more hopeless the task of even conjecturing the end, and here, too, the imagination can apply the atomic theory, and logic will support it. In other words, atoms make matter; matter makes the world, which is an inconceivably tiny speck in our solar system, an atom; therefore, all the millions and millions of worlds are mere atoms, infinitesimal parts of some far greater scheme. What greater scheme? There is the end of imagination! There the mind stops!"

The immensity of the conception made Hatch gasp a little. He sat silent for a long time, awed, oppressed. Never before in his life had he felt of so little consequence.

"Now, Mr. Hatch, as to this little problem that is annoying you," continued The Thinking Machine, and the matter-of-fact tone was a great relief. "What I have said has had, of course, no bearing on it, except in so far as it demonstrates that imagination is necessary to solve a problem, that all material problems may be solved, and that, in meeting them, logic is the lever. It is a fixed quantity; its simplest rules have enabled me to solve petty affairs for you in the past, so——"

The reporter came to himself with a start. Then he laid before this master brain the circumstances which cast so strange a mystery about the death by violence of Johann Wagner, junk-dealer, in the home of Franklin Phillips, millionaire. But his information was only from the time the police came into the affair. Mr. Phillips, Doctor Perdue and Mr. Matsumi alone knew of the ringing of the bell.

"The blood-spot on one of the bells," Hatch told the scientist in conclusion, "may be the mark of a hand, but its significance doesn't appear. Just now the police are working on two queer points which they developed. First, Detective Mallory recognized the dead man as 'Old Dutch' Wagner, long suspected of conducting a 'fence'—that is, receiving and disposing of stolen goods; and, second, one of the servants in the Phillips' household, Giles Francis, has disappeared. He hasn't been seen since eleven o'clock on the night before the body was found, and then he was in bed sound asleep. Every article of his clothing, except a pair of shoes, trousers and pajamas, was left behind."

The Thinking Machine turned away from the laboratory table and sank into a chair. For a long time he sat with his enormous yellow head thrown back and his slender, white fingers pressed tip to tip.

"If Wagner was shot through the heart," he said at last, "we know that death was instantaneous; therefore he could not have made the blood-mark on the bell." It seemed to be a statement of fact. "But why should there *be* such a mark on the bell?"

"Detective Mallory thinks that——" began the reporter.

"Oh, never mind what he thinks!" interrupted the other testily. "What time was the body found?"

"About half-past nine yesterday morning."

"Anything stolen?"

"Nothing. The body was simply there, the window open and the door locked, and there was the blood-mark on the bell."

There was a pause. Cobwebby lines appeared on the broad forehead of the scientist and the squint eyes narrowed down to mere slits. Hatch was watching him curiously.

"What does Mr. Phillips say about it?" asked The Thinking Machine. He was still staring upward and his thin lips were drawn into a straight line.

"He is ill, just how ill we don't know," responded the newspaper man. "Doctor Perdue has, so far, not permitted the police to question him."

The scientist lowered his eyes quickly.

"What's the matter with him?" he demanded.

"I don't know. Doctor Perdue has declined to make any statement."

Half an hour later The Thinking Machine and Hatch called at the Phillips' house. They met Doctor Perdue coming out. His face was grave and preoccupied; his professional air of jocundity was wholly absent. He shook hands with The Thinking Machine, whom he had met

(Continued on Page 41)

PUPPY LOVE

An Adventure in Holding Hands

By EDWIN L. SABIN

Oh, puppy love! Oh, puppy love!
Oh, sappy hearts, that touch!
When things that mean so little
Seem things that mean so much!

AROUND-ABOUT, the whip-poorwills had resumed their nightly cadence; over the grass the fireflies were going their mystic way, while already spellbound the river lay dusky and still. The west was faintly pink from the departed sun, the east was faintly golden from the arriving moon, and the mid-heaven between was a faintly spangled blue. The air was mild and sweet, languorous with all the lingering memories of a summer day. A subtle fragrance floated now here, now there, telling of great peonies drooping and drowsy, of musky petunias sighing for the hawk-moth's kiss, of modest mignonette dreaming of the bee, of a host of sweet peas unfolding to be plucked.

It was the hour for lovers—for hand in hand and eye in eye; for the replighting of troth but yester-given, and for the breathing of vows as yet unspoken.

Amidst this, the glamourous aftermath of a day in June, the village rested, its people relaxed for peace.

On the front walk of the Emerson cottage, half-way betwixt porch and gate, four figures stood for a moment hesitant; then they paired, one couple (the elder) proceeding through the gate, the other (the younger) proceeding across the lawn.

"You'd better sit in Grandpa Emerson's chair, kid," called back the man from the gateway. "That hammock looks very weak."

"We'll hurry back, Beulah," informed, in her turn, his companion serenely—so serenely that one could with difficulty detect the sly banter in her tones.

They laughed wisely, as those whose thoughts are in accord; the man passed his arm through hers, drawing her closer, and, step matched with step, they paced away, down the gloaming path outside the pickets.

Beulah, seventeen and just out of the high-school, and Harold, eighteen and a "prep." graduate, standing, surveyed the new hammock, hanging unoccupied and inviting, in the musky dimness beneath the apple-tree.

"Shall I get in first," asked Harold—"to test it?"

"No; I was in it this afternoon and it seemed strong. But you may bring out a chair, if you're afraid."

"Oh, I'm not afraid on my account!" he assured bravely. "It ought to hold two people."

"Of course!" asserted Beulah with a little toss of the head. "Please steady it for me." She slipped in, and with feminine aptitude was adjusted at once, presenting to him a bewildering medley of soft white dimity, black hair and arched brows. "Now," she directed, looking up at him and thereby displaying a pair of violet eyes, "you may come."

Beulah

Harold diffidently obeyed.

"No; from the other side would be better, wouldn't it?" she volunteered. "Dear me! Why are men so funny in a hammock? They are either all in or all out. Are you comfortable? You can't be!"

"I'm fine," he declared. "Are you comfortable?"

"Grand—as long as you don't move and make me slide. It's the same way with couch-pillows," she continued with sage raillery. "A girl will take one pillow and put it behind her, and it's exactly right; but a man will use every pillow in the whole house, and *then* he won't be fixed! He'll look all bolstered like an invalid, or else on the edge of a precipice and expecting every minute to tumble off."

"I know it," admitted Harold meekly. "Where's your grandfather to-night?"

"Grandfather is discussing crops with old Mr. Maxley. Neither of them ever did one stroke of farming, but to listen you would never suspect it."

"I was going to wear my ducks," remarked Harold, apropos of nothing whatsoever that had yet been said. "All the fellows at school wear them," he added.

"I adore men in ducks."

"I'll skip and change, then. Shall I?"

"Of course not, silly! I mean, I adore ducks on men. They look so starchy and military in them—the men do; don't they? What do you suppose Ford and Helen are talking about?"

"Perhaps they aren't talking. I've seen them, honestly, sit by the hour and not say a word; just happy and eying each other."

"Yes," mused Beulah dreamily, gazing into the round, yellow moon now up-floating as if released from the farther bank of the river before them. "I suppose that's the way with two persons who love each other and know that they love each other. They can talk without speaking. It must be splendid."

"I wonder when they'll be married."

"In the fall, I guess. I hope so. I've always wanted a brother—and Ford's perfectly grand."

"And I've always wanted a sister."

"Well, Helen's a lovely sister, you'll find," assured Beulah, still dreamily. A figure entered the gate. "There's grandfather," she announced. "You go and tell him where we are, and have him bring his chair out, if he'd like to."

"It's pretty damp for him, here, isn't it?" suggested Harold, evincing a desire to parley over the matter. "He'll get the rheumatism."

"He *never* has rheumatism, and he's eighty years old. Isn't that wonderful? Go and tell him, please; or else I will."

"W-well," assented Harold, shifting reluctantly. "But he ought not to risk it."

"He ought to be told, though, anyway," insisted Beulah. "Really, he ought."

"All right," assented her companion in an injured tone, shifting farther. "But like enough he'll make you sit on the porch, then."

"Maybe. It *is* damp out here," agreed Beulah readily.

Harold straightened, with a great show of preparing to spring to the ground; his hand, slipping along the netting within, encountered something soft and warm and charged with electricity. It was another hand—but not *his* other hand; no. It did not move, and seemed quite insensible to the proximity of a stranger hand. Harold's hand remained very still, daring to move not so much as a finger lest it should frighten the new-found playmate away.

"Aw, no! He saw us; he must have," protested Harold huskily, sinking back. "He'll come, or he'll call you, if he wants to."

"Maybe he will," agreed Beulah, just as readily as before.

"It's—a—beautiful—night, isn't it?" faltered Harold, striving to be matter-of-fact and collected, and not to indicate by his voice the whereabouts of his hand. But his voice sounded to him makeshift and self-conscious.

"Perfectly divine!" exclaimed Beulah.

From afar down the river reached their ears the mellow exhaust of a steamer.

"There comes a boat," informed Harold, maintaining the conversation.

His hand had been turning, gently so as not to be noticed, and, in an unobtrusive way, closed over the other hand—over the little, velvety, innocent of a hand.

"So it does," murmured Beulah abstractedly.

"I've never been up the Ohio on a river-boat; have you?" pursued Harold, his hand gathering in the little, soft, velvety hand, inch by inch.

"No—yes; I mean, I went to New York once," responded Beulah absent-mindedly.

The little, warm, velvety hand betrayed a disposition to go away.

"But that isn't on the Ohio," corrected Harold.

His hand endeavored to restrain the other hand; still unobtrusively, but persuasively.

"I know it. It's on the Hudson," replied Beulah. "What—what was it you asked me?"

"I said I'd never been up the Ohio on a river-boat," explained Harold.

"Oh, I have, loads of times; I've lived here all my life, you know."

The little, soft, warm, velvety, innocent of a hand was struggling and protesting and the larger hand was pleading with it.

"On—a—steamboat?" hazarded Harold fatuously.

"No; I walked on the ice, winters, and swam, summers," she rebuked briskly. "And whenyou'rethrough with my hand I should like to use it."

"Oh!" said Harold with assumed jocularity. "Is that your hand?"

His own relaxed slightly, and the other quietly withdrew. He did not dare retain it, and presently it emerged from between them and fluttered about Beulah's hair.

Harold

"I suppose a brother has a right to touch his sister's hand," he proffered, feeling it incumbent upon him to be nettled. "And *I'm* your brother, too—about."

"Why—yes, if he wants to," mused Beulah. "But brothers don't usually care to, do they?"

"I don't know. Being a brother to a sister is something new to me," he confessed. "But I should *think* they would," he added hopefully.

"Other girls' brothers are all I've ever had experience with," she vouchsafed slowly. "Some of them *did* seem to have got in the habit, though."

"And other fellows' sisters are the only ones I've had," responded Harold. "It didn't seem to be anything very out-of-the-way with some of *them*, either."

"Didn't it?" murmured Beulah abstractedly.

The little hand had tucked in a hairpin or two, and had dropped to a very insecure position at the edge of her lap. Thence it slid, apparently unnoted by her, down in between them, about where it had been before. Harold's hand promptly found it.

"What steamer was it?" queried Harold.

"Where?" she asked.

"The one you went to—the one you went up on," he stammered. Oh, that delicious, warm, vivifying little hand! There were so many fascinating ways to hold it, and each was better than the preceding.

"It—was—— I—don't—know," murmured Beulah vacantly, staring hard into the moon.

"I've never been up the Ohio," announced Harold mechanically.

"I—haven't—either," she faltered. "Have you?"

"N-no, I don't believe I ever have," he replied huskily, trying hard to focus upon the topic.

"When was it, you say?" he asked—his fingers and his brain strangely affected in sympathy.

"When was what?" she returned faintly.

"When—you—went—up?"

"I—don't—know," she mused. "Do you?"

"N-no-o," he uttered, grappling with the problem.

"There come Ford and Helen!" exclaimed Beulah abruptly; with a tiny pressure her hand fled.

"They don't want us," he averred, blindly groping for it.

"Oh, I'm sure they do!" she declared confidently. "I'll beat you——" And whisking from the hammock she sped, a dainty vision, through the moonlight, leaving hammock singularly cold and empty, and moon mocking.

Bewildered, resentful, somewhat giddy, Harold slothfully tumbled out and followed.

Brand Whitlock—Novelist, Lawyer and Mayor—By Alfred Henry Lewis

Brand Whitlock, Mayor of Toledo

THE only government in the world worth anything is self-government: the best governed city in the world is that in which the people most govern themselves.

"Policies, like platforms, are good things to run on.

"To compel people to be good, or even orderly, is of no account. The man who abstains from getting drunk only because the saloons are shut up is not improved. He is still a drunkard at heart—and the heart is the man. A man must realize his own personality, one way or another; good or bad, he must realize it. So must cities.

"Cities have personalities, just as men have; and cities must be left free to realize those personalities. When you have a city filled with people who are good because they want to be good—not because the law says so, but because they want to be—then you have a good city. A city isn't good where the people are kept down: if they were kept down long enough your city would be quiet and orderly—like a grave or a slave-mart.

"Cities are not run for business; they are run for people. A city government should not bother itself so much in protecting and helping business as in helping men."

The above is from the wisdom of the Honorable Brand Whitlock, Mayor of Toledo, as it descended upon me in a recent interview.

Brand Whitlock, as was Percy Bysshe Shelley, is tall and slim. Also, he is an idealist—but practical. His heart is as big as the Shelley heart; his head is bigger than the Shelley head. Like Shelley he is a poet; only he acts his poems, and does not write them. In the common usual rhyming sense there will be no more poets, as there will be no more orators. Song has departed from our hearts, eloquence lies dead on our lips.

Tall and slender and fine is Whitlock, and about him and over him hangs that something—the mark of the natural nobleman—which horse folk strive to grasp under the name of "class." His eyes are large, deep, wise, animated, and nothing in them of wildness or radicalism. He has thick brown hair, with no worry-sown streaks of gray. His face is smooth, as was every high American face until the Civil War. Lincoln was the first President to wear a beard. There is a picture extant of an entire Senate, made in the late forties, and never the trace of beard or mustache among them. If we are not to go back to the dollar of the Daddies, at least we'll go back to the beardlessness of the Daddies.

The Whitlock face is a strong face, and an index to the character of one who stands like a rock against every influence but charity. He has a good mouth—sensitive, graceful and not weak. Charity I should call the keystone to the arch of his personality. He has honesty, wisdom, moral worth, strength, courage, and an indomitable bent for justice, wide-flung and rimless; and yet these are one and all locked together and held in even relation by a charity so catholic as to include not alone the present but the past and the future, and every man who is, or was, or will be.

Whitlock is the born democrat. And, because extremes are forever meeting, and there is no such commodity as a straight line and nothing save a circle, he is also the born aristocrat. There are men so rich that he will not see them. There is none so poor that he will not see him. There are men so powerful that he will agree to nothing but war with them. The weak and helpless may challenge him with safety. The door of his interest swings easily to the touch of beaten folk, who have lost their worldly way. And yet, like Hugo, he would "have no time for emperors."

Jefferson was a congenital democrat; but he went among the poor, and studied them, as Audubon might have studied the penguins. He would remark with sympathy on their bleak surroundings—their scanty nests upon the rock—their gray, hopeless prospect of an arctic existence. But it would never occur to him that he was of their flesh and their blood. Whitlock believes in the brotherhood of man. The poor are of his household. Their past is his, their present his, their future his. Jefferson felt *toward* them, Whitlock feels *with* them. And the poor and stricken, their intuition sharpened by peril, come flying to Whitlock like birds to a lighthouse.

This hath the sound of extravagance; it is none the less actually, practically true, in the town of Toledo. As a lawyer, Whitlock has tried more cases without a fee than any at the Ohio bar. As he was the poor man's lawyer, so now he is the poor man's mayor. Also, he is at local war with robber corporations. I have been lately in Milwaukee, Chicago, Toledo, Cleveland and New York. In each of these cities the battle between mankind and a conscienceless traction company is raging. There can be but one ending. The earth was made for men, not corporations, and men, when roused, will ever defend their own. I marvel that no gentleman, of half integrity and half wit, has as yet gone into traction as a business and not as a crime. Under the management of those purblind men who are, for the most part, the present head of it, traction everywhere reminds one of nothing so much as a swimming pig. The incidental effect of what moves it makes it cut its own throat.

Machiavelli believed that "men are born evil, and become good only upon compulsion." Whitlock reverses the Florentine. He does not believe in jails. Neither do I; being inclined to hold that when you have a man you ought to lock up, you've got one you ought to kill. This, however, is not the Whitlock reason for opposing jails: Whitlock is against capital punishment.

The whole sweep of the Whitlock current is toward humanity. He wants to help it, uplift it, teach it to come up higher. It is different with me; I try to confine my excitement to myself. There is something preposterous about a thought of helping humanity. He will indeed be a strong man who succeeds in giving Providence a lift. Besides, I fear I want in that respect and veneration for the public possessed by Whitlock. Possibly this is because I live in New York, where it is as plain as paint that to be rich is to be right, and the best-dressed citizen is the best citizen.

Whitlock would say that I have named the very reasons for helping the public. I'll name him two for refusing to interfere. The public is big enough and numerous enough to help itself. It can relieve its own sufferings, right its own wrongs, whenever it will. I for one shall not sit up nights to protect a public that has gone asleep at the switch of its own good. I am thus free to differ with Whitlock, and to bicker with him and criticise him, for I have been his friend and admirer for well-nigh twenty years. When I consider gentlemen like Mr. Patterson, Socialist, and Mr. Becker, Mayor of Milwaukee, I am more polite; for they are the acquaintances of yesterday.

The path by which humanity should climb, Whitlock thinks, is politics. Wherefore Whitlock is in politics. He avoids partisanship for patriotism. He is not for the Republican, not for the Democratic party, holding the name in each instance only an alias for Boss or Ring, and the final purpose of either to be graft. He is not a Socialist; the Socialists fight him wherever they find him politically. He is not a Prohibitionist, and does not insist on puritanisms.

Whitlock is a politician and has his politics. The latter, however, is the politics expressed in the terms American and Man, and he is partisan only in his philanthropy. He cares nothing for pedigree, everything for performance. He does not believe that your great-grandfather, dead and under the grass-roots, gives you your only importance, and in no wise confines his interest to what men and things derive their single lustre from the illuminative phosphorescence thrown off by a decaying past.

Whitlock is for laws to bring about an equality of right, just as he is for plows and scrapers to raze hills, fill ravines, and bring about an equality of landscape. We make laws to prevent the physically strong from beating the physically weak. Whitlock wants laws that shall prevent the financially strong from beating the financially weak. The law should be as a quart-pot, so that when one dips up more than the justice of Nature intended, the unfair excess will instantly overflow and return to the common store. Also, I imagine, he finds, as did the darky preacher, that "the way of the progressor is hard."

Golden Rule Jones was a kind of conqueror—a sort of Cæsar in his way; only he conquered with love and gentleness, not by javelin and short-sword. While Jones lived, Whitlock was his nearest friend, his closest adviser. When Jones died, Whitlock stood at the grave's head and spoke for him.

Those who had followed Golden Rule Jones while he lived, now, when he was dead, followed Whitlock. The mayoralty was proposed. He said he would not run as the candidate of any party. Politics and parties should have no place in city affairs. The people, and the people alone, must make him mayor, or he would not accept. And so Whitlock was nominated not by any boss, or ring, or machine, but by the public; and the public, in the teeth of rings, bosses and machines, elected him.

Under Whitlock, men of every party have had appointments to office. Their fitness, not their politics, was considered. Republicans, Democrats, Prohibitionists were called to serve the public. The result has been vastly to civic advantage. Ice-conspirators have been sentenced to a year in prison. False weights have been corrected and made honest. Milk-villains have been forced to sell pure milk, and the death-rate among Toledo babies has been checked. The police force has been weeded of sots and incompetents. Also, there is now no blackmail. In every city department can be seen the regenerating hand of Whitlock—street, police, fire, and the rest. Even the soft-coal evil has grown beautifully less.

There is one reform of which Whitlock is proud: it is in the workhouse. He has abolished the striped raiment, and to err in Toledo no longer means that you are to be arrayed like a zebra. He has introduced a parole system. A parole-officer has been appointed. It is his business to look up situations where he who has been an inmate of the workhouse will still be given work. Those inmates whose good conduct wins them this favor are given letters to would-be employers. They are sent forth with the letters alone; no guard goes with them. None of them has run away; their honor was enough to hold them.

The story of what Whitlock has done in Toledo would fill a book. Day and night, he bears the town's welfare on the back of his regard. Sometimes, when I see Whitlock sweating in the treadmill of other men's destinies as no one would sweat in his own, I feel that honesty, though admirable, is still a fearful thing. Whitlock has a conscience, and it gores him. I, too, have a conscience, but it knows better than to turn its ugly horns my way; it is more apt to gore the neighbors.

In the days that were, Golden Rule Jones instituted Golden Rule Hall and Golden Rule Park. On Sundays he spoke to his followers. If it rained, he spoke in the Hall. Weather permitting, he spoke in the Park. Every Sunday found thousands waiting for the sunshine of his utterances. Now that Jones is gone, Whitlock takes his place. With each Sunday he mounts the tripod, and his prophecies have more of truth than did any that came out of Delphos.

Whitlock is a lawyer by profession, a mayor by position, an author by preference. He has published three books, good books, and a fourth is on the stocks. His recreations are golf and literature—especially literature.

It is to be feared that I would not agree with Whitlock's taste in literature. He worships Whitman, whose outpourings I despise as I do the washings of hog-slaughter. He

"'Well, is This All You've Got for Me to Eat To-day?'"

In New York, Where it is as Plain as Paint that to be Rich is to be Right, and the Best-Dressed Citizen is the Best Citizen

looks up to Howells, walks by him as by the sun of literature – Howells, whose every book save one I've flung down, in wonder that Pope, with so much of provocation, didn't rise from his grave to write a new and better Dunciad. He believes in the Russians, Tolstoy at their head, as the greatest of the great who write. I, for my part, think their greatness depends wholly upon their being in Russia, and is born of the mirage that ever goes with distance. If Tolstoy lived in Hoboken he wouldn't be as big as Henry James.

In no world is claptrap so potential as in the literary world, unless it be the world of music. Sometimes I wonder if this claptrap has not had its effect upon Whitlock. According to the critics' rule in such case made and provided, literature is something you don't like to read, just as music is something you don't like to hear. If you like to read the one, it's vulgar; if you like to hear the other, it's low. Jargon and discord are your true classics. Also, in literature, folk who can't write a postal-card call themselves critics and sit in judgment. I know books, and I know critics; and I've talked with the latter and read the books they applauded or condemned. The difference between the book and the critic was as the difference between Socrates and a chimpanzee. Whitlock should be upon his literary guard. All that was vapidly affected didn't go with the Della-Cruscans; all that was opaque didn't die with Browning; all that was bad in style wasn't buried with Brockden Brown. Remembering these things, Whitlock should no more let a clique order his literature than order his dinner. He should have faith in his appetite, send for a waiter and order for himself.

When Whitlock and I sat down to talk we spoke in these words:

"There is the rich young man," said I. "We are all concerned about him. Should he go into politics?"

"Go into politics? Of course. Not because he is a rich young man, but because he is a man. But it should not be necessary for him to *go* into politics; he should be in politics already, as every man should. In America, where we say we believe in democracy and in the sovereignty of every man, it follows that every man should be interested in that sovereignty. He should be interested primarily in governing himself; that is what America is for—self-government. America was made for men, for all men. The idea was, as I understand it, that men were to govern themselves. We are just beginning to learn what democracy really means. Mayor Jones used to say that there were a great many people who, though born in America, had not yet come over from Europe. By that he meant that they still had the European habit of thought with reference to government—that is, that sovereignty was something that descends on the people from above—out of the sky, as it were. Hence we talk about 'rulers' and about electing men to 'govern' us. We do no such thing. We elect them to represent us. That is why President Roosevelt is such a good President: he represents us. By 'us' I mean the people—all of them.

"No, we should not talk about 'going into' politics. I do not see why we should divide life up into compartments, as it were. A good many men do this, and the result is that their politics and their religion and their business seldom touch each other. One might say that their politics and their religion never touch each other, and their business and their religion never touch each other, although very frequently their business and their politics touch each other. The corruption which the muck-rakers have been exposing is due to the fact that men who make politics a business unite with men who make their business politics.

"It seems to me that men should live one consistent life, and their business, their politics and their religion should be one and the same thing. When I say religion, I do not mean going to church in a long coat and high hat with an Oxford Bible under your arm. A man's religion is merely his attitude toward life—that is, his attitude toward God and toward his fellow-men. I have known men who thought they were very religious. I have heard them sit down to the table before a meal, close their eyes, fold their hands, and while all the family bowed their heads in silence say, for instance: 'Lord, we thank Thee for this food; bless it to our use and our lives to Thy service: Amen' and then, in the next second, they open their eyes, look up, scowl and say to a cowering, scared wife: 'Well, is this all you've got for me to eat to-day?'

"As a matter of fact, there is only one grace that the prosperous should say, and that is this: 'Oh, Lord, forgive us for eating this food when so many are going hungry.' Now, a man who said a grace like that would have the beginnings of a religion, because if he really meant what he said it would not be long before he would be doing all he could to see to it that while he was eating—and very likely overeating – other men were not going hungry. He might have to go into politics to do this, and, doubtless, his business would suffer, but he would have the satisfaction of knowing that he had attained to a conception of life that really meant something; his business, his politics and his religion would be fused into one consistent life. Then he would live."

"How about literary men and politics?"

"In this respect literary men are like the rich young men—though that is the only respect in which they are like them, unless they happen to be the writers of historical romances and have their names on the list of the six best-selling books. I have just been reading Krapotkin's History of Russian Literature, and I have observed that nearly all Russian writers were in politics—which in Russia seems to mean Siberia, or at least exile—with the exception of Tolstoy, the greatest of them all, whose personality makes him bigger than the whole Russian government—Grand Dukes, Cossacks, Third Section and all. I think it would be a good thing for literary men to go into politics more, because then they would come nearer to life, and their work would have more vitality and meaning. Too many literary men withdraw from life and, consequently, cease to live. Then their work ceases to live; it becomes merely a refining on refinements. They do not write for the people; they write for each other. They form a select, exclusive little coterie, and lose their message by delivering it only to themselves. That sort of life – it may seem the ideal literary life—is very pleasant, no doubt, but certainly very selfish; for what are men in the world for if not to serve?

"The writers I like best are those who write about the real people—that is, men like Turgenief, and Tolstoy, and Thomas Hardy, and William Dean Howells. Howells' work has revealed to us the possibility of a real American literature, that shall reflect American life and character, and faithfully record the emotions and habits of thought of the men of our own times – in short, be something more than an imitation of European novels, and provide something beyond entertainment and sensation, or something more than a substitute for cocktails and cigars. When I read Thomas Hardy, or Turgenief, or Tolstoy, or Valdez, or Frank Norris, I am struck by the fact that the people in all these books at bottom are essentially the same, and, as a consequence, my faith and belief in the equality of men, in the brotherhood of man, is replenished and confirmed.

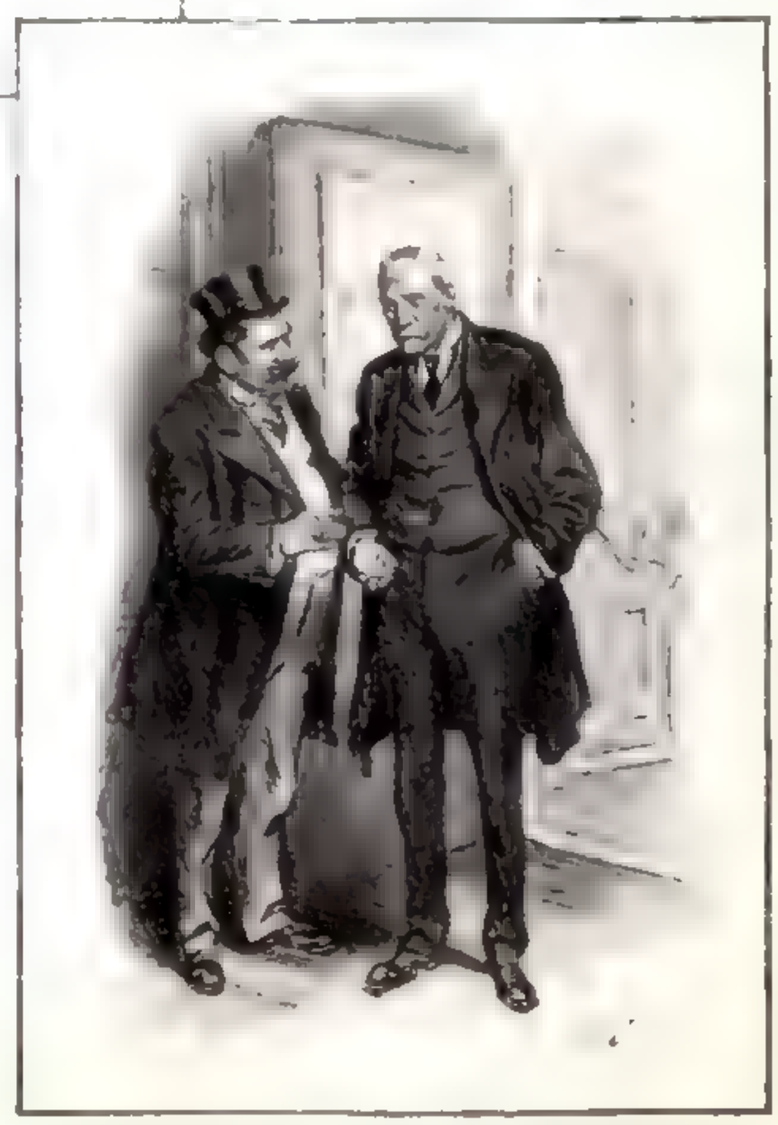
"No one, perhaps, understood this better, because no one understood democracy better, than the greatest of our poets, Walt Whitman. Emerson understood it and put it in his essays, just as he put in everything that any man ever thought or dreamed, or ever will think or dream, in the next two centuries; and so did Browning in his poems. All the great poets, by the way—these two I have named, and Burns, Shelley, Swinburne, Lowell, Whittier, Hugo and a host of others—were democratic: radically, even what some call 'dangerously' democratic. If to-day they were to say in the streets what they have put into their poems they would be denounced as 'dangerous.' I presume that the reason our millionaires do not consider them dangerous is because they keep them in their libraries safely bound in levant."

"Tell me about a city as a theatre of political action."

"There is no field more attractive to one who wants to do something than that of municipal politics. The city, as Frederick Howe says in his book, is veritably the hope of democracy. Of course, it is difficult—even impossible—to isolate problems and treat them separately. For they are all closely related: city problems, state problems and national problems. Just so, for instance, it is impossible to isolate the divorce question, it being indirectly involved with the cooking question or the wage question. Yet the great problems are municipal problems. The first thing we must have in our cities is home rule. After that, there is a most interesting

(Concluded on Page 26)

I Become Quite Sure of This, Indeed, When I Go Down to the Police-Court



Men Who Make Politics a Business Unite with Men Who Make Their Business Politics

A CELESTIAL COMBINATION

By Kennett Harris

Dealing With the Ascendency of Mercury and the Satellites of Wun Lo

HE WAS sitting in the shade of the dingy wooden piazza of the Wentworth House, overlooking Deadwood's one ground-floor street, his chair tipped back against the paint-blistered clapboards and his time-worn Stetson tipped forward over his eyes. From the arch of his long, ropy, rusty-white mustaches protruded a well-seasoned corncob pipe, from which a thin, blue curl of smoke lazily ascended with each comfortable respiration. He seemed half-asleep, but when the Chinese hose company went by, a fleeting streak of yellow faces, coiled queues, flowing blouses and flapping trousers, he roused himself to make an observation to the Late Arrival:

"That's something you don't often see," he said; "I guess it's the only one in the country. But them Chinamen is good on team work. They make good citizens, too—hard-workin' an' peaceable; don't git drunk and raise Cain; 'tend to their business an' pay their bills. I'm in favor o' Chinamen, myself; but they're clannish, there's no denyin' that. It's that makes some folks despise 'em, I reckon. Now, there's Joe Madeary; Joe jest nachally hain't got no use for 'em. He's up in the Ragged Top deestrick now, an' you're apt to run acrost him if you go up there. If you want to see the veins in his neck swell, you jest ask him about the Sweet Marie an' Wun Lo.

"Mabbe he'll give it to you different, but this is the straight of it:

"Joe was workin' over at Coo Stick on the Ten Strike in evil associations with a long-legged, buck-toothed, bilious brute, name o' Virgil Winchip, an' the two of 'em grubstaked a cranky old mick, name o' Hogan, for a trip up north. One mornin' they come back from the mine where they'd been workin' on the night shift an' seen Hogan's burros croppin' on the bunch grass on the side hill outside their cabin, an' his pack at the door. Inside Hogan was a settin' with his boot-heels on the audge of the cookstove, smokin' on his little clay, with the coffee-pot and a mess o' dishes indicatin' he'd had his breakfast, though his face didn't show it had done him good. He jest nodded at the boys without untwistin' his countenance.

"'Don't take it to heart, Dad,' says Madeary. 'You'll strike it yet. Look at Virge an' me; we ain't repinin', and we was figurin' only yist'dy what we'd do with what we got out o' our intrusts. Didn't find nothing, eh?'

"Hogan shook his head sort o' disgusted, an' spit in the stove hearth.

"'You might have found the dish-rag if you'd hunted for it,' says Winchip. Winchip didn't feel none too good either, on account o' the sow-belly an' flour hum an' Joe had put up for the trip.

"'Follered along Calico Cañon clear to the mouth,' growls Hogan out of his whiskers. 'There ain't nothin' in this man's country no more. It's worked out. South America's the place for gold now. I've got a chance to go to Colombia with Perry Stennon, an' I'm a-goin' to pull my freight to-morrer.'

"'What you got there?' asks Winchip, pickin' up a bulgin' ore sack from the corner of the cabin.

"'That's what you get for your grubstake,' says Hogan. 'You're welcome to it if you want it. I knocked that off a croppin' from the hogback runnin' down to Yeller Creek, a mile below the forks. Here's the float.' He pulls a piece of quartz from his pocket and hands it over to Madeary.

"Joe and his pardner looked at it an' then at the ore in the sack. Joe allowed it didn't look so bad.

"'You'd better stay and see what comes of it, Dad,' he says. 'You may be runnin' away from the United States Senate, for all you know.'

"'I turn over all my right, title, interest, claim an' demand to you,' says Hogan. 'If it's any good you keep it. I've put up the notice stakes for you.'

"He got up an' walked out o' the cabin 'thout another word, an' the boys got their breakfasts and crawled into their bunks. A gold mine more or less wasn't nothin' particular to them an' they wasn't excited enough to lose sleep over it.

"All the same, the first thing Joe done when he got up was to dump the ore out o' the sack into an old iron kettle an' pound it up with a drill. Then the two of 'em took it down to the creek to pan it out.

"Joe panned, sloppin' the clear water in an' the muddy water out, bit by bit, very easy an' careful, until there was jest about a spoonful of grit left in the pan. Then Joe gives a whoop an' Winchip throws up his hat, for in that grit there was flecks an' grains of gold—sure enough shinin' yeller, no-doubt-about-it gold.

"'What'll Hogan have to say about his prospect now?' says Madeary, when he'd got his breath.

"'Hogan ain't in on this,' says Winchip. 'He don't want any of it. He said so. What did we grubstake the old muggins for? He never said hog, dog or devil about that grubstake. Comes in, by thunder, and helps himself to our chuck, an' doesn't so much as wash his dishes after him. Jest "Here's a claim; it ain't no good, so you can have it."'

"'That's so,' says Madeary. 'If he'd washed them dishes I'd feel different about it.'

"'Besides,' says Winchip, 'if he's got a chance to go to Colombia, it wouldn't be fair to onsettle his mind jest because we've got a few colors.'

"Anyway, Hogan started out before either of 'em got a chance to tell him how the samples panned, an' he never got to hear about the Sweet Marie.

"Joe named the mine after a lady he'd known back East. What made it partic'lar approprut, Joe told me, was that this lady had more gold-fillin' in her teeth than she had teeth.

"'When she uster smile at me,' says Joe, 'it looked like the Ten Strike clean-up after a month's run on the high-grade ore. Her hair looked pretty rich, too, but I reckon that that wasn't nothin' but pyrites. She'd assay high, though, take her all through.'

"Well, the boys sunk four shafts on the Sweet Marie afore they found the lead, but at the end of three weeks' hard work they sacked up a wagon-load of rock an' hauled it down to the little Four-Stamp mill. Al Phernetton was operatin' on Beaver Creek, an' it run, good an' bad, about thirty dollars to the ton. The night they got back they sat up an' dreamed dreams. O' course a poor man hain't no business foolin' with quartz, but Madeary an' Winchip wasn't poor; they was millionaires, in their minds. With millions o' tons of thirty-dollar rock almost in sight, there wasn't no reason to speak of why they shouldn't be.

"The only drawback to that mine was the way that lead ran, dippin', twistin', climbin', jumpin' an' droppin' forty ways for Sunday. I won't tell you about the shafts the boys sunk nor the drifts they run, nor the cuttin's they made, tryin' to head it off an' size up the body of it. The only thing, seemed like, was to foller it along from shaft number four wherever it took a notion to go. Times there'd be a tolerable rich pay-streak, an' then the boys would make a trip to Coo Stick an' celebrate, after which some hopeful-natured citizens, havin' heard their delirious ravin's, would load up with picks an' shovels an' drills an' powder an' go out an' bore holes all over that cussed hogback, clear up to Bald Mountain. But they'd soon git discouraged an' leave Joe an' his pardner to their solitude. For quite a while, though, the loads of ore would go out to the Four-Stamp from the tunnel at shaft number four, an' then blue chips an' bottled goods an' steam yachts an' red automobiles went floatin' around in the fervid imagernations of them two poor fools till they got so swelled up they'd hardly speak to each other. The times they got that way, though, got more an' more infrequent an' seldom, until, t'ords the end o' the

"Wun Looked Happier Than Ever When He Sees 'em"

"'Wouldn't it be Our Cussed, Pizen-Mean Luck if —'"

summer, it took a considerable imagining to believe what the Four-Stamp amalgamator gave 'em, after takin' his toll, would pay for the groceries an' powder. It got worse an' worse, an' finerly the pay-streak pinched out for keeps.

"Now, Joe Madeary is a friend o' mine, an' he's square, but he'd run with Virge Winchip ontil the aidges o' his squareness was sort of wore away. That's the way I figure it. Anyway, about the third day after the pinch, while Winchip was a-settin' in the cabin lookin' disconsolate at the Four-Stamp statements, Joe come in from Coo Stick with a cheerful smile an' a double-barreled shotgun.

"'What's that?' asked Winchip.

"'That's a way out of our troubles,' says Joe, settin' the gun down an' pullin' a brown paper parcel out of his pocket.

"Winchip shook his head. 'The messengers carry shotguns, too,' he says.

"'I ain't aimin' to hold up the stage,' says Madeary.

"'Mabbe you're goin' to git up a clay pigeon shoot?' says Winchip. 'I'll tell you, Joe, I'm a-goin' back to the Ten Strike an' four good, sure-enough dollars a day. The only reason I work is for the money there is in it. I'd have seen Hogan in Tophet with his back broke afore I'd have monkeyed with this if I had known the way it was goin' to turn out. I'm through with this gappin' hide-an'-seek, hoodooed hole, an' that's all there is to it.'

"Joe chuckled, an', untyin' the parcel, shook out a litter of fat cartridges on the table.

"'I'm a-goin' to do a little shootin',' he says, 'but it ain't no pigeon shootin'.'

"He picked up one of the cartridges an' pried out the wad with the blade of his knife an' spilled the shot out.

"'I seen Wun Lo down gulch,' he observed. 'Wun has got a notion of buyin' a mine, an' he's comin' to look at the Sweet Marie to-morrow. What loose dust have you got, Virge?'

"Well, that's what he says. Same afternoon Virge Winchip sat in the shade of a spreadin' jack pine on the highest point of the ridge, with a heedful eye on the surroundin' landscape. Oncet in a while there was a muffled sound o' shots from the mouth of the shaft, an' every time that happened he smiled as if it was funny. About an hour before sundown, Madeary stuck his head out of the shaft an' called to him, an' he scrambled down from his perch.

"'Virge,' says Joe, 'I've got good news for you. The pay-streak's got back in the lead. If you don't believe it, you come down an' see for yourself.'

"Winchip grinned again an' swung his leg over an' went down the ladder. At the foot of the shaft Joe picked up a lantern an' they went into the tunnel. Here an' there Joe let the light shine on the walls, an' Winchip stopped an' looked at them partic'lar spots. At the end of the corkscrew passage there was a heap o' loose rock an' the picks an' shovels an' the boxed wheelbarrow that had done them for an ore car.

"'Look at the vein,' says Madeary, holdin' up the light. 'Pick up some of that rock over to your left. Don't scatter it, you splay-footed, ginger-headed son-of-a-gun! I want it where I can put my hand on it. What do you think of her?'

"'Joe,' says Winchip, 'blamed if I want to sell! We're foolish to sell; it looks too good. Say, there's millions in this little old mine—millions! Don't you fool with them Chinks. You sell me your half-interest. I'll pay you anything you like for it, an' give you royalties.'

"Madeary 'peared tickled. 'She don't look so poor, does she?' he says. 'I'll be doggoned if I feel like sellin' myself. If my shoulder wasn't so sore with the kick of that gun, I don't b'lieve I would.'

"A day or two later Joe an' Virge was stayin' at the Palace in Coo Stick with individual wash-basins an' red wall-paper on the partitions of their rooms. Their old cabin wasn't good enough for them. They was arrayed in the best Nathan Bloom had in his store; they was thinkin' of investin' money, an' meantime they was buckin' all the games that there was in the gulch—an' havin' luck at that. It certainly looked as if things was comin' their way in carriages. That's the way it goes, if you ever noticed it. But some men ain't never satisfied with their luck.

"One mornin' before the week was out Winchip came out of the dining-room an' drew a chair up alongside Madeary, who was settin' on the porch, same as we are now.

"'Who do you think's in there eatin' breakfast?' he says. 'That old porphyry-faced McVittie, the rock sharp from Ruby. He come over on the stage yesterday an' Bob Evans drove him over to the Sweet Marie. Wun Lo is gettin' leary.'

"'He got that way too everlastin' late,' said Joe. 'If he'd got him down afore we closed the deal, you an' me would have been polishin' drill-heads in the hundred-foot level of the Ten Strike right now.'

"'I asked him what he thought of the Sweet Marie. "Dandy lead, ain't it, Mac?" I says.

"'He looked at me from under that thatch of gray eyebrows with them chilled-steel-gimlet eyes of his an' says, "Hm-m-m!" an' buried his nose in his coffee cup.'

"'That's bein' pretty talkative for Mac,' observes Madeary.

"'When he withdraws his face,' says Winchip, 'he looked at me again. "You sold to yon heathen, didn't you?" he asks, an' I says, "Sure. Me an' Joe ain't got no Presbyterian prejudices. We'd as soon give a Chinaman a show as not."'

"'A Scotchman is as good as a Chinaman if he behaves himself,' comments Madeary. 'What did he allow then?'

"'Grunted,' says Winchip.

"'That's his idee o' polite conversation,' says Joe. 'Anyway, Wun knows the worst, an' that's somethin'. Ain't that Wun acrost the street at the store now?'

"'It certainly is,' says Winchip, looking. 'What's he doin'? Loadin' up that wagon? Holy Smoke! Look at the Chinks!'

"At the company-store opposite there was a mule team backed up to the sidewalk an' six or seven Chinamen was dodgin' about, hi-yi-ing an' hoistin' boxes, barrels, sacks, coils of rope, picks and shovels an' what-not into the wagon. On the seat was a chunky, little, pock-marked, happy-faced Chink with a thick tail twisted under his black hat-brim into a flat wad. That was Wun Lo.

"'Let's go see what it's all about,' says Madeary.

"So they got up and went over. Wun looked happier than ever when he sees 'em.

"'Hello, Wun, how's the Sweet Marie?' asks Winchip.

"'Are You Goin' to Sell?' He Shouts"

"'Sweet Malee, she all lite,' says Wun. 'We no catch him pay lock now this time. Maybe blimeby catch him. Plenty piecee lock, allee same no good lock. We dlift him to-mollow. You all lite?'

"'Keep peggin' away at it,' says Madeary, nudgin' Winchip with his elbow. 'You'll have more money than you know what to do with if you don't get discouraged.'

"'All lite,' sings Wun sweetly. 'We catch him blimeby.'

"'That's no lie,' says Winchip as they walked away. 'Joe, them Chinees is cheerful losers.'

"The next day the mule team was in again and went out with a load of lumber, an' King Harper, coming in over the Yellow Creek trail from Cyanide, reported that a gang of Chinamen was cuttin' timber out by the hogback.

"'What yer s'pose that means?' asked Winchip, when he heard it.

"'It means they're pushin' the tunnel, if it means anythin',' says Madeary. 'I don't care if they sink a hole clear home to China, if they pull the hole in after 'em.'

"Winchip chewed on his thumb-nail for a while. Then he sort o' bust out: 'Wouldn't it be our cussed, pizen-mean luck if ——' He stopped short an' stared at a little yellow man with a hop-glazed eye who was shufflin' past the hotel with a couple o' bundles wrapped in mattin' an' balanced from a pole acrost his shoulders. 'See there!' he whispers. 'There's another of 'em. Wun must have about fifty out there workin' for him. Charley Sam closed his laundry an' went out this mornin'. They're stringin' out over the trail to the mine all the time.'

"'Shucks!' says Madeary. 'You're crazy. Don't *we* know?'

"But they did begin to string in, for a fact. They come from every camp for miles around, even from Cyanide an' Ruby. Winchip got more an' more uneasy. Joe wasn't worryin', himself. Joe ain't discontented by nature. The trouble with him was his pardner. Virge got an idee that he might have overlooked a bet with Wun an' that hurt him, so he hikes out 'round by Tusculum, climbs old Baldy, where he could look down on to the hogback with a pair of field-glasses, an' comes back to Coo Stick with a large hunch.

"'I tell you they've struck somethin' good!' he says to Joe. 'They're haulin' up timbers, all right, an' I seen a load of ore startin' out for the Four-Stamp.'

"'What's eatin' you?' says Joe. 'It don't do us no good if they have, does it?'

"'We'd ought to have hung out longer,' says Winchip. 'We'd have had that mine yet if you hadn't got gay an' put up that job on Wun.'

"'We would,' says Joe; 'an we'd have been covern' ourselves with sweat an' candle-grease in the bowels of the earth if I hadn't. You make me weary. Who said they have made a strike, anyway?'

"'Well, it's no use scrappin' about it,' says Winchip.

"'That's what I say,' says Joe.

"The next day he saw Wun in the company-store, an' asked him how the mine was. Wun looked as happy as ever, but he hadn't got no good news of it. 'Lock no good,' he says. 'Pay stleak allee same gone; no sabe where. Blimeby we catch all lite one piece good lock—p'laps. So long, Mistee Madeely.'

"'Blarsted cock-eyed 'eathen!' growls the Cousin Jack store clerk. 'They carn't call a har a har; they've got to call it a hel. But they're buyin' a sight o' powder an' fuse. Mus' be tearin' hup the rock like billy-oh.'

"Madeary told his pardner about that, and Winchip says, 'What did I tell you?'

"'Don't he say that the rock ain't no good?' asks Madeary. 'Ain't I spoke to him a dozen times, an' ain't it always, "Lock no good"? He's jest pig-headed, an' he's goin' to keep scratchin' ontil he goes broke, same's we done.'

"'You don't believe it, though,' says Winchip.

"Then Al Phernetton, the Four-Stamp amalgamator, come into town, an', in the course o' the conversation with the boys, he remarks that the Sweet Marie is keepin' him busy.

"'How's the rock runnin', Al?' asks Madeary.

"Phernetton shook his head. 'Can't tell you that, boys,' he says. 'You ask McVittie what his report was.'

"'Have another on me, Al,' says Winchip.

"'I'll tell you one thing, though,' says Phernetton. 'Mind, I don't say how the rock runs, or how it doesn't. I ain't sayin' anythin'; that ain't my way. When Wun an' you boys come to me with them statements of your first clean-ups an' asked me if they was mine, I said they was. I didn't pay no attention to whether the dates was changed or not. All I seen was so much ore, so much gold an' so much charges.'

"'*So* much charges!' repeats Madeary feelingly. 'I ain't kickin', though, Al,' he says.

"'That's all right,' says the amalgamator. 'I sympathized with you an' I didn't go out of my way to spoil your deal. That's all right. Well, now Wun is my customer, an' I ain't justified in givin' away his business, but it ain't no breach of confidence for me to say that I think you was fools for sellin'.'

"When he had said that, Phernetton straightened himself up an' made a beautiful bee-line to the wicker doors, stopped for a moment to take aim, an' then pitched himself through 'em. Joe an' his pardner looked at each other; then Winchip dropped his glass on the bar an' started out. Madeary waited for him to come back for about a half-hour, an' then went to bed.

"About midnight somebody struck a match an' woke him up, an' he saw Winchip lightin' his lamp. He called to him, an' he came over, an' sat down on the side o' the bed.

"Madeary seen that his face was flushed, an' his breath was what Judge Moody calls corroborative evidence.

"'Are you awake?' says Virge.

"'I am not,' says Madeary. 'Get out o' here an' let me alone.'

"'I've got it out of him,' whispers Winchip hoarsely. 'The Sweet Marie is a bonanza. Forty an' forty-five dollars to the ton last three loads. Forty to the ton! D'yer hear that?'

"'Sure. I ain't deef,' says Madeary. 'She's runnin' forty to the ton. That's all right. Now you run to bed.'

"'Bed!' says Winchip, shakin' him by the neck. 'Bed nothin'! You wake up. Are we goin' to let that yeller, glass-eyed, pig-tailed pagan make his everlastin' fortune out of our mine—the mine we sweated an' toiled an' dug an' busted open an' spent our hard-earned money on an' camly sleep? Sleep! The rice-eatin', fan-tan-playin', hop-smokin', punk-burnin', almond-eyed vermin! He ain't sleepin'. It's us that's been doin' that. No, I'm not drunk—not drunk to hurt nothin'.'

"'Go to bed, Virge,' says Joe. 'We'll talk it over in the mornin'. It ain't right we should lose our mine. I'm with you there; but I don't see what we are goin' to do about it. I don't reckon Wun is goin' to hand it back to us, an' we can't rob him of it noway.'

"'Who wants to rob him?' says Winchip. 'Would it be robbin' him to give him back his money? He'll be in big luck to get his money back, I tell you. That wasn't a square deal. It's our duty to call it off.'

"'But s'pose Wun won't call it off?' says Madeary.

"'That's a foolish thing to say,' says Virge.

"It come around like this: Wun Lo was a-standin' in the doorway of the company-store, gettin' a good light on a sample o' rice that he was a-pokin' around in the pam of his hand when Virge Winchip slapped him on his shoulder an' scattered the rice galley west. Virge was a-smilin' real genial, but he didn't let go of Wun's shoulder, an' Joe Madeary, who was carvin' a plug o' tobacco with a bright, long-bladed, sharp-pointed knife, aidged up close. Joe was lookin' right amicable too.

"'How's the Sweet Marie, Wun?' asks Winchip pleasantly.

"'Sweet Malee all lite,' says Wun, sorter lookin' around. 'Plenty lock bad, allee same, no can do velly soon, s'pose pay stleak no catchee.'

"'That's bad,' says Winchip, mighty sober. 'We wouldn't have sold to you if we had thought it was like that.'

"'All lite,' says the Chinaman. 'Find him soon, maybe. We dlift some more.'

"'See here,' says Winchip, 'we want to have a talkee-talk with you, Joe an' me. You come with us over to the hotel.'

"'To-mollow,' says Wun. 'We talk to-mollow, maybe. I got bling lice plonto along Chinaboy, allee same Sweet Malee.'

"Winchip caught the sleeve of his blouse as he started to go back into the store, an' Madeary moved up on the other side of him.

"'The boys can wait for their rice till we get through,' Virge says, smooth an' easy. 'You come with us.'

"'Better come, Wun,' says Joe, squeezin' his arm affectionately.

"Wun looked around again, an' then he says, 'All lite; we go.'

"They steered him across the street, into the Palace, through the office an' into Madeary's room. There they let go of him.

"'Sit down, Wun, and make yourself comfortable,' says Joe, sheddin' his coat an' rollin' up his shirt-sleeves.

"He sat, and Winchip hoisted himself on to the bureau, first taking a squatty little derringer out of his coat-pocket, an' polishin' the barrel on his sleeve.

"'It's this way, Wun,' says Winchip. 'Joe an' me has been feelin' bad about the way the Sweet Marie has turned out on you. We've got consciences. You no sabe "conscience"? Well, we hate to see you losin' money on the deal. We figured you'd get rich, allee samee, like us, an' go back to China an' be happy ever after. That's right, ain't it, Joe?'

"'Sure,' says Madeary. 'We wanted to do Wun a favor. If we'd known the mine wasn't all right we'd have kep' it.'

"Wun looks from one to the other like he was thinkin' of makin' a bolt of it, but he didn't open his head.

"'Well then,' says Joe, 'what we propose is to do the square thing—give you back your money an' take the mine.'

"Wun looked sulky. He shook his head. 'No,' he says; 'I keep him. I like him.'

"'Don't worry about Joe an' me,' says Winchip persuasively. 'We'd sooner be busted an' know that we

(Concluded on Page 27)

The Night Shift at Our Schools

Where the Ends of the Earth Meet and the Alien is Made a Citizen

By I. K. FRIEDMAN

"And it had a Month's Rent in it, and I Don't Know What I'm Going to Do Now"

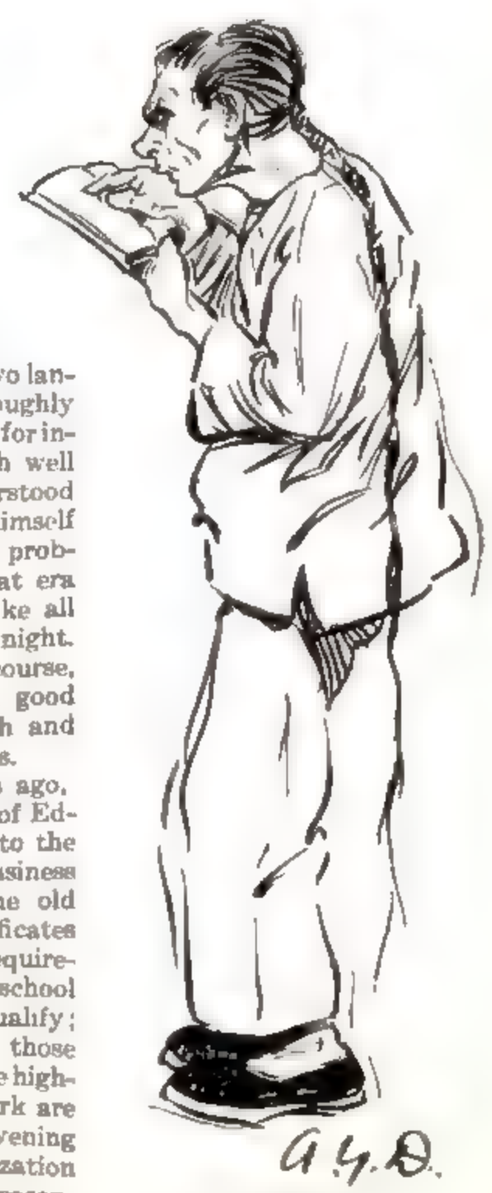
THROUGH the windows of the drab, ugly building of the Jones School the lights shone soft and inviting athwart the hard, clear cold of the wintry night. Each cluster of the golden rays gleamed like a benign beacon to the pupils who were wending their way toward them; but the mere outsider, standing opposite the schoolhouse on the corner of Harrison Street and Plymouth Court, must have experienced a mild feeling of surprise, a recollection of a youthful belief in ghosts, of all those half weird, half delightful sensations that are apt to come to one with the discovery of lights out of place. And it is such an odd and incongruous site for a school-building anyway. All around it loom the towering office-buildings, factories and squat warehouses, and at no great distance the red lights cast their garish shadows, and the turbulent sounds of the nondescript haunts of vice send forth their threatening glow. Around it many tidal waves of migration have come and gone, each leaving on the neighborhood its mark of procession and recession, as it hurtled forward or dragged behind Chinese, Russians, Germans, Syrians and Italians.

Yet the Jones School, measured merely by years, is young enough—it was built in 1875 and named after the father of the oldest Chicagoan now living—and the evening school system of Chicago was already nineteen years of age before it knew any of the charms of existence.

The third annual report of the Superintendent of Chicago Public Schools for the year 1856 tells us: "The experiment has been tried the present winter of organizing a free evening school for both sexes. It was opened in West Market Hall the first week in January." The school commenced, the report goes on to tell us, with about sixty scholars—most of them high-grade mechanics—but the number soon grew to one hundred and fifty, which seems to have remained the average attendance. It is interesting to know that the teachers gave their services voluntarily, which goes to show that they were quite as deserving of respect in those days as they are in our own, and it is amusing to learn that whenever West Market Hall was wanted for other purposes "the exercises of the school were necessarily suspended." At the present time Chicago runs twenty-nine evening schools for five months in the year, and the average attendance has increased to ten thousand. The cost of maintenance amounts to $132,000, which means that each pupil costs the city fifteen cents for each evening's instruction.

There was a time when the whole system degenerated by falling into the hands of our worthy politicians and becoming the resort for a host of incompetent teachers, who wanted to add to the trifling income they gained during the day by doing next to nothing at night. Anyone who knew two languages, his own thoroughly Yiddish or Italian, for instance—and English well enough to be understood in it, could "pull" himself into a job. It was probably believed in that era that all teachers, like all cats, were gray at night. The result was, of course, that discipline and good work went to smash and attendance to pieces.

Some three years ago, however, the Board of Education put a stop to the whole deplorable business by revoking all the old evening-school certificates and passing the requirement that only day-school certificates should qualify; and to-day only those teachers who average highest in their day work are selected for the evening schools. An organization that answers every reasonable requirement has proved the wisdom as well as the necessity for the change. Luck favoring us, we mounted the stairs of the Jones School just in time to hear the teacher propound the question, "Where were



"And He Kept His Eyes on the Spider"

Editor's Note—This is the first of two articles by Mr. Friedman on the evening schools of Chicago.

you born?" and to see some eight young men arise from their desks, walk to the blackboard and write down:

"I was born in Syria."
"I was born in Russia."
"I was born in Norway."
"I was born in Italy."
"I was born in Lithuania."
"I was born in Hungary."
"I was born in Roumania."
"I was born in Germany."

It strikes us somehow as if all the world were comprised in the narrow confines of this little room, even more snugly than the globe that stands in the corner of it, and this flight, epiclike in its scorn of space, stirs our imagination.

"Of what country do you intend to become a citizen?" follows the next question, breaking in on our reverie and lo, as if erased by the waters of the seven seas, all Europe is blotted out of the map and the United States of America mount triumphantly out of the waste of blackness to take its place.

There are perhaps some thirty-five or forty men in the class whose years touch the limits of youth and run well over the border-line of advanced middle age, and their appearance is as wide apart as the climes from which they hail. But in their poverty, in the evidences they display of a catch-as-catch-can wrestling match with indigence, one finds a certain resemblance. Sweaters as varied in hue as the faces of their owners, clothes worn to the limit of their usefulness and frayed linen form a certain convention of dress, and yet with it all there is plenty of evidence of a tussle for cleanliness and for the self-respect that goes with it.

Hard toilers most of them are—their very movements proclaim it—section-hands on the railroads, diggers of trenches, masons, stonecutters, pedlers. A few faces loom out of the common impression and force individual attention by their refinement, and one learns on inquiry that there are in the class an architect's assistant, a draughtsman, a lawyer's clerk—graduates of foreign universities whose curriculum didn't include the English language.

Meanwhile the exercises continue. The tall, lank Norwegian, who sits at the end of the last row with his legs stretched 'way out in the middle of the aisle, arises and reads from his primer in a voice loud and terrible as Thor's, god of his forefathers:

"Is this a cow? Yes, this is a cow. Do you like cows? Yes, I like cows. Why do you like cows? I like cows because they are so kind and so gentle."

Having declaimed thus, his forehead bathed in sweat from the effort, he sits down again at his desk, which; by the way—symbolic of age accommodating itself to the task of youth!—is that of one of the little children of the day-school

The humor rather than the pathos of the accommodation may strike us yet more forcibly when a Galician tries to adjust his own speech to our English without defiling it and responds to the teacher's "Do you understand English?" with "Oh, yes, I stand under the English a little." And the adjustment elevates itself to the plane of the tragic when the encounter rests with our tricky and elusive English spelling, and the foreigner, trying to translate one set of phonetics in terms of another, makes "ais" out of "ice" and "boggedpogg" out of pocketbook

We can see this sort of English in the making if we will but step up to Giuseppe Salvatore's desk and read the letter which he is working to put together. He has no objection and one copies it exactly as he writes it, down to the very periods he leaves out:

Dear Sir:

Having been worked on the train for two years for the company Michigan central. And I left the job that I happened me was sick because the work was very hard in summer time, And so I am in vacation now And am looking for the same position Or if you need a boiler do it too I steady workman long I can Or also for the present I appreciate any position can be I remain your truly friend,

GIUSEPPE SALVATORE.

Poor Giuseppe, living illustration of Pope's remark anent a little learning and its attendant dangers! It was education, not his health, between us, that lost him the job in which he now begs to be reinstated. When knowledge came to Giuseppe, he thought it impractical not to invest it where he might draw interest on the principal, and therefore he dropped pick and shovel—insignia of illiteracy—for apron and scales, and embarked in the grocery business. "Embarked" is the word, for his ship sank in the stream on which he so rashly ventured.

And still Giuseppe is as firm in his faith in learning as if the acquisition of the three R's had brought him a fortune instead of losing one for him, for half of the Italians in the room were brought there through his efforts. It argues Giuseppe's unselfishness; he has had the benefit of a liberal education and he wishes all of his countrymen to share in it. He is not one who thinks he knows everything and who, unlike most people of the sort, would keep that knowledge to himself.

But speedy evening is already on the wing, for the session lasts but two hours, from seven to nine, and one must hurry along if one would see more. All interest is no more confined to one class than all virtues to one person, and having been advised of this we move from rooms occupied by Greeks only, who are reading the English versions of the myths they gave to the world, through rooms occupied by Italians only—most of them speak not a word of English—and finally we reach the room of our ultimate quest.

We have barely crossed the threshold before a Chinaman starts to read aloud this sentence or two from the life of Bruce: "And he kept his eyes on the spider, wondering whether it would try to build its web again." Slower than the spider, but with equal patience and persistence, moves Sam. He halts on each word as if it were a perilous

"And I Can Get it in Places Where Others Can't and Bend Back Bolts and Catches"

climb to the next, and he makes sure of his footing before he will consent to ascend, or on he crawls at a snail's pace when the teacher interrupts encouragingly with:

"Very good indeed, Sam; very good indeed. Go on, Asam"—and the sixth web of the spider, which was broken, so to say, in China, is respun in Syria.

The appeal of the evening school is universal; it is looked upon as the property of the public, and the public being made up of everybody, everybody comes. They reach the good who are striving to reach still better things and they reach the bad who see here their one chance to place themselves on terms of equality with the good and the worthy again. The guardian of one evening school remarked to a visitor last winter:

"I have had several pupils who served terms in the jail, the house of correction and even the penitentiary"—and then she went on to say to her shocked listener: "They are all as good as they can be now. Nor do I blame them for what they were and the past to which they were put. I lay the blame absolutely on social conditions, on the environment in which they were reared and over which they have no control. One of them said to me one night: 'Teacher, I never had a chance in my life. I was sent to work in a factory before I knew the difference between right and wrong. I had the worst kind of a home, and I was driven to the streets for a refuge after working-hours. Can you wonder that I went wrong?'"

Apropos of this one may cite the case of Jasper Scheilling.

Jasper, returning from the principal's office whence he had been summoned, stood in the hallway and beckoned Miss Barton to join him there. The expression of dismay on Jasper's face, almost ghastly in the semi-darkness, sent a shudder through Miss Barton's thin little frame.

The bond between this white-haired teacher and her middle-aged pupil was strong; eager to learn, painstaking to a degree, thankful as an orphaned child for every kind word, he was her favorite pupil. A nervous, high-strung woman, she was intuitive to the point of discomfort, and all day long she had been warring against the premonition that "something would happen." The moment the knock at the door had called Jasper to the office, her affection had hovered over him as a frightened bird over its disturbed nest.

She laid down her book on her desk, and, closing the door softly behind her, walked out into the hallway to answer his summons.

"They want me," he started, rubbing the back of his hand over his sandy mustache, the palm of it over his sandy whiskers.

"*They* want you?—Who?" she asked, leaning against the wainscoting that ran along the wall. Her hand toyed nervously with the old-fashioned tortoise-shell comb that crowned her thick, heavy strands of white hair.

Then he told her, his voice on the point of breaking once or twice, his deep, square chest shaking, his dark eyes bent on the floor—a robbery had been committed in the neighborhood and the police suspected him.

"But why should they suspect you?" she asked, her voice so low that she scarcely could hear it herself. Her thoughts were like a series of hoops that went flying through, over and under, and whirled around each other.

"I—I——" he paused and stammered, and then he went on hastily, as an engine might speed to safety over a tottering bridge where a slower pace might hurl it into the abyss beneath. "I served a term in the penitentiary I ought to have told you long ago. They called me 'Wrist' Scheilling because my wrist is so oddly thin and long"—he bared it to her view—"and I can get it in places where others can't and bend back bolts and catches. They suspect me of doing this last job; but I didn't." His shoulders straightened like those of a man who has thrown off a weight of guilt and proved himself innocent.

Two burly fellows, accompanied by the policeman stationed in the school, appeared at the head of the stairs. Miss Barton pressed tight against the wall as if she could force her thin little body through it like the blade of a knife. Indistinguishable words, spoken in his voice, rang in her ears; she felt as if she were on the point of fainting, and she was barely conscious of dragging herself toward her desk when the gong sounded, dismissing school.

Three evenings later Jasper Scheilling was back in his place. Evidence had been lacking utterly to prove his guilt, and the authorities were forced to let him go. Those of the pupils who had heard of his arrest—and despite the efforts to suppress all news of the affair it had leaked out—looked at him as if they expected that the change in his fortunes would make a change in his outer appearance.

But the only perceptible difference in him was that he worked harder than ever, and seemed more diffident, more shy. He avoided others, but, as generally happens, others refused to avoid him. One night just before the Christmas holidays he was plowing homeward when the cry of "Wrist!" "Wrist!" uttered in a foreign voice, arrested his attention. He peered down a long vista of railroad tracks that spread before him. He could see nothing but the deep blue of the wintry night out of which the thick snow seemed to fall ceaselessly, like an endless array of whitecaps athwart a turquoise sea.

Again the cry "Wrist!" "Wrist!" and the heavy echoes, suspended in the air like the snow, slowly falling. This time he espied a dark mass, human in outline, silhouetted against the firmamental blue. He darted after it, the cry for blood burning his heart, his face distorted with passion, but the dark body receded as he advanced.

With the agility and craftiness of a fox on the chase, he dodged around one car, crawled under another and caught up with the flying object. He stretched out his foot; it rolled in the snow, and Scheilling bounded full length on

top of it. Farther down an electric light, spluttering angrily against a fading carbon, rekindled and burned steadily, and by its glow Jasper recognized the square blond head, the sharp nose of Carlstrom, the sullen, moody Swede who occupied the seat in front of him.

"You, Carlstrom, you!" he hissed, choking him, pounding his blond head against the ground. "What harm have I ever done you? Can't you let a fellow be honest?"

The cry for vengeance surged in his heart, blotting out all mercy even as the swift, falling snow was covering the ground. He picked up a long iron bolt that lay near him, prepared to strike, perhaps to kill, when he detected the strong alcoholic odor of Carlstrom's breath and a light flashed across his brain exactly as the failing electric, regaining its power, had flashed athwart the darkness. He pushed the Swede from him in disgust and walked off.

. . . . . .

"I'm sure I had it with me—sure of it. I know I did. I came in here and laid it on the desk with my books; then I went into the dressing-room to hang up my hat and coat, and when I came back the purse was gone! And it had the month's rent in it, and I don't know what I'm going to do now."

So sobbed out before the class one Ida Maeternitz, seamstress, who, at no end of self-sacrifice and abnegation—she had an old mother dependent upon her—was preparing herself for the career of a stenographer.

Miss Barton arose with the stiffness of an automaton, stood before her desk, her whole body as unsteady as her trembling hand, and, after a struggle to subdue her feelings, said confusedly:

"You have all heard Miss Maeternitz. Nothing like this has ever happened since I have been a teacher. Does anybody——" She paused; irresistibly, as if drawn by wires, her eyes moved toward Jasper Scheilling, and it was only by a deliberate effort that she was enabled to detach them from him. "Does anybody know about this?" she ended.

One after the other in the class turned and stared at Jasper, who was plodding away as diligently as ever at his lessons. Miss Barton shook her head at the curious ones sternly.

"Does anybody know anything about this?" she repeated.

The escape of the gas, in the silence that followed, made a noise that none of the pupils ever had consciously heard before, but which all of them heard now.

Carlstrom—great big, hulking Carlstrom—drew in his feet from the aisle, concentrated himself as it were; then spread out and stood up, and, whirling toward Scheilling, said in the melodramatic way of those actors whom he was used to hearing:

"Teacher, I was in the hallway when Ida came into the room. I saw her lay her muff on the desk and go to the dressing-room. Afterwards 'Wrist' Scheilling came in the room and snatched the purse. I saw him do it."

With a snap like the opening of a strong-springed knife-blade, Jasper Scheilling was on his feet, his face blood red, not at all pretty to see, and his outstretched hands—every finger of them a deadly weapon—were pointed at Carlstrom's throat.

"Jasper Scheilling!" said Miss Barton appealingly, softly.

"Yes, ma'am," he answered promptly, turning to heed the voice the slightest inflection of which he was accustomed to obey—"Yes, ma'am."

Carlstrom, taking advantage of the moment, cowered and shrank trembling in a corner. Jasper bent his eyes on the cracks in the floor, every muscle of him aquiver with the desire to move, and then he said, clasping and straining his hands behind his back, as if the words were forced from him:

"I didn't take it! I swear I didn't take it!"

He sat down, bent his head as if to let it sink on his outstretched arms; then he lifted it up and sent it back with a jerk, and gazed about the room defiantly.

Miss Barton walked down the aisle to where he sat, laid her hand on his shoulder as affectionately, as sympathetically as if it were a kiss that she was planting on his lips.

"There, Jasper, I know you didn't do it. I believe you. I'm sure everybody in the room believes you, including Ida Maeternitz. The incident might just as well be considered closed now, and we'll go on with our work."

. . . . . .

Ida Maeternitz peeped at the clock nervously the next night, waiting for the last rather than the next dramatic moment to make a disagreeable confession. A half-dozen times she was on the point of speaking, but a half-dozen times she waited, her eye on the clock, in the hope that Jasper Scheilling, who was absent, might put in an appearance. Finally she could wait no longer, and, the fires of repentance burning too strongly within her, she raised her hand and spoke:

"I don't know where to begin. I don't know what to say. I'm very ashamed of myself. I'm awfully sorry. I want to beg everybody's pardon, but I found my purse—it slipped in the lining of my big school-bag. I found it last night on the way home. I'm sorry, Miss Barton—I—I——" She sat down, crimson marking her confusion.

There came a mingled whisper, a bending together of heads, and high and clear above it all, like a clear, distinct noise, in a louder but more confused murmur, a voice that fairly sang in triumph: "I said so"—and another in answer: "I knew it from the very first."

Carlstrom, who had the coward's unerring instinct for the psychological moment for retreat—Nature gives it to him for his protection, as it gives slyness to the fox—pulled his felt hat out of his pocket and was gone from the room before anybody knew what the fellow was intent on doing.

Miss Barton's face was fairly aglow with happiness. The occasion served as a text for a sermon on suspicion and faith that was classic in its simplicity and sincerity. She felt, when the effort was over, realizing it was the best of which she was capable, that it was a pity that he who had inspired it was not there to hear it delivered.

The pity widened and deepened, passing into sorrow, as one school evening succeeded another and Jasper failed to put in his appearance. She never saw him again, but two years later, when she was passing the summer in her native New Hampshire, she received a letter from him—forwarded from Chicago—in which he wrote that he was out West and doing well, thanks to her influence and rare example. Where he was and at what he was succeeding the letter failed to establish.

THE VAMPIRE CITY

By Reginald Wright Kauffman

I

Come with me into Babylon! Here to my woodland seat
Over the miles she lures and smiles—the smile of the bitter-sweet;
I hear the distant cadence, the siren-song she sings;
I smell the incense burning where her great red censer swings.

II

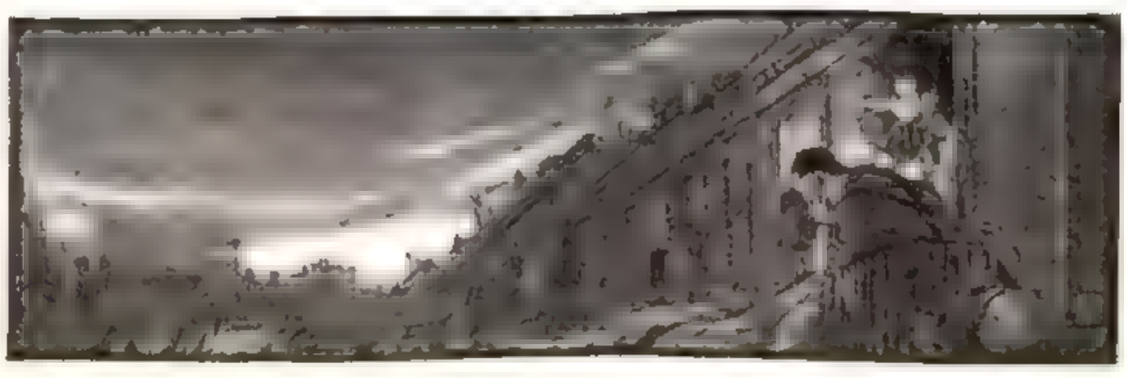
Out of the night she calls me, the night that is her day;
I see the gleam of her million lights a thousand miles away;
As the roar of a mighty army I hear her pulses beat
With the tramp of the restless vandals, the rush of the wearied feet.

III

Ever and ever onward a white procession goes:
Youths with the strength of lions, maids with the breath of the rose—
Toward her, but never from her, throned on her armored isles;
They give her their lives for homage, but the City only smiles.

IV

They know that her breasts are poison; they know that her lips are lies,
And half revealed is the death concealed in the pools of her occult eyes;
Yet still she is calling ever, and echo is never dumb:
Follow us into Babylon! Mistress of Life, we come!



Sampson Rock of Wall Street

By EDWIN LEFÈVRE

IX

SAM'S gaze was fixed on the tape, waiting for the game to begin, for the "absorption" of Virginia Central to proceed. He looked at his father and wondered vaguely how little excited the general-in-chief was. Rock was composedly reading letters, throwing some into the waste-basket, scribbling memoranda or initials on others and laying them aside, writing undermost, on his desk.

A telephone rang. Rock looked up and said:

"Which bell was that, Sam?"

"I don't know," answered Sam. There were half a dozen on the long table. The bell rang again.

"This one," said Sam. It was the last, the farthest from him. It looked very new.

Sampson Rock took up the telephone.

"Hello? Yes.—What?—Don't be in too great a hurry. I think it ought to cross thirty-nine.—Yes.—What? More selling than—— Well, then, you'd better get it all off as early as possible.—I expect to see a lively opening; you might help.—Thanks."

To Sam's look of inquiry Rock said:

"That's Billy Graves, one of the specialists in V. C. He says he has more selling than buying orders on his books. He executes orders from the commission men who can't watch the stock all the time when their orders are away from the market. I've told him——"

"Yes; but why did you tell him anything at all?" interrupted Sam.

"I suppose he makes pocket-money trading in the stock. He tells me what orders he has on his books. I can't pay him in money. But he takes the equivalent. And he won't tell anybody what I tell him." Rock finished reflectively: "The pocket-money would stop."

It sounded like bribery. But before Sam's indignation could become either deep or, indeed, concrete, his father went back to his letters and, instead of hot disgust, there came to Sam the cold conviction that Sampson Rock was obliged to have information and reports from everybody; he needed a legion of scouts—willing hands, willing to serve and willing to be "crossed" with pieces of gold. It was all in the game; there was no blind chance about it. Knowledge was power and power was money.

The ticker began its record. Sampson Rock took his station beside it, elbow to elbow with Sam. It printed sales and prices of a score of stocks, but no Virginia Central.

"How's this, Dad? No Virginia Central yet!" asked Sam.

"That's a good sign," answered Rock, not lifting his gaze from the tape. "It means such heavy transactions at the opening that the ticker reporters were too busy getting all the sales to telegraph it to the ticker-operator from the first one. It's very hard when there's a big crowd about the post, all buying and selling at the same time to —— Ah!"

The ticker unexcitedly printed: "V. C. opened 8000 shares 38¼ to 39." Then after a few others: "V. C. 1000 39, 38⅞, 39 500. 39⅛-¼—300; ⅜."

"Ah!" echoed Sam. He drew in his breath. "Harding will soon —"

"V. C. 1000 39¼-⅜; ¼; 39⅛."

The ticker then began to print quotations in Great Southern, Pennsylvania Central, New York Midland—stocks Sam was not interested in, but which, he could not help observing, his father studied as carefully as he did Virginia Central.

Presently Virginia Central came out once more. A thousand shares sold at thirty-nine, 500 at one-eighth, 700 at three-eighths; then 2500 at thirty-nine and one-half and 300 at three-eighths, 200 at one-quarter, 100 at three-eighths; then 5000 at thirty-nine and one-half.

"Harding!" said Sam aloud, to himself. He looked at his father for confirmation.

Rock nodded calmly. And after a moment, his eyes still on the tape, he answered: "Probably."

The rest of the market was rising fractionally. Then Virginia Central came out again—1000 at thirty-nine and one-half, 500 at thirty-nine and five-eighths, then 2500 at thirty-nine and one-half, 600 at three-eighths, 1000 at one-half, 1000 at three-eighths, 1700 at one-half, 1000 at three-eighths, 1700 at one-half. It was plain that there was fighting between the buyers and the sellers. That fractional fluctuation, down to three-eighths, up to one-half, thrice repeated, thrilled Sam. Almost he saw two wrestlers locked in one another's embrace, swaying, swaying. . . . Presently it came: 1000 at three-eighths, 4000 at one-half, 500 at three-eighths, 1000 at one-quarter, 1500 at one-eighth, 5000 at thirty-nine! The downward pressure had overcome. They were fighting—his father's brokers and the rest of the world—and then Sam lost sight of the fight because the tape began to quote other stocks. But he waited for the next glimpse, saying nothing, thinking of nothing but of the fight. The ticker was talking to him; not as it talked to the mob, but as it talked to the few.

Valentine entered. He said:

"Harding sold 10,000 Virginia Central at thirty-nine and a half."

"Very well," said Rock. "He's a very good broker, Sam. Wait a moment, Valentine." His eyes had left the tape.

"1 C. *1500 38⅞; 1000 39; 800 38⅞; 500* ⅜; ⅜. . . ⅝, *39*"—The stock showed what financial writers sometimes called resiliency.

"Valentine, tell Harding to sell 10,000 more at the market and to report quickly." As Valentine closed the door Rock remarked to Sam: "He worked off the 10,000 shares easily. More pressure is needed. I won't tell him to sell the second 10,000 shares as low as possible, because he might do it too obviously. But I tell him to report quickly. He'll not stand on ceremony; but, at the same time, he will not sell as though he wanted to give away the stock—only to get rid of it as quickly as possible. You can't be too particular over details, Sam. If the stock is wanted by anybody else, this second lot of Harding's will show it plainly; but if it's as I think, it will help Dan. And Tuttle's peace of mind, too," he added, a trifle maliciously. "By three o'clock to-day he will have saved $50,000." Sam frowned and said nothing. There were two sides to the Tuttle matter. He saw that; but the fight was on. There was no time to philosophize.

At that moment Virginia Central was the most active stock of all, and the activity attracted to the "post"—it was Number Eleven—the cream of the room traders: the professional gamblers whose one request was not that a stock should be good or bad so that they might buy it or sell it intelligently, but that it might be active so that they might make—or lose—their money quickly. From all over the big room they came running, their nostrils dilated quiveringly as though they scented golden prey. For a moment their eager eyes looked at the latest price on the marker, and studied the faces of those who were offering it, or bidding for it, at the same time that their eager ears were listening to the voices of those who were selling it or buying it, taking in all the externals of the trading, receiving a thousand little impressions in a fraction of time, so that they too might buy or sell according to their logical, but unanalyzed, impulse. The relative ease with which, after selling at thirty-nine and five-eighths, the stock had gone down to below thirty-nine convinced them that the preponderance of heavy artillery was on the bear or downward side. Somebody was more anxious to dispose of the stock in bulk than anybody seemed to be to acquire it; wherefore they, too, sold, and the price yielded further. Dunlap waited a moment and then sold his first 5000—at thirty-eight.

Immediately after, Harding came running into the crowd, to execute his second order. He heard a voice shout: "Seven-eighths for a thousand!"—and he pounced on the wildly waving hand that he thought belonged to the voice and shrieked "*Sold!*" There followed pandemonium—"*A hundred at eight!*" "*Any part of a thousand at eight!*" "*Three-quarters for 2000!*" "*Seven-eighths for 500!*" To the man who bid thirty-seven and seven-eighths for five hundred, Harding sold the stock, so quickly that the man's lips had not yet closed after his shout when Harding was jotting down on a little pad the broker's name, the amount and the price. The traders who had been bidding seven-eighths for the stock divined that Harding had more to sell, divined it by their sixth—or broker's—sense and not by Harding's face, on which they could see only his chronic scowl. A commission man who was willing to pay seven-eighths for two hundred shares said so and was obliged by Harding. Then nobody bid more than thirty-seven and three-quarters. A few thousands sold at that price, Harding saying nothing, as though his authorized figure was seven-eighths. The intelligent mob, however, prudently reduced their bids to five-eighths. They did not desire to buy; they merely wished to "feel out" Harding.

Harding was a good broker. His order was to sell at the market or prevailing price. By pausing as he did, he could determine whether it was better to try to work off the balance of his order gradually, or to press it for sale. He perceived that the stock would sell much lower than thirty-seven and five-eighths if anybody gave it a push, and thought that if he didn't do it some one else would, which would mean that he would have to sell at somebody else's price. And so, when the others kept on bidding

"It Ought to Cross Thirty-Nine"

five-eighths, he filled their wants before they had time to change their minds, and, as the price declined, he followed, hot on their trail, selling all they were willing to take until it looked as if he were "slaughtering" his order, as if he did not care for his customers' bitter reproaches later—at thirty-seven and five-eighths, at one-half, at three-eighths, at a quarter, and the last hundred at thirty-seven and one-eighth. Those traders who had begun to sell short at thirty-eight thought there would be some buying orders at thirty-seven—it was a two and one-half points' decline and there ought to be a rally—so they began to cover at thirty-seven and one-eighth, to forestall the thirty-seven buyers. They did not know how much more was coming until Dunlap, his face convulsed as with mingled anger and terror, shrilly implored the crowd to buy 5000 from him at thirty-seven. The Harding selling, it was obvious to the room, was for Richmond people, and Richmond people of all others should know when to sell Virginia Central. And now, on top of it, this selling by Dunlap! It meant that Old Man Rock was getting out in a hurry. That also was a "good" selling. Therefore, they followed the new lead and sold—thousands upon thousands, until, at thirty-six, Dunlap sold his second 5000.

That clearly, unmistakably, meant that a bad break was coming—it was coming whether Rock was selling to be rid of stock he had and didn't want, or whether he was selling stock he did not have but wished to buy cheaper. Then the astute mob went mad, visibly and audibly insane, and offered a carload of Virginia Central stock at thirty-six, at thirty-five and one-half, and the commission-houses that had "stop loss" orders at thirty-six also sold -real stock, theirs, not merely contracts—and the specialists sold and everybody sold—excepting Dunlap, his face no longer panic-stricken, but watchful. He hovered about the edge of the clamoring, swaying mob, whispering to trusty brokers to buy V. C.—1000 shares to one, 500 to another, 2500 to a third, any part of 5000 to a fourth, darting from one to the other, jotting down the amounts as he gave each order, until the traders realized that, if two score of people were frantically selling that particular stock, some party or parties unknown were taking the offerings in sufficient bulk to prevent it from crashing down to the zero abyss—somebody who looked like many bodies.

Thrice the bear battalions, scenting easy money, hurled themselves against that buying rampart. But it was like stabbing a ghost—there was no impact, no shock, no ominous trembling and tottering before the collapse, no sense of having touched a vital spot. They could not break through the "peg" at thirty-five. Therefore, it was time to retreat, to buy. But somebody was there before them, somebody who had taken all the stock that everybody was willing to sell below thirty-six, and in a jiffy the stock was

back to thirty-six and one-half. At that price Dunlap stopped buying. The traders kept on; but they bought stock that came from belated commission-houses whose customers had been frightened, but had not been able to make up their minds fast enough to sell before, when the price was sliding downward so breathlessly. They were selling now, their fear having caught its second wind. Dunlap had sold 15,000 shares himself, Meighan & Cross 5000 and Harding 20,000, 40,000 shares in all, in less than two hours. But Rock's brokers had bought 51,000 shares, so that by the end of the day the great manipulator was the possessor of 11,000 shares more than he had owned the day before; and Virginia Central closed at thirty-six and one-eighth. Moreover, it had become an active trading stock

Anybody with money enough can plunge, but it takes somebody with money and brains to plunge intelligently. To paint certain effects broadly with big blocks of stocks and to do miniatures are two different things. It is only the generals who do not count their dead that can handle big bodies of men as easily as regimental commanders handle their little companies. Whenever the Room thought of buying, Rock discouraged them, by offering the entire capital stock at an eighth above the last quotation. They thereupon recognized the futility of playing for a further rally. Whenever they sought to drive it down he bought all they sold, until, fearing a steel trap, they desisted. He lost a little stock one moment, only to get it back very promptly on the next. It made sentiment feverish, nervous; and out of the womb of uncertainty was born a multitude of rumors. Why? why? why?

The one thing obvious was that the South was selling that stock. *Why?* And who was buying it? *And why?* The financial reporters asked the brokers the same questions the brokers had been asking themselves. Some brokers had been watching Virginia Central all day. Who sold it? Probably the insiders, they said. Who bought it? Why, everybody and nobody in particular, scattering lots, covering by the traders, etc.

Not a soul suspected Rock. That was the art of it. He chose his time—and his men—well.

X

SAM, standing beside the ticker in his father's office, could not appreciate the subtler shadings of the manipulation, though he could read the turmoil and the frenzy of gamblers in the printed figures on the tape. But he realized that the objective point of the campaign had been brought nearer. His father explained to him why it was not possible to achieve all in one day; also, why the selling of the professionals, while helpful, was not sufficient. Those unattached soldiers of fortune, fighting under one flag to-day and another to-morrow, obeying no commands save when uttered by the desire of gain, advancing and retreating not as they were told but as they were compelled by superior force, thought only of fractions and to-day. They dealt in contracts, and Rock desired the actual stock. That would come later. Manipulation, a much-abused and much-misused word, meant advertising by means of the ticker. Some advertisements advised people to buy and to hold stocks; others urged the entire world to sell. But the effect of all advertising is cumulative. One entire page one day and nothing more for a month was not so efficient as only a column every day; the same advertisement, the same advice—corroborated by the voice of the ticker, which does not lie.

It was when Harding had finished selling the second 10,000 shares and the stock had begun to go down with some degree of earnestness—Sam almost could imagine the market as an invalid of a sudden sitting up very straight, the face livid and a hand pressed to the heart—that Gilmartin, of the Wall Street News Agency, came in.

"Good-morning, Mr. Rock." His pudgy, smooth-shaven face was wreathed in smiles. There was an air of assurance about him that he had not possessed before. He was almost jaunty—fearless for hours at a time. He had the confidence in himself and in a kindly-disposed Providence that came from his successful short sales of Virginia Central—$4000 in paper profits, which could be converted into real money by merely giving an order or two. The need to be any man's slave was gone; want wore no spurs. It showed on his face—the great golden independence that glitters in the eyes of those men who are beyond vain wishes of food and raiment and a roof, and whose words, moreover, are considered precious by those people to whom those same words also carry the promise of gold.

To Gilmartin his fellow-men had grown suddenly lovable—servile, deferential, their pores exuding a pleasurable incense. For how can fellow-men listen but with their souls if in the silence following the master's speech they seem to hear the clink of coins—the coins themselves tripping on the very heels of the words?

Gilmartin's advice on Virginia Central had been a howling success, a delirium of wealth to those who had believed him and followed it, selling the stock short at forty-five. More grateful than Gilmartin was to the great Rock were these dozens of greed-stricken fellow-men to the great Gilmartin. For days they had hung on his words. They had nice paper profits; should they convert them into

"I am Standing Pat"

good, hard cash? Turn an abstract pleasure into a concrete delight? Gilmartin, proudly nonchalant, profoundly sapient, had intelligently opined nay! The eyes of the golden prophet's followers had glistened and their lips had made haste to smile ingratiatingly. Gilmartin was the mouthpiece of Providence working benevolently through the medium of the ticker. Did not Gilmartin think the golden harvest yet ready for the gathering? Thrice blessed Gilmartin—for the harvest then would be even greater. They had sown hopes and hundreds; they would reap joys and thousands. Gilmartin knew everything: their faces showed that. Gilmartin held in his hand the destinies of the Virginia Central Railroad; *his* face showed that.

"I'll tell you when to cash in," he said, very graciously, very kindly, to those who asked. "I am not covering mine yet." That settled it. Gilmartin was not covering *his* shorts; whatever Gilmartin did, that was the wise thing to do, for he knew when; and what he did they would do: that and nothing else.

And so, because Gilmartin was to them even more than Rock was to Gilmartin, Gilmartin had taken to thinking well of Gilmartin. It showed in his walk, in the poise of his head, in his gestures, in his eyes, even in the glitter of his red hair, which was lustrous as with a varnish of gold. Only a merciful vestige of common-sense prevented complete auto-hypnotism and kept him from being Olympian in Rock's office now. His lungs might have filled to choking with the incense of his tip-following flatterers. But, as he spoke to Sampson Rock, the great and golden Gilmartin was not arrogant—he himself desired to know when to "cash in" his own paper-profits. Of course, if Rock was ugly about it, Gilmartin could go away wrapped in the soothing dignity of what paper-profits there were. He wished all the money he could get, but what money he already had on his deal gave him a sense of immunity that kept him from servility. He carried no chip on either shoulder. He was human; but it did not follow that he must be stupid.

"Good-morning, Gilmartin. How do you do this fine day?" said Rock amiably, almost playfully. Harding's selling had begun to prevail

"Finer even than the day," replied Gilmartin, delighted with the friendly reception.

"This is my son. Sam, Mr. Gilmartin is from the Wall Street News Agency."

"I am very glad to know you, Mr. Rock," said Gilmartin, boldly extending an honest hand. Sam took it and echoed the words of Gilmartin's joy.

"What's new, Gilmartin?" asked Rock.

"They're selling it for keeps," answered Gilmartin very quickly, almost felicitatingly, as though he knew he was conveying news that must be particularly pleasing to Mr. Sampson Rock.

"Selling what?" asked Mr. Sampson Rock, very obviously not understanding Gilmartin's "it."

"Virginia Central, of course," said Gilmartin. Then he felt a slight pang of fear. Was it possible the Old Man was not the arch-villain of this rapturous break, and, therefore, not the right man to ask about the time to cover? The paper profit began to tremble and with it Gilmartin's heart.

"Oh, *that!*" said Rock. "Oh, yes! You are short of it, I think?" Rock laughed understandingly, sympathetically—a kindly Rothschild listening to the pedler's tale of a good day in shoe-strings and collar-buttons. "Great thing, to see a stock go to pot—when you are short of it, eh? Well, what do you hear about it?"

"The Richmond crowd are selling it to beat the band. *They* know what's wrong, you bet!"

"What's wrong?" asked Rock sharply.

"Search *me*. I suspect it's the London——"

"Pshaw, that's old!"

"It may be old, but Colonel Robinson led every one to think he would get the money there. I guess he'll be busy explaining for the next ten years. He's great on explanations," finished Gilmartin, wishing to please Rock—in some vague way, half instinct, he thought anti-Robinson talk would sound pleasantly to Rock's ears.

"He's a nice fellow," said Rock, mildly rebuking. Then he added amicably: "You must have quite a profit, Gilmartin?"

"Do you think I ought to take it?" asked Gilmartin, diving into the opening like a flash. Rock's answer would mean either the caress of the gold itself, if he said to cash in, or the warm hope of still more to come by standing pat.

"I'm not running a kindergarten," answered Rock. "It's your funeral. But——" he hesitated. "A profit's a profit. No man ever got poor taking profits."—That is as old as "good-morning," and as meaningless.

"Since you think I'd better take in my stock, I'll——" began Gilmartin, as he thought, adroitly.

"I haven't said a thing about it," interjected Rock sharply. "It's your own lookout. You need a nurse. How do you know the Richmond crowd is selling?"—If Rock had been angry he was over it by now.

"Why—because the selling is for them. Harding has sold thirty or forty thousand shares."—This was the usual exaggeration of the Street.—"You don't think he'd dare sell that much stock short, do you?"

"You are asking me. Don't! It's a bad habit you have. Drop it. I am asking you."

"Well, I know it's for Richmond. He's got the accounts of all those Southern——"

"Oh, pshaw! You are guessing now."

"I am not," retorted Gilmartin indignantly. "I know it's for the Richmond aggregation." He proceeded to lie to Rock, in self-defense, as he habitually lied to his tip-worshipers for his self-aggrandizement. "I'm very chummy with Harding's cashier. He as much as admitted to me a minute ago that it was for Richmond. He thinks the stock is going much lower." Perceiving that Rock seemed impressed, he went on with the air of imparting vital information: "I myself think it's a receivership." His manner conveyed that his reasons for thinking so had twice the solidity of Gibraltar.

"That's nonsense," said Rock. "I've warned you several times to go easy with receivership talk. You'll be bankrupting the Bank of England, or me, some day. Why don't you call Robinson up on the long-distance telephone and ask him pointblank?"

"By jingo, that's just what I'll do at once!" He started to go out. At the door he turned and said to Rock: "I'll come back and tell you what he says before I publish it."

"I wish you would, my boy," said Rock. He looked grateful, thought Gilmartin. It made Gilmartin feel the same way—toward luck—as he hurried away.

Sam looked at his father, frowning. He said:

"He thinks just as you thought they all would."

Rock nodded, said "Sheep!"—and looked at the tape. Across Sam's mind there fleeted a thought that his father had not lied; that he had very carefully not lied; that he had too carefully not lied. And yet, the whole thing was a lie—and a cheap lie. The game interested him so much that this smallness seemed unnecessary.

Rock rang for Valentine. The cashier came in, a bundle of papers in one hand.

"Valentine, telephone Walter Williams to come over. I'll see him here."

Five minutes later Walter Williams walked in.

"Ah, good-morning, Williams. Come here, Sam, and shake hands with Mr. Walter Williams, of whom you've heard me talk. My son."

Williams was not frowning. The ticker had smoothed out the chronic frown, as a wrinkled handkerchief is smoothed by a sadiron. He was looking particularly well pleased with Walter Williams and the rest of the misjudged world. He also glanced at the ticker twice in six seconds, longingly. He was short of Virginia Central, the ticker was whirring away at a furious rate, and the days were sunshiny.

"Sam, Mr. Williams is the best railroad accountant in the world. If anything ever happens to me, and you are in doubt, consult him. He is a radical in some things, but, if he doesn't bankrupt you in the first year, you'll have a railroad."

All three laughed. It struck Walter Williams that he was one of the Rock family now. He and his friends were making money out of Virginia Central because they had all followed Papa Rock's advice. He felt well-disposed toward the head of the family; he wished to make more

money. There was no time like the present, for the favor of the great is like the sunshine, cheering and profitable—while it lasts. The rule about hay-making was a golden rule indeed.

"About the report, Williams——"

"Yes, sir." Almost you could have said Williams had cocked his ears, his face took on such a look of attentiveness. The Old Man had said that when he told Williams to send the report to London he would buy 5000 shares of Virginia Central for the accountant. That meant also that Walter Williams must take in his short line and warn his friends, that all might grow rich. A human being cock his ears? Rock's words would have made a stock-gambling fish cock what ought to have been its ears, expectantly.

"What about it, Mr. Rock? Time to—er—mail it?"

"N-no, not if you can wait a few days more, I think," Rock said reflectively, exactly as though he were studying an abstract proposition instead of giving gambling instructions. "That is, if you can consistently do so, you had better wait a few days. Yes." He paused. Then he went on, still meditatively, as if he were not thinking of Walter Williams' short sales: "Virginia Central has several points to go before it touches bottom. Yes." He nodded. Williams also nodded. That was to show he had heard Rock. He had also heard the triumphant pæan of his soul. Every point meant $500 to him; there were several points more, Rock said; several times $500. The money was walking fleetly toward Walter Williams, public accountant, railroad expert, honest man, forty years old—and not yet a millionaire! He mildly, gratefully, felt that something was due Rock—a something not incompatible with the accountant's sense of duty toward his English employers. He therefore said:

"No time was specified. I can wait a few days." The delay was not criminal. His whole manner showed that he was doing nothing to hurt the London people. The London people might wonder that the stock had become so weak—but a coincidence was a coincidence.

"There's another thing," Rock went on. "Your report is too long. Were you told to make suggestions as to what might be done, or merely to report on the actual condition of the property?"

"Only on the physical and financial condition of the road. But I——"

"Yes," interrupted Rock, good-naturedly. "You could not help it. Look here, Sam," pointing toward Williams, "this Walter Williams right before you is one of the men I told you about, that I find so scarce, who always do ten times more than they are paid to do simply because they can't help doing their work thoroughly. I suppose the London syndicate paid him twenty or thirty thousand dollars——" He looked inquiringly at Walter Williams. Williams nodded confirmatively; in point of fact, he would only receive £2500 for the report, but Mr. Sampson Rock knew what the job was really worth, even if the Englishmen did not which showed that the soul-malaria of the ticker had filled Williams' system to saturation point—"for a piece of work worth much more. What does he do? He gives them a hundred thousand dollars, not because he loves them, nor out of charity, but because he couldn't help it. It's the artistic pride, Williams." Rock smiled good-naturedly; so did Mr. Williams. "It's in you. Now, I don't see why you should tell them what they ought to do. Just report how you found the road and its books. Why suggest that they ought to do anything more?"

Williams' face clouded. He was proud of his report; he thought it would do much for his reputation. Also, he knew why Sampson Rock did not like his suggestions about a deal with the Great Southern, the Roanoke's rival. But Sampson Rock, who had been watching Williams' face, went on quickly:

"Pshaw, man, don't imagine I'm trying to get you to help *me*. I can take care of myself. Tell them what they paid you for. But don't *give* your brain; *sell* it to them."

Williams' soul rather than his head—it is the way the get-rich-quick microbe works—told him that Rock was right. He had shown in the report that the Virginia Central was in very poor shape. But he had demonstrated also how the same poor road could be reorganized, strengthened, made to pay; how by spending a million or two the value of the property would be doubled in four years, possibly in three, if the South grew as it surely must. It really was more than he had been asked to do.

"Report on what you were paid to report," repeated Rock, putting the accountant's thoughts into words. "Then, if you wish, write them that you can tell them how they can invest a few millions very profitably—and tell them what your terms are." Rock knew that would take time, and he wanted a clear track in Virginia—for a few weeks, only for a few weeks. But Williams must not get exaggerated notions of his own value, and Williams was intelligent—but not yet a millionaire.

"I don't know about that," began Williams dubiously. Rock saw that he had won. He said to Sam:

"Williams and I are the only two people who saw the possibilities of this road. I saw them first. Yes, I did, Williams, because I've been at it for a year. But it took me months to find out what you did in days." Williams' frown relaxed; and Rock continued, earnestly: "Now, I think the Virginia Central belongs to the Roanoke——"

"Or to the Great Southern," Williams could not help interjecting.

"No, to the Roanoke, because I need the Roanoke, and the Roanoke needs the Virginia Central, and the Virginia Central needs Walter Williams, and Walter Williams needs Sampson Rock. There's your vicious circle, Williams. As to the report, do whatever you think best."

Hovered About the Edge, Whispering to Trusty Brokers

Williams did so; in a flash, he thought best to eliminate the valuable suggestions because they were too valuable to be given away gratis to people he was under no obligations to, as Rock had so truthfully and intelligently pointed out. Walter Williams needed Sampson Rock because Sampson Rock needed Walter Williams; nevertheless Williams would try to *sell* his plan to the English. Rock was square and unselfish; Rock had objected only to Walter Williams not making money legitimately.

"I'll cut out the suggestions, Mr. Rock," said the accountant decisively.

His mind worked quickly. He would write to the Englishmen about the plan he had evolved in connection with the V. C., and if they paid well he would unfold it to their slow but enraptured gaze. He could go also to the Great Southern people—in case Rock was not grateful or intelligent. In either event, Walter Williams would profit. Williams added: "But I give you fair warning, Mr. Rock, I'll offer to make a supplementary report on what ought to be done, if they pay for it."

"Of course, of course," acquiesced Rock, still concerned exclusively with Walter Williams' personal prosperity and aware of the leisureliness of English capitalists doing business by mail. "Get what the thing is worth. I'll remember my promise about the time to buy Virginia Central." To show Williams that he was kindly and not imbecile, he added: "You now stand two to one to win. Come and see me day after to-morrow, will you? About three o'clock."

"Yes. Good-morning, Mr. Rock. Good-morning, sir."

He went out. He stood two to one to win, when he bought Virginia Central.

"That man's honest, and yet——" Rock observed thoughtfully, because of the look on Sam's face.

"Yes, alongside of Judas Iscariot. Would you really trust him, Dad?" Sam would not; his face showed it.

"With every cent I have in the world," said Sampson Rock, with decision, because he had seen Sam's look—"provided I had previously come to a full understanding with him and paid the price he asked, convincing him beforehand that he was not being cheated." He turned to the ticker.

Sam shook his head and said with conviction:

"I can never learn to read character within hearing distance of the ticker." He felt like kicking Williams out of the room.

"Yes, you will, if you neglect none of the details. Never look for perfection. No good man is absolutely good, but neither is any man altogether bad. What will insure personal loyalty to you in a deal is not half so important to ascertain as what will make it easy for a man to keep his word. Provide for every contingency. Make your man realize that the time for gentlemen who are also cold-blooded business men to fix the price is at the very beginning, and whatever the other side may do later, when compelled to, you are willing to pay more now, without compulsion. You must implant some sustaining influence in the weak man's mind before you turn him loose to run across temptation. But men—study men, all men, all the time. If you learn to know men you need never suffer from insomnia, nor bother about your bank account."

"That's all very well. But studying human nature isn't a case of learning Spanish in ten lessons."

"Study men as I have studied them. Form no preconceptions and never run away with the idea that the least important of them is altogether unimportant. Few men are exempt from doubts and vacillation, and many mistake stubbornness for courage. You will discover all this for yourself in time. But remember always that when you wish to convince a man you must not argue with yourself, but with him; use the arguments which your knowledge of him tells you he himself would use, at night, in his bed, as he thought over the matter. If he thinks he is listening to his own wisdom, he is yours."

Sam shook his head. He didn't like tortuous ways. It was not by indirection that automobile races were won. His father frowned; then he laughed, for he misunderstood Sam's gesture. "It will come with time, Sammy; it'll come with time. It is one of the acquired tastes, this thing of projecting yourself into another's personality. Never underestimate the importance of the unimportant, and do everything thoroughly, big or little. You need not cross the bridge till you come to it. But while you're crossing it examine it carefully, because you never can tell how heavy a wagon you may have to drive over it some dark night."

Sententious wisdom is usually impressive. Sam did not know what to answer; so he nodded his head, twice, slowly.

The door opened and Valentine announced:

"Gilmartin says he must see you."

"Very well."

Gilmartin, still panting from his running, said:

"Mr. Rock, Colonel Robinson says Wall Street is full of liars——"

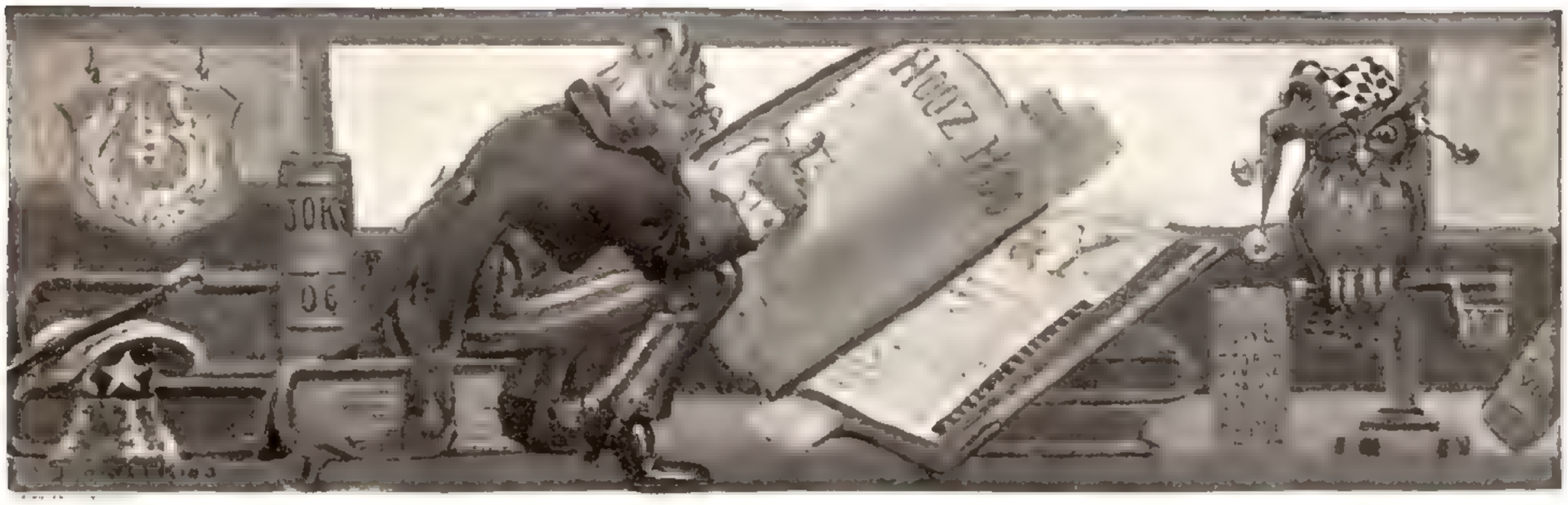
"That wasn't worth while telephoning at a dollar a minute, was it?"

Gilmartin grinned.

"No. He was mad as blazes. He said the talk of a receivership is absurd, and that he'll make it hot for——"

(Continued on Page 32)

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY



A Little Enemy to the Rich

AV ALL th' disparaghers av th' crim'nal rich, 'tis Tom Pattherson, wid th' bit av a brogue on th' tip av his tongue, that beats thim.

Came from County Carlow, on the Ould Sod, and landed here in Forty-nine, was a printer and a watchmaker in Indiana and a law-student, and dropped into Denver in 1872, where, in 1874, he dropped into the city attorney-ship. He's been dropping into things ever since, and dropping on to some.

Tommy is the shrewd one. He believes in more money: for Patterson and for everybody else. The predatory trusts cause him much concern. He is for the masses as against the classes. He gets pop-eyed whenever the vast accumulations of capital, piled up by the oppressors of the common people, are mentioned in his presence, and if nobody is thoughtful enough to mention them, he says a few words, by way of inthroduction, about them himself. Wirra, wirra! but he lambastes them, in speeches and in his papers—for he is the editor of two sprightly ones.

"The greatest danger av the present time, now that the Philipeens is in the dust-heap, is the unholy accumulation av capital. 'Tis tending to the desthruction av the Republic. I lift me voice to prothest ——" And he is a strong man, for he can lift that voice for hours at a stretch, and it is no slouch of a voice, either, albeit it has a tenor inclination.

When Patterson landed he brought a bit of a blackthorn sprig with him. He's been hitting heads with it ever since. His system of politics is to get things, and he has been rampaging around Colorado for thirty-five years—and getting them. Sometimes he failed—a good many times, in fact—but everybody knew there had been a fight when it was over.

Almost coincident with his election as city attorney was his election to Congress as a delegate in 1874. Colorado came into the Union in 1876, and Patterson went back for one term as a full-fledged Representative in that year. When he got to the Senate in 1901 they still remembered him as an orator who talked until the cows came home, wid th' bit av a brogue on his tongue. In the Senate he straightway started in to talk again. He's talking yet. The only way to stop him is with an ether cone, but that is not practicable, for no anæsthetics are allowed in the Senate chamber except the speeches of the Senators.

Patterson cemented himself to the immortal principle of the free and unlimited coinage of silver at the ratio of sixteen to one some years before William Jennings Bryan hopped into the open as the sole proprietor of that doctrine. At the Cleveland convention in 1892 Patterson was a member of the committee on resolutions. He presented a minority report, signed by nobody but himself, declaring for free silver. The convention laughed at him, scorned him, and he did what every patriot in similar circumstances is entitled to do under the Declaration of Independence, and with an eye on the conditions at home—bolted.

He couldn't go into the Republican party, and he had jumped out of the Democratic party. He joined the Populists, refuge for all those with a grievance. Then he veered back toward the Democrats, and, after his election to the Senate by the combined votes of Democrats, Silver Republicans and Populists, he admitted that the immortal ratio was in the morgue, and said he would act with the Democratic party in the Senate and go into the Democratic caucus.

After enough of his oratory about the Philippines to build a bridge of "no government without the consent of the governed" to those beautiful, but troublesome, isles, and after many bitter tears shed in full view of the audience while he was considering and condemning the horrible outrages of the criminal rich, and the incubus of wealth, along came the railroad rate bill. Patterson was a sea of shifting sand in its desert of debate. No oasis appeared when he had the Constitution under the microscope. Language. That was all.

The Democrats had a caucus. Patterson refused to be bound by it. The old Call of the Bolt came to him, and he responded, forgetful of that day in 1901 when he said he intended to act with the Democratic party and enter the Democratic caucus. What happened? They speak of it with tears in their eyes in Washington. Senator Bailey, of Texas, one of the promoters of the caucus, arose and made a few remarks concerning one Patterson, Senator from Colorado. Patterson tried to defend himself. It was no use. He was shooting with an air-gun against a thirteen-inch rifle.

"I don't believe in caucuses," said Patterson.

"Indeed?" replied Bailey. "I have here copies of the Senator's own paper, published in Denver, his own city, and I observe that, when he was elected to the Senate, he not only believed in caucuses, but forced his followers and opponents into one, and made them abide by the result."

Really, it was pathetic. It was like taking candy from a child. Still, as Patterson said, he was responsible to the dictates of his own conscience, and that conscience had dictated in a good, free, flowing style to him in many previous difficulties. It is surely a government of the people that makes statesmen responsible only to their own consciences. Almost every statesman has his conscience schooled to take all the jumps. It would be a sad, sad day for patriots if there was a constitutional conscience, or a general, hidebound conscience to which they were obliged to be responsible. So many complications would arise.

The Senate sat in solemn enjoyment of this spectacle of Patterson being butchered to make a Bailey holiday. Curious as it may seem, they are a bloodthirsty lot in the Senate. They like to be on hand when the debate is murderous. And up in the press-gallery a wild-eyed young man strode back and forth, tearing out handfuls of luxuriant hair and crying for succor.

"What's the matter?" asked a dozen of his colleagues. "You seem agitated."

"Agitated?" he screamed. "Agitated? That is a feeble word! I am the correspondent of Senator Patterson's Denver papers, and I have got to send them a full account of this, giving the Senator the best of it!"

It wasn't that Patterson lacked courage in this affray. What he did not have was calibre. Patterson has courage enough. He has demonstrated that so many times in Denver that there can be no doubt of it. He is at his best in one of the local fights. Of course, he heads a faction. He would be uneasy at the head of a complete and harmonious organization. He desires harmony ardently, but it must be his own brand, stamped "T. P." and the name blown in the bottle. If he cannot get that kind he gayly goes after it with a club.

"We regret to say," he writes for his papers, "that the man who has the effrontery to oppose our plans for harmony, and is a candidate for this, that or the other, is an unprincipled scoundrel who came out here because he could not live in the East, where his many crimes and felonious misdemeanors had found him out. It is not our purpose to descend to personalities in this campaign against this foul wretch, but it is only just to say to those who have been led from the path of duty by his false promises that he deserves to be in jail, and that, if he had his deserts, he would be wearing stripes and a ball and chain. Things have come to a pretty pass if Denver, proud Queen City of the West, above which towers Pike's Peak in all the pristine purity of its perpetual snows, shall be governed by an interloper of this character, a man without honor, without shame, without principles and without my support."

They double-lead that, and next day Patterson goes down to the office, rolls up his sleeves and lets go another one.

"We have been informed," he writes, "that, notwithstanding our mild protest of this morning against the villain who is trying to besmirch the fair name of our city for the benefit of his own thieving ambitions, he still continues in the race. Surprised as we are at his temerity, it is no more than we expected, when the character of the man is taken into consideration. He well knows that if he continues in his course he will split the party, and thus give our opponents a chance to lay their loathsome clutches on the revenues of Denver, and he refuses to cast aside his miserable ambition and withdraw at our request for the purpose of restoring harmony. As is well known, we have no ulterior object in this campaign. We merely wish to preserve the integrity of the organization, and, as a final word of warning, we say to this ruffian that, although it is our distinct purpose to keep this campaign on the high and lofty plane we habitually observe in this matter, and not drag it to the gutter by referring to this man, we shall be obliged, in the interests of harmony, to unlock the closet and show the skeletons hidden there. We must have harmony. We demand that he withdraw. Otherwise, beware!"

That's Thomas on his adopted heath. When there is no stress of battle he mourns about the decadence of our institutions caused by the control of wealth, and he mourns about it in the Senate—mourns and will not be comforted.

The Only Good Indian

A BILL to erect a monument to Sequoyah, the great Cherokee chief, who invented the Cherokee alphabet, came before one of the Indian legislatures in the Indian Territory. It was proposed to appropriate $5000 for the monument.

After there had been considerable debate, Thomp Smith, one of the leading Indians of the Cherokee Nation, arose to talk.

"I do not favor this bill," he said. "It is not right to spend all this money for a monument. Our people are poor. They need this money. They should have it."

He paused and looked around. Then he walked out in front of the assembled Indians and said:

"I shall fight this. As I have said, our people need the money. That is one reason why we shouldn't spend it in this way. There is another and a better reason. I am opposed to building a monument to Sequoyah. He doesn't need it. He's dead."

SERIOUS AND FRIVOLOUS FACTS
ABOUT THE GREAT AND THE NEAR GREAT

Up to Him

SENATOR MOSES E. CLAPP, of Minnesota, had a matter before the Interior Department in which some of his constituents were much interested. One afternoon the negotiations reached a stage where something was to be done at once, and he wired his people, explaining fully what the situation was, and asking for detailed instructions.

This was the reply he received:

"Do everything consistent, but use your own judgment."

Desperate Remedies

JACK BARRYMORE, son of Maurice Barrymore and himself an actor of some ability, is not over-particular about his personal appearance and is a little lazy.

He was in San Francisco on the morning of the earthquake. He was thrown out of bed by one of the shocks, spun around on the floor and left gasping in a corner. Finally, he got to his feet and rushed for the bathtub, where he stayed all that day. Next day he ventured out. A soldier, with a bayonet on his gun, captured Barrymore and compelled him to pile bricks for two days.

Barrymore was telling of his terrible experiences in the Lambs Club in New York.

"Extraordinary," commented Augustus Thomas, the playwright. "It took a convulsion of Nature to make Jack take a bath, and the United States Army to make him go to work."

Forgiven

WHEN Charles P. Norcross, now a well-known Washington correspondent, was a reporter on the New York Tribune, he was sent one Saturday night to interview Father Ducey, a priest famous in New York both for his wit and his good deeds.

Father Ducey was in the confessional. Norcross said he would wait, but was told that nobody was in the church, and that he could go in and see Father Ducey and come out before anybody went in, without any doubt. He found the Reverend Father waiting, and began a timorous conversation with him, being somewhat awed by his unaccustomed surroundings.

"Good-evening, Father."

"Good-evening, my son."

"Father, I am a reporter from the New York Tribune."

"Very well; I absolve you from that."

The Stamp of Approval

JUSTICE JOHN M. HARLAN, of the United States Supreme Court, is a Kentuckian, and likes Kentucky things. A friend from the Blue Grass who owned a distillery sent him a few bottles of old bourbon. The Justice used it—medicinally, of course—and was much pleased.

A short time afterward, as Justice Harlan came out of the New York Avenue Presbyterian Church, he saw the distiller standing in the doorway. He was visiting in Washington and had gone to church that morning.

"Hi," said Justice Harlan, hailing his friend, "that was fine!"

Then, remembering where he was, the Justice hastily added: "The sermon, I mean."

The Hall of Fame

¶ Max Ihmsen, Hearst's chief political adviser, was once a theatrical advance-agent.

¶ Governor Magoon, the new executive of Cuba, is almost as large as Secretary Taft.

¶ Jacob H. Schiff, the great New York banker, is a deep student of Hebrew literature.

¶ Postmaster-General Cortelyou is the only member of the Cabinet who wears his hair cut pompadour.

¶ Nicholas Murray Butler, president of Columbia University, is one of President Roosevelt's political advisers.

¶ Acting Mayor McGowan, of New York, manufactures muslin underwear for a living and plays politics for fun.

¶ Paul Dana, after a few tumultuous years of trying to fill his father's shoes on the New York Sun, is now a gentleman farmer.

¶ Cardinal Gibbons, of Baltimore, likes to go to banquets. He does not remain long, but he usually says a few words before he leaves.

¶ "Gussie" Gardner, a Member of Congress from Massachusetts, is a son-in-law of Senator Lodge and all that appertains thereto.

¶ John G. Carlisle, former Secretary of the Treasury and now a lawyer in New York, hasn't changed the style of his high hat in forty years.

¶ Hoke Smith, the new Governor of Georgia, had the finest saddle-horse in Washington when he was Secretary of the Interior, and he still rides every day.

¶ David Belasco, the playwright and manager, is the most timid of men. When he thinks he isn't as timid as he might be, he rehearses himself in the part.

¶ Ex-Governor Odell, of New York, has an automobile that can go seventy miles an hour, and rarely goes less when he is on the roads of his native county.

¶ E. H. Gilmore, the New York theatrical manager, who is worth several millions, came to New York forty years ago from Munson, Massachusetts, with just three dollars.

¶ John F. Carroll, who once aspired to the leadership of Tammany Hall in New York, made so much money in Ice Trust stock that he can now live in Paris most of the time.

¶ Judge Thomas Edmund Scroggy—a fine, mouth-filling name—who is in Congress from the Xenia, Ohio, district, accumulated forty-two wounds during the Civil War, but is still quite lively.

¶ Luke E. Wright, Ambassador to Japan, was a Confederate soldier and has the record of being the only Confederate veteran whom a Republican Administration appointed to high diplomatic place.

¶ Joseph H. Choate was asked to define the difference between ex-President Cleveland and President Roosevelt. "Well," he said, "Mr. Cleveland is too lazy to hunt and Mr. Roosevelt is too restless to fish."

¶ Mayor Dunne, of Chicago, and William Lorimer, the Republican boss of the same city, fight bitterly in politics, but they are agreed on one subject: they believe in large families and each has a houseful of children.

An Easy Mark

ONE of President Roosevelt's first hunting instructors was old Bill Sewall, a Maine guide, whom the President has rewarded for years of friendship and advice by an office.

When he was a boy the President went into camp with Sewall. Deer season came along, and they went out to give the youthful Nimrod his first chance for a shot. After a time they saw a stag.

"Shoot!" shouted Sewall, and the future President let go with his rifle.

The stag ran a little way and dropped.

"You've got him! You've got him!" shouted Sewall, as he ran forward to investigate. "How did it happen?"

"Why," replied young Roosevelt, drawing himself up proudly, "I aimed for his breast."

"You done well," said Bill. "You done well. You hit him in the eye."

Put Him Off at Buffalo

ALVA DESOTA ALEXANDER, one of the Representatives in Congress from Buffalo, lived, formerly, in Indianapolis, where he was a great friend of Benjamin Harrison. Both he and General Harrison had faith that Harrison would be President, and Alexander looked around the country for a place where he might realize easily on his friendship with Harrison when the belief came true.

He went to Buffalo and began practicing law. A short time afterward Harrison was nominated for President and elected. He very soon named Alexander as United States District Attorney for the Northern District of New York, which includes Buffalo.

Many of the politicians and lawyers of Buffalo asked: "Who is Alexander?"

It remained for William James Conners to give the accepted answer:

"Oh," said Conners, "Alexander is a chap who took a balloon at Indianapolis and fell out over Buffalo."

Around the World in a Motor

MR. CHARLES J. GLIDDEN and his wife, the donors of the prize for the completed Glidden tour, have traveled 33,600 miles in thirty-five countries in their motor-car, a distance of one and a half times around the earth. They have passed through more than 10,000 cities, towns and settlements, motoring 271 days and traveling by steamship 44,760 miles in 149 days. Mr. Glidden says that he will consider his tour of the world complete when he has driven his car 50,000 miles in fifty countries.

While traveling on a lonely stretch of the road near the Arctic Circle, in Sweden, Mr. Glidden overtook an old Finnish woman plodding along at the rate of half a mile an hour.

"Where are you going?" the interpreter asked.

"To my daughter's," was the reply.

"How far is it?" the interpreter asked.

"Fifteen miles."

"When do you expect to get there?"

"To-morrow morning."

Mr. Glidden picked the old woman up and in forty minutes had set her down at her daughter's home.

THE SEAT OF JUDGMENT

Patrick Sarsfield and Frenzied Finance

By Maude L. Radford

"And I'm Goin' to Find Oleson and Bring Him Back and Torture Him"

THE day began auspiciously for young Patrick Sarsfield. He had gone before school to the dentist to have his first tooth filled, and, when the operation was over, he had loitered so that he arrived in Room Six a little late, showing a face of triumphant suffering to the teacher and to fifty-one curious children. While the teacher was putting 'rithmetic on the board he had exhibited the silver filling to his nearest cronies, and at recess he had held court in the corner near the girls' yard before a shifting group of squinting, open-mouthed spectators. The teacher's lack of sympathy only made him more of a martyr, and at noon he had but two joys unrealized. One he achieved immediately—the pleasure of walking homeward with his sweetheart, plump, little Augusta Schmidt, while he described vividly to the shuddering child the tortures of the buzzing spear that worked like a sewing-machine and made various awful twinges that fair took the top of the head off of him! Then he boasted that his Uncle Dan Flaherty had given him a dollar to pay for the filling, and he had not had to touch the twelve dollars and seventy-six cents he had in the bank.

He left Augusta at the door of her father's little pawnshop and hurried to the restaurant of his foster-father, Flaherty.

"H'lo, Uncle Dan!" he called joyously, as he entered the steaming, little restaurant. "You jist ought to see my tooth! It hurt something scand'lous!"

Flaherty sat by the till, his big figure bunched over, his face as Patrick had never seen it before.

"Wh-what is ut, Uncle Dan?" cried Patrick. "Is annything wrong wid the childher?"

"Not thim, thank God; but when I think uv other people's childher ——"

Patrick pulled at his arm.

"Is ut politics?"

"Go and ate your dinner," said Flaherty, looking around on his few patrons. "Ah, and 'tis very few of the poor feels like dinner this day, or has the price."

"You might as well tell me furrst as last, Uncle Dan," said Patrick patiently. "You know I always find out."

Flaherty sighed; then he said, with assumed cheerfulness:

"Well, don't go fur to be worried over ut, but I've lost a thrifle uv money in a bank that's failed—and then, I had tould some poor people 'twas a safe bank, and—and 'tis on me mind."

Patrick rushed to the door.

"I'll git you my money out uv the bank that has ut, Uncle Dan," he called. "I ain't goin' to see you wantin' a thrifle uv money!"

"Come back, you omadhaun!" shouted Flaherty affectionately.

He got his coat and hat, and, leaving the till in charge of a waitress, strove to overtake the bony, little figure flying down the street. But Patrick had a good start. He dodged vehicles and pedestrians, his little hand clutching the bank-book which he always carried in his trousers' pocket. He rushed on, head down, until he reached the square on which his bank stood. Then he stopped, staring.

The boy had seen many a crowd at picnics and fires and St. Patrick's Day celebrations, but never had he seen a crowd like this, beating and heaving against the closed doors of the bank. A black sea of people, their white faces turned upward with every expression of hate and despair, arms tossing, voices raised in shouting or weeping. Such a poorly-clothed, pathetic crowd! A crowd that had won its savings by nickels and dimes at the cost of incredible deprivations: that had given up beer and tobacco, cheap ribbons and brass jewelry to buy schoolbooks for the children, or to save themselves from the workhouse and a parish burial.

For a moment Patrick's one thought was that his money was gone and he could not help Flaherty. But the next instant he was aware of old Widow Rafferty sitting on the curbstone, crying and tearing at her stringy, gray hair.

"Wirra, wirra—all I had!" she wept. "And where's the rint to come from now?"

"It's all right ——" Patrick began.

"All right, d'ye say?" she cried eagerly. "Is that black-hearted Oleson come back wid our savin's?"

"Did Mr. Oleson run away wid our money?" asked Patrick.

"Uv coorse; that's why the bank is shut," she said. "You and your 'all rights!' You know nawthin', and you're an interferin', young gossoon if iver there was wan!"

"Me Uncle Dan Flaherty'll fix ut, was what I meant," said Patrick stoutly.

"The back uv me hand and the sole uv me fut to your Uncle Dan Flaherty!" screeched Mrs. Rafferty. "Sure, wasn't he the wan ——"

But before she could finish Patrick had caught sight of his little Augusta buffeted about amid the crowd in the wake of her helpless, little father, August Schmidt, whose plump body was a target for irritable elbows and fists. Patrick fought his way to her side.

"Are you stuck, too, Augusta?" he shouted.

She clung to him.

"Oh, now you have come, Patrick, it is all right, yet! Mr. Flaherty will make Mr. Oleson give back the money of mein vater, Patrick?"

"Sure he will," said Patrick valiantly. "Here's Uncle Dan now."

They pushed their way to Flaherty who was in the midst of an excited group, Mrs. Rafferty in particular tugging at him so viciously that his coat was half off his shoulders.

"Give me me savin's, Dan Flaherty!" she wailed.

"Have conduct, woman! Do you think I have thim in me coat?" he asked.

"How much did your great frind Oleson give you fur getting us all fur to invest?" she sneered.

"'Tis you that has the bitther tongue!" Flaherty said with a wry smile.

"And me poor niece Julia's money, too, that was waithress to you five years and shud have been thrated betther!" went on Mrs. Rafferty.

"Well, here's Julia to do her own blackguardin'," said a loud, cheerful voice; and big, handsome Julia Rafferty put her hand on Flaherty's arm. "Don't you mind her, Dan! Sure, if there's a sour side to an apple, 'tis her that always bites into that!"

"That's it! Money gone and no riverence from the young!" shrilled Mrs. Rafferty.

While Julia comforted the old woman, a sad voice said:

"Oh, Dan, but we thrusted your judgment!"

Flaherty winced.

"And that's God's truth," he said. "All I can say is, if ever you want the bite or sup, come to me, and as long as I have anny 'tis yours to share. I know nawthin' of Oleson, and I can do nawthin' now."

Augusta burst into tears at this confession of weakness, and even the loyal Patrick turned his eyes away. Could there be anything his Uncle Dan could not do?

"Niver mind, Augusta," he said bravely; "he can fix ut yet. Sure, he's jist sayin' he can't so they won't be expectin' too much uv him, like. It'll be all right; you'll see."

Presently Augusta's housewifely instincts began to stir. She reminded her father that it was long past the dinner-hour, and that the sausages had been laid on the kitchen-table where, perhaps, the cat was getting at them already. Flaherty went back to his restaurant, old Mrs. Rafferty following him, bent on getting her bite and sup as soon as she could. But Patrick stayed; he wanted to learn more of the bank's failure.

That afternoon his little soul received its first impressions of hate and revenge. He had seen many Irish quarrels, and most of them had been made up. He had seen spite and enmity, but always there had been some compensation, some saving touch of humor that had made him feel in them a kind of unreality, like something out of a story-book. He felt as if they really didn't mean anything. But here was pain and rage and hate, not of one or two individuals, but of a whole community, of a whole class. His keen curiosity did not dull his sense of wrong and sorrow. But it never occurred to him that the wrong could not be righted. Being Irish, he was accustomed to seeing Irish attempts to put justice into a world where but little justice is. He believed that these poor people would get their money back; they wanted it so much that they *must* get it back, he reasoned. He listened to what the crowd said, because he wanted to find out how.

But all he heard was the wild talk of people who had yesterday been patient and tolerant, but to-day had turned into maddened brutes. Patrick translated their hatred into his own terms. They ought to kill Oleson; if he did come home with his chests of gold, they would torture him first; they would make him feel what it was to rob the poor—and then they would kill him.

While he was selling his papers that afternoon Patrick considered methods of torture. For his part, he would make Oleson go to the dentist and have all his teeth filled terrible deep into the roots! After his papers were sold and his dinner eaten he sought Augusta and outlined his plan.

"Say, 'Gusta," he said, when they were seated side by side on the lower step of the little pawnshop; "you know the teacher said we must do suppl'ment'ry reading out uv school?"

"Yes, and I've read Ivanhoe and ——"

"Aw, thim old-fashioned things!" he said scornfully. "They all happened thousands uv years ago! I've been readin' some grand books all about what byes uv me own age are doin' to-day. They cost a nickel each, and, if you want to take back old ones you've read, you can get a nickel fur three."

"What do the boys do, already?"

"Oh, they find thieves—like detectives, only they're always smarter!" Patrick said. "And I'm goin' to find Oleson and bring him back and torture him, and make him give back my twelve dollars and seventy-six cents and the other savin's he ain't spent, and then he'll be hanged."

"I wouldn't hang him if just he gives back the money to people. Besides," Augusta added practically, "it would be better to make him work hard and then take

"She Oughta't to Have Sich a Faather," He Thought

that money for damages for what he's cost us. Mein Vater lost two hours at noon, and the cat ate the sausages."

"Well, ain't you goin' to listen?" asked Patrick testily.

"All right."

"Well, these books say that big thieves always do what you don't expect. Now, all the people think Oleson's gone to Europe, so he ain't gone; he's here."

"Have you seen him?"

"Aw, sure, Augusta, have some sinse! Of course I ain't seen him, but I feel he's here. He's in disguise and I'm goin' to find him."

"How will you find him yet?" she asked incautiously.

"Sure, how do I know at all? I have lots of chanct, sellin' papers and seein' so manny people. I'll jist look clost at all the men I see; and whenever I can I'll go to the bank."

"What for should you do that, Patrick?"

"Because he will come in disguise to gaze on the scene of his crime. They always do," said Patrick. "They are ir-re-sist-ibly drawn by remorse—and that's when I'll nab him."

"And you'll do it all alone without Mr. Flaherty?" asked Augusta admiringly.

"Uncle Dan has enough on his shoulders now," said Patrick. "You'd jist ought to seen him to-night, Augusta. I felt that sorry for him! There he was, feedin' Mrs. Rafferty, and I don't know who all—handin' out free lunches to thim! And the till as bare as the back of your hand. Julia Rafferty was in, helpin' wait, there was that manny deadheads. Julia's lookin' fur a job as cook, so she might's well."

"Were they calling names at your uncle already?" she asked.

"Do you think he'd take ut off thim and thim feedin' off uv him? No, but he looked so tired I jist thought I'd arrest Oleson widout throublin' him, though I did hear him sayin' to a man that if his in*fluence*'d bring him back, back Oleson'd come."

"Well, mind you don't get hurt," cautioned Augusta. "If a man will fight with a policeman so as not to go in the patrol, Mr. Oleson will fight with you so as not to go to jail."

"Ah," said Patrick grimly; "if wance I take him he'll be cut in little pieces long before he sees the dure uv the jail."

Augusta drew a little away from him.

"I wish that bank had never failed," she sighed. "People is angry all the time. They come into mein Vater's shop and swear something fierce, and talk about cutting throats."

"Well, 'tain't our throats," said Patrick callously.

For many days he went about seeking Oleson with zestful hatred. The sale of his papers suffered; his brothers and sisters received short answers from him; he frightened Augusta with his bloodthirsty views, and he was so preoccupied that he did not notice Flaherty's continued gravity. His one desire was to reach Oleson; and continually the thought of Flaherty's loss and the losses of the other depositors receded, while larger loomed the importance of his own missing twelve dollars and seventy-six cents. He suffered several misadventures in his quest. At various times he seized half a dozen people and accused them of being Oleson. Most of them greeted his capture with an impatient blow on the head which made his ears ring. One man threatened to turn him over to the police; and all of them seemed quite unaffected by the fact that he was trying to do a beneficent deed in bringing a criminal to justice. He began to feel a grievance against society.

"I wisht I was the Lord fur about half an hour," said he.

He came home to the restaurant one Thursday night discontented with himself and all the world. Big Julia Rafferty, gayly dressed for her day off, was whispering with Flaherty. As Patrick slowly took off his cap and coat, his sharp little ears overheard some of their remarks. So, when she sat beside him eating her dinner, he asked carelessly:

"Where did you say you'd got your cookin' job three weeks ago, Julia?"

"Don't know that I said," replied Julia crisply.

"Aw, say, I know," he returned. "I heard some uv thim things you whispered to Uncle Dan—and, if I yelled ut out here in the restaurant, some uv the people'd lift the face uv you."

"You're too shmart fur a kid!" retorted Julia. "They'd be afther your Uncle Dan, too, fur he got me the place."

"Then you are cook in Oleson's house?" he whispered eagerly.

Julia nodded. "But you naden't be afther talkin' uv ut."

"What's ut like?" he queried.

"My-oh, sich a des'late place! Th' ould lady, his aunt, in tears all the time, and the little gurrl ——"

"Is there a little gurrl?" interrupted Patrick.

"Yes, his only child. The poor little thing! She can hardly go out uv the house, the childher call afther her in the street so—and she widout a mother this two years, too!"

"'Tis too good fur her, jist to call afther her," said Patrick bitterly. "They'd ought to take the clothes off her back and shoes off her feet and starve her, and thin maybe her faather'd know betther than to rob the honest poor."

"Think shame to yoursilf, Pathrick!" said Julia indignantly. "You've been taught betther nor to sphake so. They lave childher in America have too free a tongue, annyway."

But what more in this vein Julia might have said escaped Patrick; he had been struck with a great idea. If Oleson had a little girl, surely he would write her letters. These letters would tell where he was, and an able-bodied boy could go and, with the help of a policeman, bring the criminal back to his own city.

"Well, I'm sorry fur the poor, little gurrl," said Patrick cunningly. "Maybe I cud go to see her and show her how

"Well, Here's Julia to Do Her Own Blackguardin'"

nice a bye can be? I'd tell her a sthory uv Finn McCool, and Robert Immit, and thim."

"You've the good hearrt, afther all," said Julia warmly. "Maybe some day I'll let you come and play wid her."

Patrick did not wish to defer his good deed, and he managed to make Julia name the next Saturday for his visit. He thought it might take a whole afternoon to learn all he wanted from little Olga Oleson. He not only ruthlessly broke a previous engagement with Augusta, but he warded off Julia's plan to find two or three other well-disposed children and make a little party for Olga.

"'Twud be a quare little gurrl I cudn't worrk, give me a fair chanct," he reflected on Saturday as he wended his way to the Oleson house. "All I hope is I can talk to her widout showin' I'd like to belt her wan."

He stopped for a moment in front of the great square Oleson house. Many of the shutters were closed, and, where the windows were exposed, the blinds were dropped. Patrick's Celtic imagination took fire.

"It jist looks bowed undher the big sin of Oleson," he said as he shook his fist at it; "and ut well may!"

He went around to the back door and was admitted by Julia to the kitchen where Olga sat beside the great deal table. She was a little shrinking thing with sad, blue eyes. Patrick felt a twinge of sympathy for her, but he deliberately hardened his heart.

"She oughtn't to have sich a faather," he thought.

With a confidence born of repeated successes he set out to charm Olga. But either she was shy, or she felt his hostile attitude, for she did not respond, and Julia muttered to him maliciously:

"'Tis a good job I asked Augusta to come in and play this afthernoon. You're a great consoler, you are!"

"What'd you want her for?" said Patrick angrily.

"Whose house is this at all?" asked Julia.

As Patrick glowered, Augusta tapped on the back door, audibly scraping her broad little shoes the while. When Julia ushered her into the kitchen she fixed her round German eyes on Olga, and then she advanced to her hostess, kissed her affectionately, and said:

"I guess we'll have a good time this afternoon already, Olga. Patrick is awful smart to think up plays."

Olga held to the hand of her new friend.

"You think the play," she said. "What you make, so will I."

Patrick sniffed. What else could you expect of the daughter of such a father? And now where was his chance of being alone with Olga so that he could find out if her father had written to her? He sulked a little longer, and then, feeling that time was flying, he did his best to entertain the two little girls. Augusta's worshiping loyalty would have given him the first place, but something in Olga's attitude always made him number three. He succeeded in inventing enough plays, however, to keep them busy till supper-time. As the children expanded under the delicious smells from Julia's cooking, Patrick adroitly led the talk to the subject of letters. At first Olga gave no sign, but when he spoke, carelessly, of little girls receiving letters from their fathers, she stiffened and grew silent. Patrick was jubilant. On the right track at last! Now, to make her speak!

Olga, however, said no more. She only clung closer to Augusta, and whispered:

"I don't like to talk so much. It will be nice to eat the supper."

"Patrick will tell us some lovely stories after supper," said Augusta comfortably. "You don't need to talk."

It was a beautiful supper as Augusta said, but Patrick was too excited to eat much of it. Would they never have done with their Norwegian cheeses and queer bread and give him another chance at Olga? He was not even interested when Olga held sugar in her mouth and then drank coffee.

At last the three gathered about the big fireplace in the dining-room while Julia carried away the dishes. And now Patrick sat himself between the two little girls and began to tell a story. It was all about a pirate chief who had robbed the widows and children living on a certain magical island. Presently, he forgot his audience and thought only of the story. With set eyes he described the capture of the wicked chief and the executioner who stood over him with an axe, ready to kill him as soon as he had finished writing a letter to his little girl.

"Oh, no; oh, no; don't let him be killed, Augusta!" sobbed Olga wildly. "Oh, don't let him kill my father!"

"What's all this at all?" cried Julia, rushing in from the kitchen.

"Oh, make him go away!" wept Olga. "He said a pirate, but he was meaning my father, and in the streets the children say to me that they will tear him in pieces, and one man said I ought to be kidnaped and then my father would come back! And oh, my father did not mean to be bad, and I did not do it! I did not steal a little bit of the money, and I don't eat only just a little, little bit so the poor people they will get more back ——"

"So that's why you're getting so thin, you poor lamb!" said Julia.

She lifted the child in her big arms, and crooned to her lovingly. Augusta held Olga's little hand, swaying heavily with Julia's movements; and together they tried to soothe the miserable talking and sobbing girl.

Patrick's first thought was that he had been stupid.

"Uncle Dan wance tould me that, if I just made up me mind other people cud see through me as quick as I cud see through thim, I'd come to less harm," he thought; "but I wasn't thinkin' about Oleson when I tould about the pirate; annyway, not so turrible much."

Then, as he listened to the little girl's wild sentences and sobs, a different thought came to him. He did not notice that Julia and even his own Augusta had turned their backs on him. He began first of all to see that it was not fair to visit on Olga the sins of her father; and

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When the Farmer Turns Radical

WILLIAM SCULLY, who died in London the other day, was pointed to with much alarm by the Middle West some forty years ago. He came to this country and bought about 200,000 acres of farm lands in the Mississippi Valley, which he leased in small holdings. Contemporaries saw the beginning of an Irish landlord system; and the Illinois Legislature pretty promptly passed a law forbidding aliens to own real estate. The Supreme Court declared the law unconstitutional, and a modified one replaced it.

Nowadays no one thinks there is any danger that Illinois farmers will be reduced generally to tenants; but if the farmers did think so they would have a law to stop it very promptly. Many virtuous people think that a class-consciousness politically exerted is a very iniquitous thing. Western farmers do not agree with them in practice, whatever theories they may hold. Whenever hard times have severely depressed agriculture there has been something exciting doing in the political arena.

Various attempts have been made, and are still making, to resurrect the bogy-man that William Scully once was, but without much success. Against the census figures of large land-holdings—many of them merely pleasure estates—and the two million farms worked by tenants, and the imposing total of farm mortgages, stands the fact, which anybody with eyes can verify, that the farmers are generally prosperous.

This does not preclude the other fact that they pay a considerable toll to trustified business, with its high local freight rates, elevator combines and "protected" commodities. And the fact is not imperishable. It rests upon the difference between present prices of farm produce and the sixty cents for wheat and twenty for corn, at Chicago, that obtained for so long after the last panic.

If this difference disappears we think farmers will be found starting some radical political movements. In the past the most radical movements have come when the farmer was bitten. He puts one hand to the bite and votes with the other.

Mortgaging the Next Century

THE aim of the Steel Trust is to impart greater stability to the trade. It resists attempts to advance prices when the demand is brisk, as at present. It labors equally to prevent a decline when demand is slack. The Trust's recent acquisition of the so-called Hill ore lands increases its power to carry out this policy, by giving it the control of about ninety per cent. of available Northern ore deposits. The lease runs until all the ore is exhausted, which will be about a century. For that little period the lease fixes the price of the ore and the freight to be paid thereon at $1.65 a ton the first year, with an advance of 3.4 cents a ton for each succeeding year.

A century is a long time. Possibly in even fifty years conditions will so change in mining and in transportation that ore may be profitably delivered at the lake-docks at considerably less than two dollars a ton. Nevertheless, there will stand the hundred-year lease, absolutely fixing the price of the basic article of the steel trade. None of us would care, now, to be paying the freight-rates of fifty years ago.

The ore lands are owned mostly by the Great Northern and Northern Pacific roads. When the deal was announced, the common stock of the Steel Trust, all water, advanced to fifty dollars a share; Great Northern stock, one hundred dollars a share paid in, sold at $336.50 a share; Northern Pacific stock, somewhat watery also, sold at $216 a share. In the opinion of the Street, therefore, there has somehow been created, in respect of these three properties, a value of about $775,000,000 over and above the capital actually invested. We should judge that anybody ought to be content to make business stable on about those terms.

Stability in business is, in itself, a desirable thing. But, before praising it unqualifiedly, it is well to inquire whether the conditions that it would perpetuate are about the best and fairest all around that could reasonably be expected. If, in order to get it, we must mortgage the next century in favor of $508,000,000 bogus stock, we would rather be more volatile.

A Lesson for the Railroads

THE Illinois Central last year moved 511 million passengers one mile and 6230 million tons of freight. President Fish adds the two together to show the "units of service" that the road renders the public.

Such units of service per mile of line have doubled in ten years. Charges have decreased, and the average freight rate per ton per mile is now almost the lowest in the country, with the exception of certain roads whose freight traffic is largely in soft coal. In the nineteen years since Mr. Fish assumed the presidency stockholders have received regular dividends—first at seven per cent. a year; then at six and five per cent. during the hard times; now at the old rate of seven per cent. All stock issued has been for value received. During this period the road earned, available for dividends, over ninety million dollars, of which more than thirty per cent. was put back in permanent improvements.

Mr. Fish's friends point to these and kindred facts as showing that the road, under his management, did its duty fairly to the public and to its stockholders. But on one side his management has been negligent. Under it the Illinois Central has developed a very scant crop of units of service to Wall Street. Insiders have not bought up the stock of other lines and let the road capitalize the purchase profitably for them in issues of collateral trust bonds. We fail to recall any Stock Exchange pools, lucratively inspired by foreknowledge of some coming coup on the part of the management. Sales of Illinois Central stock on the Exchange have been far smaller than sales of any other stock that can compare with it in importance—the total this year being only about one per cent. of the total for Union Pacific and Reading.

There is a splendid opportunity here for increased units of service.

A Bank for the People

MONEY was extraordinarily dear this fall everywhere except in Paris. The Bank of England advanced its discount-rate to the wartime figure of six per cent.—having advanced it from three and a half to four per cent. a month before. Simultaneously, the Bank of Germany put its rate up to six per cent.

The production of gold has been large of late; yet all the great reserve banks of Europe and the United States, taken together, hold less of the metal than a year ago. Business is largely done on the basis of the two billions, roughly, of gold held by these banks. The Bank of France has mastered, better than any of the others, the art of controlling what it wants of the supply. In the United States the stock of money in circulation increased during the twelve months by about 190 millions; but the visible stock—held by the banks and the Treasury—was less than the year before; and merchants in New York and Chicago were paying six per cent.

A change in the French bank-rate is a notable event. The Bank of France is the most powerful in the world. That it is sharply distinguished from other great reserve banks by being a people's bank—where the little shopkeeper can borrow as easily as the great corporation—is probably merely incidental. It seems to have reduced banking to a finer science than any of the others. With us, not only too numerous failures, but the violent fluctuations in interest-rates, are a sign that banking, on the whole, is not conducted as intelligently as it should be. It is deemed sacrilege to criticise the banks; but we should rather welcome an able and powerful sinner in that sort.

Too Much Shirt-Front

THE successor of John Alexander Dowie, writing of the prophet's decline and fall, says that the process of decay began with Dowie's having his picture taken in evening clothes. From that it went on to appearing on the platform in a gorgeous velvet dressing-gown, loss of temper, general debility and complete overthrow.

Tammany Hall enjoyed some measure of respect until Croker took to wearing evening dress. Even now Senator Bailey is required to plead to the dual indictment of helping Standard Oil and arraying himself in claw-hammer wear. We knew a commission merchant who held the confidence of his patrons to an eminent degree until the more astute of them noticed that he was wearing a silk hat week-days. His failure followed in due course.

The expansive shirt-front and ironed hat are monarchial institutions. They are the caste-ridden Past. A natural-born republican shies at them as instinctively as the Indian pony dodges the lariat. But they are manipulated by the fair, reactionary hand of woman. When a man appears in them it means that the charming, aristocratic sex has him properly girthed and snaffle-bitted. It would require colossal courage for a man seeking suffrages to step before a miscellaneous male audience so habited—or for him to enter a drawing-room otherwise. Before their own sex men scorn an imputation of weakness for the ladies. Before the other sex they court the imputation. Hence the typical male attitude toward a dress suit.

A man might wear a low vest and a high hat when he didn't actually have to—like Dowie and the commission merchant—and still be of sound mind and moral fibre; but a large majority of his own kind would regard him with the same sort of suspicion as though he put in his spare time making doilies.

Less Talk, More Thought

THIS is the time of the year when the lecturer begins to pour forth his wisdom into the ears of his audience. It is appalling to think of all the millions of words that are falling daily all over the land in college lecture-halls, in schoolrooms, from university-extension platforms. How many millions of pages they would make if printed and bound! However, they rarely live beyond an evening.

One of the oldest of human delusions is that a thing heard is a thing known. If that were even partially true, we should all be wise by this time, and good, too. Human speech is an imperfect instrument, and human hearing and attention are worse.

The teacher would do well to talk less, and the learner to think more. The idea and the mind—those are the two elements, and the idea cannot be poured into the mind merely by uttering words.

Misrepresentative Representatives

SENATOR BURTON goes to jail because he used his office in behalf of a bucket-shop and received a fee of $2500 for doing it. Probably there isn't much use in pointing out that, if Burton had been a stockholder in the bucket-shop, he might have used his office in its behalf with greater profit to himself, and without incurring a penalty. In a liberal-minded view, there is little enough to choose between a Senator who plugs for a special interest because he receives a fee as its attorney, and one who plugs for another special interest because he receives increased dividends as a stockholder.

Burton's case happens to suggest the numerical smallness of the representation of the United States at Washington. Senators, when they do not represent railroads, express companies or mines, represent States. It was on account of Louisiana and Mississippi, and not on account of the nation, that objection was raised to the Philippine tariff bill.

In the House we have the same thing intensified. The Congressman stands naturally for the particular section that he comes from. Most acts of national scope are finally, a compromise of the clash among various sectional interests. It is only in some great and rare juncture, which affects all parts of the country about alike, that Congress stands as the embodiment of national will. Two-thirds of its work is confined to strictly local measures—pension and building acts and the like.

The only representative at Washington of the people of the United States is the President—which, of course, is why, with the growth of national unity, he grows faster than the combined representatives of States and localities.

The Slaves of Tradition

A LOT of money is going these days into new buildings, and they are better buildings, as architecture, than we have ever had before in this country. There is enough money to spare for beauty of design and ornamentation, and also sometimes—as in the case of hotels, bank buildings or insurance offices—for mural decoration. The artist is to have his day at last, and find something remunerative outside of portraits or pretty landscapes.

But, so far, these opportunities for decorative painting have not resulted in anything fresh or original, anything native either in subject or treatment. Painters have stuck by the traditions of mural decoration; they have worked over the old myths and allegories as they have seen them in Italy and France.

An Italian mountain or a German castle, no matter how charming it may be, means nothing to us to-day. We live in a country that has its own peculiar countenance, its own life, its own people, its own ideals. The painters should try to put something of all this into their decorations, just as the old Venetians and Florentines did.

AFTER THE PENNANT

The Stars of the Diamond and the Fancies of the Fans

A Talk With Fielder Allison Jones

Manager World's Champions, The Chicago White Sox

UNPARALLELED in the history of sports—not even excepting the Olympian periods of Greece—was the interest displayed in the recent big games for the world's baseball championship played in Chicago. The owner and the individual members of the victorious team received fully eight hundred messages over the telegraph and cable lines individual messages, many of them from men personally unknown to the players receiving them. So far as I am informed, this breaks all records. Nearly 100,000 persons paid admission to the world's series; the total receipts were $106,550, and the whole country was stirred by the contest. Had the grounds and grandstands been large enough to take care of the enthusiasts, three times as many would have witnessed the battles, in spite of harsh weather.

But the enthusiasm of the public went far beyond anything to be measured by mere attendance figures. It was impossible after the world's championship victory to refuse the fans anything. They invaded our dressing-room and took everything movable. Even old white socks which had been worn by the players and discarded were appropriated. Dignified business men deliberately held us and cut off buttons. Altrock had three hats "commandered" as he called it.

Hundreds have asked me whether I had a definite plan of battle for fighting this campaign for the world's pennant. What general would go into a vital conflict with disorganized forces and without a plan? I figured that if our team lost its nerve all would be lost. Because Nick Altrock, "sou'paw" pitcher, could not be rattled by anything short of an earthquake, I assigned him to the opening battle. He won it.

True, the second game was lost, but the players had at least one good victory to steady them. Then, too, I had the strongest card of all in the reserve, the greatest and most spectacular "play" of baseball for 1906: the wonderful "spit ball" delivered by Edward Walsh, greatest exponent of this form of pitching in all the world. He held his rival in the hollow of his hand. It is impossible to bunch hits on a spit-ball pitcher who has full command of that delivery. Walsh had it. That was the beginning of the end for the National League Club that opposed us. Good batters struck a foot wide and twelve struck out. Not for one moment did Walsh lose his head. He was confident, and the heart of the opposing forces was broken. To all intents and purposes we had the world's pennant clinched at the moment Walsh won that game.

In a subsequent game I watched Walsh tire. He was giving away rapidly to the strain, but I hoped to get him beyond the critical six innings. Great pitchers invariably take renewed heart after passing that period. But it was unwise to trust his prowess when it was not backed by a feeling of strength, and he was taken out. Three minutes after leaving the slab, Walsh fairly flattened a baseball in his hand as he whispered: "I'm all right again and feel strong enough to crush this sphere."

The Man Who Wants to Play

BUT the strain never was too great for Altrock. He is one of the pitchers who believes in a return of the old order of pitching—the days when a twirler was worked in every other game, or even in successive games. He wants to get into every game. No game was so badly against us that Altrock did not whisper to me, when I came to the bench: "I'll go in and finish it for you." He keeps his eyes on the manager in centre-field, when a pitcher is getting trimmed, to discover the first appearance of a desire to take out the unfortunate twirler.

Altrock, moreover, furnishes an example of how the superstition of the players becomes one of the most difficult and delicate problems with which the baseball general has to deal. Altrock would not sit for his picture on Friday or pass a cemetery in full moon at midnight. A black cat flashing across a diamond during a game would probably make him the easiest kind of a mark for opposing batters. One of the hardest things I had to do, in the closing days of the American league race this year, was to refuse a newspaper friend permission to take a picture of the team. Two photographers had posed the players and made excellent pictures. But immediately thereafter we lost three hard games to the New York Highlanders and seemed to be in danger of losing out on the pennant. All the men declared it was the photographers' fault. They declared they would not sit for a photograph again until the pennant was won! And they kept their word.

Fielder Jones, Manager-Player, Chicago White Sox
1906 World's Champions
American League Pennant Winner

Some players do not wish to travel in a Pullman and take berth thirteen; there are others, like the veteran Captain Anson or Bill Lange, who would take berth thirteen in preference to any other.

Players have their peculiarities other than superstitions. Frank Isbell, the hard-hitting second-baseman whose two-baggers at the right moments took the little remaining heart from the opposing pitchers, carried home with him the big bat that did the business. He will have it in his parlor at Wichita, Kansas, this winter and point to it as he tells how the battles were won. The batting of Isbell up to the last season was a joke. He was in truth a veritable "hitless wonder." He could not hit any pitcher's delivery, and, using a big bottle-shaped bat, he would invariably hit under or over. He was watched by the critics and a top-heavy bat was suggested. That little suggestion, due to Comiskey's shrewdness and vision, made Isbell a marvelous batter. He certainly looked good to his manager in the big series. A little thing, yet it made baseball history!

A broken bat will put a good batter "on the toboggan slide." He imagines he cannot get another like it, although one may be made from the same kind of ash -perhaps out of the same tree -and so near like the original that only an expert can tell the difference. Still, if a ball-player thinks the bat has not the same grain, is too heavy, or does not swing like the old one, nothing can convince him to the contrary.

Good players imagine the "fans" of their home club town "get down" on them. Such players fail to play up to their standards. They ask for their releases. The only way a player who really is "in bad" with the patrons of the game may be restored to the hearts of the "fans" is to do some brilliant, sparkling work each day. If he is lucky things will then break for him so that he may recover courage and prestige. Never did a utility man shine as did George Rohe, our third-baseman in the world's series, and the "fans" are all saying that he will be a regular next year.

Contrast that with the failure of James Sheckard, of the Cubs, to make a hit in twenty-one times at bat. If he is "in wrong" with his West Side constituents I'll take him to our team and he will be a star again. That is another queer thing about baseball—the release of a player does not necessarily mean that he cannot get in another good team.

When, at our grounds, Altrock was the twirler for Boston, he was in poor form, and we had ten runs off him in two innings, when Manager Collins took him out, called him "excess baggage" and suggested that his room was worth more than his company with a traveling ball team. Nick, with tears in his voice, hunted up Mr. Comiskey after the game, said he had not been given a decisive trial, and his eyes sparkled when he asked the magnate to take him on as a pitcher. Comiskey had seen his work and promptly signed him. The "sou'paw" has trimmed many a team since then!

There is a recent case where a well-known club actually exchanged four players and a big sum of money for one player. The latter helped his new club to win a pennant, and three of the traded baseball men put so much life and ginger into the club they went to that it played brilliant ball, climbed out of the "cellar championship" division and made money for its promoters for the first time in three years.

It would appear that a man who had been so many years a player and manager as Mr. Comiskey would be able to conceal emotion over a game. Instead, his invariable place of advantage is under the stand where he sees every play. He never misses a play on the home grounds, never travels with his team when it goes away, and will not speak to wife, son or friend when intently watching plays. The moment runs enough are made to insure victory the smile that has made the "old Roman" famous in two hemispheres returns to his big, honest face. He is then ready to speak courteously to the defeated players, but he reserves his comment for his own players until practice-time the next day.

No vital play is so quickly made or lost that it escapes his eye. Each player hears from him individually, not in a scolding manner, but in a way that would make a wooden man correct mistakes.

Yet Comiskey is, as he says, the "hardest loser" in the world. He would not follow his team away from home around the circuit for one million dollars. "I'd be brought back in a pine box," he says. "I have not learned to watch a team lose and keep my heart still."

For two nights during the world's series sleep was impossible with Comiskey. When I was busy trying to take the players' minds off the strain and get them to seek helpful sleep, "Comy" was wide awake. The public has heard that he gave his players an appreciation of $15,000, and doubtless "fans" imagined he made a long speech full of platitudes and what the boys call "hot pitching." Not at all.

"See here, Jones," he remarked, "come into the office. I want to give the boys a check. I'll write it. No, Jones, I can't. I'm all in with the strain. You write it."

I made out the check and he nervously attached his name. That was all. He could say nothing more than: "Boys, I am pleased with you for twice the amount of the check."

Tongue-Tied Givers

ONLY one other presentation in baseball history equals it for novelty. It seems that when Bridewell, of the Boston National League team, was about to start West with the team he arranged to get married. The bridal couple boarded the train with the team. A silver service was bought by Bridewell's associates, and nearly half the night the players argued which one should make the presentation speech the next morning. Manager Fred Tenney was the unanimous choice. "He's a college-bred man and can use the big words," said Pitcher Young. But the manager confessed to being bashful.

To make the story short, there was no spokesman when the time came for the presentation, and the players stood around the present like a lot of frightened schoolboys. Finally, "Cozy" Dolan, who smokes a pipe, took the pipe from his mouth and, brushing off his hat, said: "Mrs. Bridewell, I trust you will excuse the pipe. That's all."

"I thank you, boys, for your kindness," was the bride's reply, and the players pushed the silver service over to her.

Dolan's little remark had broken the tension.

The only time I ever saw Rube Waddell, the great "south-paw" pitcher for the Philadelphia Athletics, completely at the mercy of the pitching strain was at our home grounds. Apparently he has not fully recovered, for every time any one mentions pitching against the White Sox at Chicago Waddell shivers and thinks of running away to the woods.

It was last year and he had his "strike-out" clothes on everywhere. It looked easy to him for one inning. Then we fixed it up with a local fan to give the "mighty Rube" a papier-mâché white elephant. This was handed to him as he went to bat

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He placed it on the ground and tried some circus stunts for the benefit of the crowd. But he was plainly the victim of his own superstition. The strain got him. He failed to pitch us to defeat and retired under a great bombardment of base-hits.

There are some curious facts in baseball finance which could scarcely fail to interest the cleverest of trust lawyers. In many respects the baseball business is a trust. It occupies a position as firmly intrenched as that in which the officers of the law find the Standard Oil Company. We ball-players may never hope to have help from the public in fighting the baseball trust, however, as the "fans" of the public want the best in ball, and have grown to accept the magnates' idea that, without the protection of the national agreement, the best players cannot be held. Chaos, the magnates say, would result from indiscriminate bidding for the stars of the diamond, and in time only the wealthiest magnates could afford the luxury of a ball-team of great players.

Fair Wages for Fair Play

Yet with all the injustices of old contracts that are drawn in favor of the magnate and under which the player has little chance for freedom of action, the reserve rules of national-agreement baseball are not financially uninviting to a great army of men. There are salaries of more than $6000 paid under these contracts, and that, for the short season of 154 ball-games, is not a bad rate of compensation. Fighting between two major league teams placed me in the rather interesting and pleasant position of drawing two salaries for two years. The broad rule may be laid down that a magnate who understands baseball wishes to please the public first. This done, the players are bound to profit by the increased prosperity of the employer. It is worth our form of baseball thraldom to be a member of a great pennant-winning club and share in the profits.

From the players' standpoint, moreover, the future of baseball is associated so closely with the existence of organized baseball under the national agreement that the life or the death of the former depends upon it. I am practically a slave. So is every baseball player in the thirty-one leagues under the national agreement. We are "human chattels" in the sense that we cannot sell our ability—the only asset on which we can realize contracts of a satisfactory nature—in any market to which we may elect to take that "commodity." We must play ball within the pale of organized baseball or be listed as black sheep. The quotations on black sheep in the baseball world are very low—they are not at all attractive. So the baseball "slave" accepts the restrictions placed upon him by the great magnates, smiles, and tries persuasion with his employer in making advantageous contracts.

The New "Straw Play"

CERTAINLY the oddest thing in its way ever devised is a new kind of toy, from Germany, called (to translate its name literally) the "Sculpture Play." It appears, at first glance, to be a rectangular frame filled with sand, beneath which wooden faces and other such objects are put, the frame being pressed down upon the image chosen in such fashion that the "sand" at the surface rises into corresponding form, being thereupon moulded smoothly into shape by the pressure of a small wooden tool such as is employed for modeling in clay.

It is quite an amusing plaything for children; but the remarkable thing about it is that the supposed "sand," which not only looks, but feels like sand, is in reality not sand at all. It is a mass of exceedingly fine straws, placed parallel, as toothpicks are arranged in a bundle, and all one sees in manipulating the apparatus is a surface composed of the upper ends of them. The forcing up of the lower ends gives the curious effect described.

The toy is a German invention. In the frame described are several hundred thousand of the straws, all of them of exactly the same length. How they are prepared and adjusted is a mystery, but it is worth while to mention the experience of a toy dealer in Philadelphia who, by an accident, allowed one of the frames to fall. Naturally, the straws were spilled, and to put them back again was a task so arduous as to occupy nearly the whole of three days' time.

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(Concluded from Page 9)

program which must be adopted in order to make our cities what they should be—that is, places where every man will have an opportunity to live a kindly, serviceable and beautiful life; places in which each man can realize his own personality.

"What is this program? Well, first, as I say, home rule, then the Federal Plan, with the Merit System and the Recall, the Initiative and Referendum, Municipal Ownership, and so on. I think all the cities in America are going to take these steps before very long. When we have cities like this, and every man really has a chance, then there will not be so many poor, and when there are no poor there will be little necessity for prisons.

"There are so many poor people in prison that one might almost say the only crime consists in being poor. I become quite sure of this, indeed, when I go down to the police-court. If two men are arrested for being drunk, and one of them has money and the other has no money, the one without money must go to jail; the one with money can go on his way without further inconvenience.

"There is, by the way, a great deal to stimulate thought in an incident like this. For instance, we condemn a man for committing a crime, and in order to punish him we take away from him the proceeds of his crime and use it to pay the salaries of the judge, the clerk and the mayor—that is, those who condemn him. When I think of where the money that is made in the worst parts of New York goes, it occurs to me that, in order to clean up the worst sections, we shall have to start in about two miles away, in another part of the city, where such districts are not mentioned."

"What do you think of prisons as a force in government?"

"Do I believe in prisons? No; I do not know any good they ever did. What I mean is this: that though there are, doubtless, persons in the world whom it is necessary to restrain, our penal system was not founded upon that necessity; it was founded, as you will learn by reading your Blackstone, in the spirit of revenge, and it is carried out by the use of brute force, and from revenge and force—that is, from hatred—no good can ever come. But we are learning; the indeterminate sentence, the probation and parole system, and all that, are opening a better way. The true principle for the treatment of what we call criminals—that is, those who get caught—is that adopted in the juvenile court; it works with little children, and it will work with big children just as well. We hear a good deal of good people and of bad people, but I do not think that mankind is divided into any such classes. We hear a good deal about white souls, and now and then about black souls, but there are no white souls and there are no black souls—there are just gray souls."

"How do you propose to give every man his fair chance?"

"Oh, well, I have no patent scheme. I am not wise enough to grapple with all the questions of government and sociology and science, to solve them all, to write the solution down, and then give to mankind a recipe that can be printed on a card and distributed. I think that we make progress through enlightenment, through education—in a word, through experience; by failure, doubtless, just as much as by success. In this country we have what we call representative government—that is, we think that we have, and we have had. But our trouble has been too often that the officials, instead of representing the people, represented a street-car company or a railroad company. If we ever come to the pass where we have officials who will represent the people, and the people enlighten themselves and improve themselves, the government will be good because the people it represents are good. One way to get to this pass is to stop this nonsense of partisanship, of 'belonging to a party.' A free man ought not to 'belong' to anything; he should not allow anything to submerge his own personality. He ought to vote his own convictions, and not wait for the committee or convention to report a set of views for him. Personality is the thing that tells in the world more than anything else, and the nearest approach to a brief solution that I know of is that made by Walt Whitman, when he said: 'Produce great persons; the rest follows.'"

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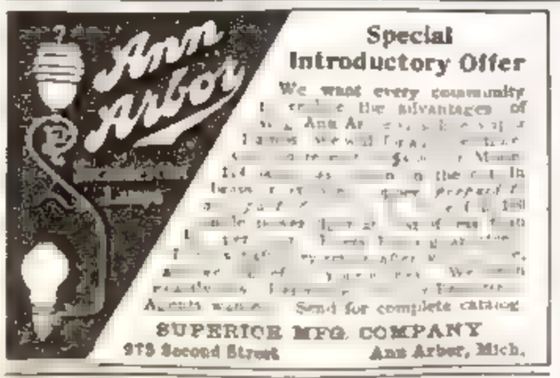

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(Concluded from Page 12)

hadn't wronged no one than have all the money the Ten Strike ever dug out of the ground an' have you think we'd robbed you. That's the kind o' cats me an' Joe is.'

"'All lite,' says Wun, smilin' sweet an' happy. 'I like plenty much keep him. You no lob; you an' Madeary velly good man, all same. All lite. Goo-by.'

"'Sit down!' growls Winchip, pickin' up the derringer, an' Wun sat down.

"'You no like?' Winchip rumbles out, glarin' at him. 'What in blazes do we care what you like an' what you don't like? Yer think me an' Joe is goin' to have our consciences keep on a-gnawin' us, an' folks thinkin' we've skun you, jest because you "Like keep him"? My kind, chrome brother, you sell back! You hear me? You walk over to the bank with us an' sign the quit-claim I've got in my pocket!'

"'I no sell,' says Wun. Winchip made a leap from the bureau an' caught him by the neck, pushin' the muzzle of the derringer against his snub nose.

"'I sell, I sell!' squeaks Wun, squirmin'.

"'That's all right then,' says Winchip, lettin' him loose. 'You want to sell, don't you? You ask me and Joe to give you back your money. That's right, ain't it?'

"'I splend two, thlee hundled dollar make pieces shack, buy powder, heap much chow, all same pay Chinaboy!' wails Wun.

"'That's all right,' says Madeary. 'We'll pay two hundred extra an' call it square. Won't we, Virge?'

"'Thlee hundled,' says Wun.

"'Wun, you're actin' the hog,' says Joe reproachfully. 'We ain't bound to pay you a cent. We might jest let you keep the old mine, an' we would if we was like some.'

"'All lite,' says Wun mournfully.

"'Then come on,' says Winchip. 'An' remember that I've got the gun in my pocket.'

"That night the boys celebrated. Winchip was in favor of going right out to the mine to take possession, but Madeary had a brother who'd been a policeman in San Francisco, an' he'd heard that once in a while the yeller man does get a heap perfious. So they put it off till mornin'; an' that's where they made their mistake, because when they did get there there wasn't so much as a shingle of the shacks left.

"'I'll talk with Friend Wun about this when we get back,' says Winchip.

"They went down into the tunnel, an', arrivin' at the end, used language that would make a bull-whacker blush. The tunnel hadn't been extended a foot.

"'Where did they get their rock?' says Winchip.

"Joe scratched his head. 'Search me,' he says. 'Let's get out of here an' see if we can find out.'

"They climbed out of the shaft number four an' made a tower of the others. It wasn't ontil they come to the lowest drift on the hogback, close to the road an' convenient for haulin', that they found the place. The drift had been dug into like it was a gravel pit wherever the rock could be got at easiest.

"Winchip chipped off some from the face of the workin' with his pick, looked at it with his eyes poppin' out of his head an' his face white as chalk, an' then threw it down. Madeary picked it up, looked at it an' threw it down.

"'There wouldn't be a color in a thousand tons of it,' says Winchip, clearing his throat an' lickin' his lips. 'What does it mean?'

"'What does it mean?' he says again, half-whimperin'.

"Joe sat down on a boulder.

"'I don't know whether Phernetton stood in or not,' he says, after a while, very deliberate. 'I don't think he did. I don't know whether Wun used a shotgun to get gold into his rock, or whether he sowed it broadcast—like oats, but he got it in somehow. I don't know whether he's within a Sabbath day's journey of here in any given direction, but I don't think he is. Here's his pay-streak though, an' if you ask me what it means, it's my opinion it means the Sweet Marie has been salted back on us, an' that two busted, lunk-headed idjots is goin' back to honest labor at the Ten Strike.'

A HAPPY Christmas thought—[illegible] Let [illegible] different. Advance copies of our new catalogue are ready. The most complete book of [illegible] ever issued. **Write and we will send it FREE and prepay the postage.** 200 pages [illegible] photographed direct from the [illegible] pages of [illegible], [illegible] and novelties [illegible] and [illegible] suggestions for men, [illegible] of the [illegible] Our [illegible] at [illegible] prices. Our [illegible] fashion of [illegible] known [illegible] jewelry, but the very latest things being bought and [illegible] by the best people in [illegible] and New York. There is not an [illegible] in our store. **We are not a "Catalogue Concern."** But one of the finest retail diamond and jewelry houses in Philadelphia, with [illegible] established. Our selling by mail was started to accommodate our customers at a distance and [illegible] through officers of the Army and Navy. Now a customer out of town can buy to the same advantage, receive the same [illegible] as if visiting the store in person. Any article in this advertisement or in our catalogue **sent prepaid on receipt of price.** We guarantee safe delivery and refund the money if [illegible] are not pleased. We [illegible] and [illegible] at our [illegible]. We will send [illegible] to responsible people anywhere.

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109 [illegible] 1 00
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111 [illegible] 65
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113 [illegible] $0 25
114 [illegible] 1 25
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117 1 pearl $ 50
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[illegible] 95 00

14Kt Heart Pins
121 [illegible] 1 25
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123 [illegible] 5 00
[illegible] 19 00

124 [illegible] $55 00
125 [illegible] 3 00
126 [illegible] 1 50
127 [illegible] 8 00
128 [illegible] 50
129 Tie Holder, 14Kt, [illegible] 40 00
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132 [illegible] 1 00
133 [illegible] $3.00, sterling
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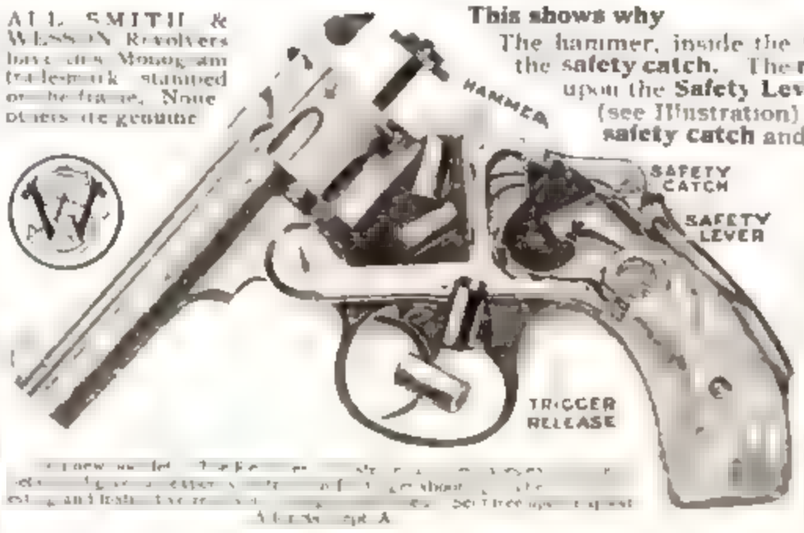

This shows why

The hammer, inside the frame, is always locked by the **safety catch.** The **natural** pressure of the hand upon the **Safety Lever** in the back of the handle (see Illustration) is the only way to lift the **safety catch** and permit the trigger to raise the hammer for firing. The safety lever and trigger must act at the same instant. To discharge this arm otherwise than **deliberately** is an impossibility—and

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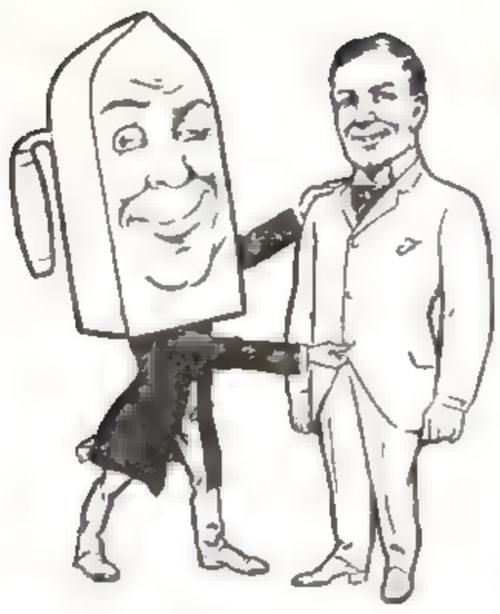

The Great Clothes Puzzle

By A. Frank Taylor

IT was beyond Brown's Comprehension
His suit had looked good Enough at his Custom Tailors

The Latter had almost wept tears of pure Liquid Joy when Brown held his Dress Parade before the Looking Glass

And, although Brown was dubious because his Coat seemed to require a lot of manipulating when put on —Because the Front had to be jerked down to make the Collar fit snug and to prevent the lapels from taking away from his Majestic Bosom

—And the shoulders had to be smoothed a good deal by the Tailor's Pressing Touch

—Still the Tailor had a Glad Spasm as he surveyed his Manly Form

And he had considered his hard-earned Case Notes judiciously invested.

* * *

But *what* was the matter with Brown's suit?

He [illegible] worn the Doggoned Thing only a week

He had carefully laid down the Coat in the Most Correct Effect

And the last time he started his arm in a mad effort to [illegible] the Sleeves

And still the Coat Collar tried to crawl down his Spine

The left lapel heaved like a Balloon Jib in a 16-Knot Breeze.

—And the loose Cloth in his shoulders assumed an agonizing Scallop Effect that was simply Fierce.

He felt like a [illegible] between a Burglar and a Signal of Distress every time he caught a Glimpse of himself in a Store Window

—And his wife—oh, dear me—Brown would have loved to have given Mrs Brown in charge for the unfeeling way she barked on his "Lost Money"

* * *

Do you know what was [illegible] with Brown's Clothes Mr Reader?

They'd simply been up against the Best Tailoring in Connection with our old friend Dr Goose—that was all!

Brown's Suit had been Rushed through a bunch of underpaid Ex-Greeks [illegible] Was a Push Job when it left them

And out Dr Goose—the Hot Iron had to Shrink In the Fullness here and Stretch Out the Scantiness there

He had to Shape the Coat [illegible] and the Shoulders.

Brown's Suit was "doped" into temporary shape, that faded away in a single week's time.

* * *

Most Men have had Brown's experience

But there are Mighty Few Clothes that are not Fixed into Shape with the Hot Flat Iron—for that's the Cheap way to make Clothes

And we want you to "Get Wise," Mr. Reader, to the Tailoring Situation. You'll then understand better what we're up against," in the sale of our "Sincerity" Clothes

We sew in Shape Permanence with the needle—we don't simply press it in with the hot iron—and *That* costs us money

Wear "Sincerity" Clothes as often as you like—in any weather and they will hold their Shape and Style and Fit until you're tired of the Cloth Design.

If you get your right Suit—the Suit we make for your particular Physique—practically for *you*—you'll be happy with it until it wears out—for it will Always fit you.

Now that's why it's Worth your time to be sure that the Clothes you buy have the label (below) of the "Sincerity" Tailors.

SINCERITY CLOTHES
MADE AND GUARANTEED BY
KUH, NATHAN AND FISCHER CO
CHICAGO

PLAYER FOLK

Henry Arthur Jones

H. A. Jones Americanized

THE fact that Henry Arthur Jones produced The Hypocrites in New York is the result, as he remarked lately in a private conversation, of a newly-formed belief that the public taste in America has latterly become sounder than that in England. Since the opening of the twentieth century, he says, no serious drama on a large theme has been successful in London. Meanwhile, musical comedy and the variety shows of the music halls are becoming more and more popular. The idea is shared by many English player folk, and notably Sir Henry Irving, who gave voice to it when, shortly before his death, his famous Lyceum Theatre was converted into a music hall. For years before that Irving's audiences in London had been small, except for the few months of the spring which bring the annual invasion of American tourists; and his greatest—almost his only—profits were made out of his American tours.

Mr. Jones' new resolution was one of the results of the failure of his last previous drama on a serious theme, Chance the Idol. This the critics generally ridiculed; and the rather irresponsible, if able, critic of the Times made it the occasion of personal ridicule of the author—with the result that, in order to call public attention to the fact, Mr. Jones debarred him from attending his next piece—which happened to be a comedy, Whitewashing Julia. Another motive for Mr. Jones' preference for America was the fact that he found difficulty in placing The Hypocrites advantageously in London. It had a number of strong acting parts, but none of transcendent prominence, so that the great actor-managers failed to be attracted by it.

All this Mr. Jones related before the production of his piece in New York. The event thoroughly justified him. Serious and even painful as is the subject of The Hypocrites, it is written with manifest sincerity and power, and achieved an immediate success. With Pinero's comedy, His House in Order, and W. V. Moody's The Great Divide, it shares the honor of making the strongest impression of the season.

On leaving America, Mr. Jones went to the Riviera, where of late years he has spent his winters. It is characteristic of his present mood that he has given up his London house in Portland Place, his only English residence being a bungalow near Hindhead, Surrey.

Not Even a Mourner

WHEN it was proposed to dramatize The House of Mirth, Mrs. Wharton made it a rigid condition that the story should not be changed with any view to the supposed popular prejudice in favor of a happy ending. Lily Bart was to die. Lily Bart does die. But in the mean time Mrs. Wharton has learned that when you kill a poor heroine there are likely to be penalties.

Her country-house is in Lenox, and one day last summer she went out for a walk. She met a friend, a lady, whose face, as she noticed, was unaccountably sad.

When the friend recognized her she hurried toward her full of virtuous indignation

"I have just finished The House of Mirth," she said. "It was bad enough that you had the heart to kill Lily. But here you are, shamelessly parading the streets in a red hat!"

Francis Wilson as Himself

MR. HOWELLS once remarked that it is an artist's individuality which first wins him his public, and which, in the end, when the public becomes accustomed to him, turns and rends him. Francis Wilson is making a brave effort to say good-by to his comic opera self and create detached characters; but his task is a hard one, and the wonder is that he has succeeded so well. Gentleman and scholar that he is, the amazing thing about him, even off the stage, is that he is so like himself.

Once, when he was dining with a lawyer friend, the talk turned on a modern Italian statuette in the corner of the room—a cheap and flashy affair quite out of keeping with a house which was otherwise beautifully furnished. It was a gift, the lawyer said, from a grateful client, and he was at his wit's end to know how decently to get rid of it. When the ladies rose to leave the room, Mr. Wilson put a hand on the bare sculptured shoulder, crossed his legs in the familiar manner, and looked inquiringly to his hostess. She smiled approval, and turned her back. With a light swaying of his loose-hung shoulders and a graceful swing of his arm, Mr. Wilson toppled the offending work of art upon the floor, where it fell in fragments.

One summer lately he and Mrs. Wilson were in Venice, and went over to the Lido for the sea-bathing. As it happened, Mrs. Wilson did not bring a bathing-suit, and the only garment available in the bath-house was a white linen affair which did small justice to her matronly outlines. Mr. Wilson was in the water when she appeared on the beach. At the sight of her his face filled with dramatic horror.

"Darling!" he cried. "Come, darling, into the deep water!"

Perfect in the Part

TO THE actor in prosperity there is no relish so keen as the memory of the boredom of the road. May Robson tells of this remark of Arnold Daly's, which she says recalls the unhappiest dinners of her life. Mr. Daly had been doing a long succession of one-night stands, and the waitress in a remote burg brought him the bill-of-fare. He glanced over it and handed it back.

"If you'll hear me this," he said, "I think I know it now."

Miss Barrymore's Stage Fright

IT IS an old adage of the theatre that no actor is ever beyond the danger of stage fright, and Miss Ethel Barrymore gave a striking illustration of it last summer. She was for the season a member of a certain famous artist-colony, and was universally liked. One evening there were charades outdoors on a lawn. At one end of a beautiful vine-covered pergola a curtain was hung, and the arbor within—the stage—was brilliantly lighted with electricity. The audience sat in a flood of light from a harvest moon.

One of the charades was in three parts: first, President Roosevelt hunting bear; second, a man undergoing an operation on a huge eye suspended before his face; and, finally, Oliver Twist asking for more. Before the scene which was to present the "whole," Miss Barrymore was called behind the curtain under pretense of consulting her in her capacity as an experienced stage-manager.

She was led to the middle of the stage, just behind the curtain, and, at a signal, her interlocutors vanished and the curtain was quickly pulled apart. Miss Barrymore was wholly unprepared for so public an appearance, and, with a shriek of primeval terror, threw up her hands and fled. It is safe to say that she never made a greater popular hit.

The first Derby made in America was a
C & K

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The satisfaction of wearing the finest hat which it is possible to produce, the advantage of a sufficient variety of shapes from which to select a properly becoming style and the economy of buying a hat which retains its original beauty longer than any other are points recognized by discriminating men—those for whom the best is none too good.

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hats are sold by the best hatters everywhere. Knapp-Felt DeLuxe hats are $6. Knapp-Felt hats—the next best—are $4.

A copy of "The Hatter tells" every Knapp [illegible] made [illegible] for proper shapes for Fall, will be sent upon request.

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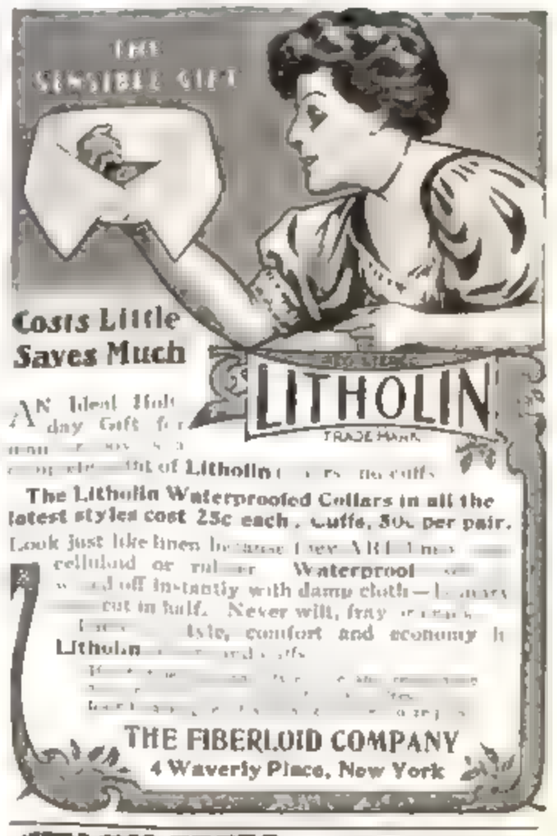

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An Ideal Holiday Gift for [illegible] of Litholin [illegible] no cuffs

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Look just like linen because they ARE linen celluloid or rubber. Waterproof [illegible] wiped off instantly with damp cloth—[illegible] cut in half. Never will fray [illegible] style, comfort and economy in Litholin [illegible]

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wherever planted; are planted everywhere trees are grown. Free Catalog of superb fruits—Buck Ben, King David, Delicious, etc.—Stark Bro's, Louisiana, Mo.

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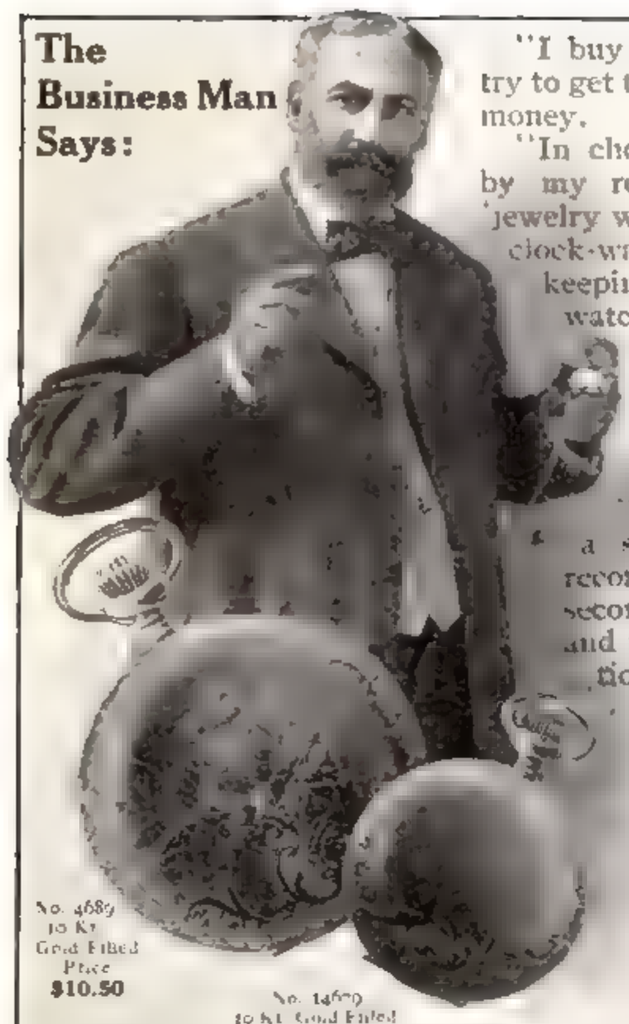

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"In choosing a watch I was governed by my real needs. I did not need a 'jewelry watch' and I did not want a cheap clock-watch.' I did require honest time-keeping qualities and I did desire a watch of good appearance

"I found I could meet these requirements—could get real, honest, every-day watch-service at a medium price and save the extra cost of a jewelry watch.

"I bought a *New England*. It isn't a split-second timer, but it does record the right time in minutes and seconds. It is built to be durable and to give real service and satisfaction; yet there is nothing in its appearance to show that it did not cost twice as much. I bought only the merits I required in a watch and I got the greatest possible real watch value for my money."

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It tells of a region unparalleled in its possibilities for home-getting and fortune-making—recently opened up by the building of the St. Louis, Brownsville & Mexico Railway.

You have heard of other sections that are or were favorable for such purposes, but you have never heard of the like of Southern Texas—MARK THESE WORDS.

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If you will mail this coupon I will promptly correspond, sending you the book and full particulars. By special arrangement you will also be personally introduced, if you desire, to **farmers who are now there**—to whom you can talk and of whom you can learn all about that new, marvelous country—the Gulf Coast of Texas.

Down there a farmer does not worry about late frosts, wet weather or droughts. He has good weather the year round, and has water to irrigate his fields just when they need it. Wouldn't you like to have a farm in this country of sure crops, abundant crops and early crops?

As a long step toward it, Fill Out This Coupon and Mail it To-day:

JOHN SEBASTIAN, Pass. Traffic Mgr. Rock Island-Frisco Lines, CHICAGO or ST. LOUIS.

Send me "The Gulf Coast of Texas" book and particulars as to semi-monthly excursion rates. Within ten days after receipt, I will notify you if I intend to go, so you can furnish me with introductory letter as per your offer.

Name_____ Address_____

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A Matter of Disposition

The organizers of the American Cigar Company knew what good cigars *ought* to be and how to produce them: That's *one* thing to consider.

They invested millions of dollars to provide the equipment that was required to make cigar manufacturing a modern industry. That's another thing worth noting

They were united in agreeing that the only way to succeed was to produce only the finest cigars of every blend—to maintain quality without the slightest variation and to keep prices down to the lowest notch that modern business system could make possible. That's *disposition*—the keynote of the whole business.

MERIT ▲ MARK

Insures Honest Cigar Values

Now we have been offering some pretty strong claims for the cigars that are sold under the "▲" (Triangle A) guarantee. We could keep right on publishing the longest and strongest list of claims ever applied to cigars; we could publish them every day in full pages in every newspaper in the country—and we could, no doubt, work up a huge business. But do you think for a minute that the sale of "▲" (Triangle A) cigars would show the healthy, steady and rapid increase it *does* show unless "▲" (Triangle A) cigars were pretty near what we *claim* them to be?

Not much! We know well enough that even if we were not *disposed* to do it we would have to make our cigars back up our claims or *somebody else would get the business.*

We can't make it any plainer than that We have built up the biggest and most stable cigar business in the world on the basis of *honest value*, and already it has proved that it pays.

MERIT ▲ MARK

Insures Honest Cigar Values

The leading brands of the American Cigar Company are distinguished by this "▲" (Triangle A) merit mark, just as a soldier is rewarded for superior merit by the Victoria Cross.

Among these "▲" (Triangle A) brands each smoker is sure to find the cigar he wants. The list is so long that only a few of the more prominent can be mentioned here:

The New Cremo (Victoria), Anna Held, George W. Childs (Cabinets), Buck, Spanaflora, Tarita, Stickney's New Tariff, Cubanola, The Continental, Chancellor, Caswell Club, Royal Bengals (little cigars), The Unico, Benefactor, Captain Marryat, Roxboro, General Braddock, Orlando. Also the Palma de Cuba and Isle of Pines

Smoke any one in critical comparison with the best cigar you know at the same price and prove to your satisfaction that the "▲" (Triangle A) merit mark does really mean better cigars for you if you look for it every time you buy.

AMERICAN CIGAR COMPANY

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I know you wish for

JELL-O

Jell-O is well worth wishing for. It is such a delicate, delightful, dainty dessert, so appetizing, so pleasing to the eye and tempting to the palate, so pure and wholesome, so easily prepared. Simply stir contents of one package into a pint of boiling water. When cold it will be ready to serve. Every package

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Six flavors. **10 cents** per package at grocers.

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showing many ways of preparing delicious desserts easily and economically from **Jell-O.**

Highest Award, Gold Medal, St. Louis, 1904
Highest Award, Gold Medal, Portland, 1905.

Leaflet in each package, telling how to get fancy Aluminum Jelly Molds at cost of postage and packing.

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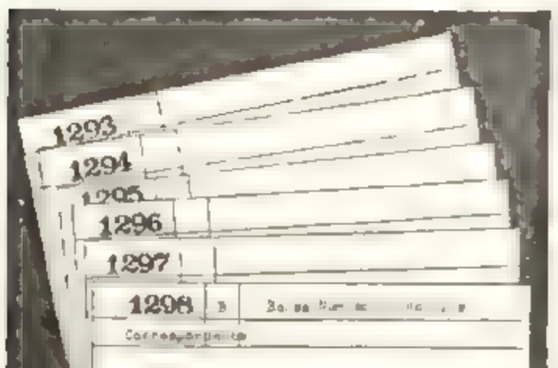

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costs more than others of similar name and others that promise similar service, but the accuracy, speed and legibility of its work justify the price. Ask your dealer to show you the Original Bates Hand Numbering Machine. Write for descriptive booklet.

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SENSE AND NONSENSE

Snap Judgments

The man who hesitates is bossed.

The old rake gets the grass-widow.

If you plant love, you must expect to harrow feelings.

In love you dance to the music; in matrimony you face it.

The motherly wife generally counts her husband among the children.

In business, better late than never; in marriage, better never than late.

If you marry a self-made woman you will have found the Golden Mean.

Never look a race-horse in the mouth—look him up in the Three Best Bets.

The world is your oyster—but sometimes they hand you the lemon along with it.

Even with the dawn of universal peace there will still remain a few seashore engagements.

A distinction without a difference is that which lies between a stag party and a stagger party.

In a jealous woman there is only one thing that is as long as her memory—and that is her tongue.

An unsympathetic strike—the hall clock at 4 A. M., when you've told your wife you'd be home at 1.

There is often a tide in the affairs of men, but there is always an untied in a smart girl's shoelaces.

It is sometimes difficult to distinguish between a Presidential bee in the bonnet and wheels in the head.

While you are looking for a husband, keep your eyes open; afterward you will have plenty of cause to shut them.

There are two circles in life: the social circle and the domestic circle. You may square the first, but the second knows you too well. —*R. W. K.*

A Kid's Composition—Edditers

By Henry A. Shute

EDDITERS is fellers whitch run the newspapers and maggizenes. Sumtimes edditers owns the papers whitch they run but not more than one time.

Most edditers had ruther other fellers wood own the paper and let them edditer it becaus they is the first one whitch gets pade and they gets more for their work than ennybody elce. the owner of the paper gets his pay last and if they aint enny money left after the others is pade, then the owner dont get enny, and if they aint enuf mony to pay enny body but the edditer then the owner tries to borry it off his friends, but most always he skips out and becomes a drunkard or a life insurance agent. then the edditer is out of a gob but he has got all the money so he dont have to be a drunkard or a life insurance agent. so he hunts up a nother man whitch has got sum mony and he gets him to by the paper or the maggizene and then he goes on edditering it and the edditer gets his salery rased until sumtimes he gets 21 dolars and 75 cents a week, whitch is a grate deal of money, and bimeby the man whitch owns the paper cant borry enny more mony and so he skips out before he pays the edditer and the edditer goes to a lawyer and the lawyer fixes it so that the edditer owns the paper.

For Those Who Love Music

The ANGELUS

When we say that with the **ANGELUS**, only a *love* of music is necessary for *your* full enjoyment of all music, we mean just that—all limitations to a complete indulgence of your love for music end with possession of the Great **ANGELUS.**

To you, musician or non-musician, we say your limitations end—because your fingers, whether trained or untrained, are supplied with every adequate means of rendering all music.

The *PHRASING LEVER* gives you complete mastery of every delicate shading of tempo. The *DIAPHRAGM PNEUMATICS* endow you with the "Human Touch" of the **ANGELUS.** The *MELODY BUTTONS*, which with the Phrasing Lever are exclusive with the **ANGELUS**, enable you to accentuate the melody in bass or treble, the same as in hand-playing. These three features, indispensable to a musically correct performance, originated with us, and are reserved, by the patent laws, for exclusive installation in the **ANGELUS.**

Logically the **ANGELUS** is the piano-player entitled to receive first consideration by every intending purchaser. The **ANGELUS** is made either in cabinet form or installed within the case of a high-grade piano, making the Emerson-Angelus or the Knabe-Angelus.

Purchased by Royalty and the World's Greatest Musicians. Descriptive literature upon request.

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How many cigars do you throw away half smoked just because at the time you wanted a *short smoke*—just a few puffs perhaps?

If you're an average short smoker you waste nearly half your cigars.

On the other hand you object to [illegible] cigar—a stale [illegible]

[illegible] GRAND

La Reclama Baby Grand

Here is a cool, sweet, satisfying smoke of the finest [illegible] of clear Havana [illegible]

BABY GRAND is of [illegible] Invented by Antonio Susini [illegible] uniform ash that does not drop.

BABY GRAND is only *one* of the 26 different styles of Havana cigars that go direct to you from our factory [illegible] Every [illegible] Every cigar [illegible]

Every [illegible] expense of jobber, [illegible] salesman and dealer is cut out.

You get from first hands cigars that cannot be duplicated anywhere at less than twice our prices.

FREE TRIAL

Write us on your letter-head and we will send you [illegible] prepaid a box of ten BABY GRANDS. If you like them in every particular send us $3.75. If they fail to satisfy you in every respect send back the unsmoked cigars at our expense. No [illegible]

We know that you will like them and are willing to take all the risk [illegible] prove this to you.

Write us at once

La Reclama Cuban Factory

1947 First Avenue, New York City

References: Union Exchange Bank—Dun—Bradstreets.

when the edditer gets the paper he dont want to own it enny longer than he can help, so he gets a lot of men whitch has got money in the bank and he tells them he has got the best paper in New hamshire and they is a good chanse to make mony on it. so the men all follow the edditer down to the printing office and he shows them all over the ofice and tells them that he intends to make it the best paper in America and he wants them all to wright for the paper and make it brite and funny. and then they all goes up to the hotel and goes to his room and he gives them cider and donuts and segars and ham sandwiches and pipes and cream pie and chooing tobacker and spitunes and he makes a speach and says he wants to let them in on the ground floor and says that south Danvil and Poplin Center and Kingston Planes will find out the old town aint ded yet and then they will hoorav for the edditer and chip in and by the paper and voat to rase his salery, and then they wont go home until most morning and sum of them wont get down town nex day. the edditer is a pretty smart man i tell you.

they is lots of diferent kinds of edditers the financhel edditer coleets the money and pays the bills sumtimes and sumtimes he dont. he also borrys mony of the nanks but not often, beraus the men whitch own the banks is prety smart two. he wrights peaces about banks and mony and tells everybody how to get ritch. he aint ritch himself, but he wood be if he had time.

the agriculture edditer tells about rasing pigs and hens. he goes to the county fares and is judge of the hen show.

the snake edditer writes about all the snakes he sees and lizzerds and scorpiums and blue rats with red tales. he is a auful drunkard whitch makes him see things better than the other edditers.

The religus edditer most always has the ferst 2 colums of the paper to write. nobody reads them but cristians and folks whitch belong to the church and not much of them neether. the religus edditer tells why the baptist baps and why they spoils so quick after they comes out of the water, and what kind of a method methodists has and where the congregationers congregate and the unitarials unitarialize and everything about it. nobody cares ennything about it neether does the religus edditer. he also looks after the paytent medecine advertizing and the fortune tellers card. Sumtimes he drinks as bad as the snake edditer but not always. nobody cood do it every time.

the socierty edditer goes to all the balls and danses and wedings and funerels. he knows all about close and dimands and lace and fethers and he has a good time.

sumtimes he gets mixed up and he gets the wedings in with the funnerals and the people whitch was married or berried comes down the nex morning and lam him in the snoot and sumtimes he gets smart and wrights our uncle Gethro Jones is ded we do not think it funny, it cost so mutch to berry him, and we hate to lose the money, then the nex day mister Joneses peeple come piling down to the edditers ofice and paist time out of him.

in a country paper they aint but 1 edditer and he has to look after the mony and go to the fares and wright pig and bull and hen stories and see snakes and wright sermons and say good things about peeple whitch is ded and bad things about peeple whitch aint.

the pen is mitier than the sword.

His New Guest

A NEATLY dressed young woman came timidly into the palatial Hotel Gotham, in New York, a few days ago. Frank V. Bennett, the proprietor, happened to be in the lobby. He saw the young woman and spoke to her.

"Good morning."

"Good-morning, sir."

"Do you intend to stop here?"

"Yes, sir; I think so."

"Ah," said Mr. Bennett with his courtliest bow, "just step over here and sign your name to the register."

The young woman walked across, signed her name: "Mary McGann, Philadelphia."

"Have you a trunk, Miss McGann?"

"Yes, sir; a man's bringing it now."

"Do you intend to stay long?"

"I hope so, sir. You see, I've just got a job in the linen-room and I wouldn't like to lose it."

Do you remember what Miles Standish said to John Alden?
"If you want a thing done, John, DO IT YOURSELF!"

"Good-bye Barber!"

IF you could only see "his" face under a microscope after shaving with the old-time strop razor you'd find a mass of scratches and abrasions that would make you the most earnest advocate of the Gillette Safety Razor in the world.

No barber can sharpen a razor to the "edge invisible" which we put on Gillette blades. No barber can sharpen a razor twice the same, while Gillette blades do not vary.

[illegible] the same microscope again after shaving "once over" with a Gillette the face is found absolutely clean shaven, smooth [illegible], soft shaven, and the most delicate skin is free even from irritation, with no cuts or scratches to mar its surface.

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No Stropping No Honing

Just Lather and Shave!

A GILLETTE Safety Razor and the twelve [illegible] will solve your [illegible] This [illegible] — NEW [illegible] for sale at [illegible]

[illegible] set [illegible] $5 [illegible] "Kept Them Sharp" [illegible] set [illegible] Gillette [illegible] Leather [illegible] Gillette [illegible]

We have [illegible] a booklet, "The Science of Shaving," a new work, entirely up to date, covering all the [illegible] of the face [illegible] as related to shaving. It is worth a good deal to every man who shaves or [illegible] shave him—no matter how much he thinks he already knows about it. Fully illustrated with photographs and drawing.

In the first [illegible] of the edition we have added some [illegible] with pictures and prices of [illegible] While they last, a postal card will [illegible] you one free, without compliments.

SCIENCE SHAVING

Send for this book to-day

A copy will be mailed free to any man who cares for his face or his feelings or to any woman who cares for the face or the feelings of any man.

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This process of "puffing" gives to Quaker Rice the most delicious flavor, and makes a light, dainty food, different from anything you have ever eaten.

Quaker Rice
(Puffed)

contains all of the strength-making and health-making qualities of rice in a most appetizing form. You can eat as much Quaker Rice as you wish with the absolute knowledge that your stomach can and will quickly assimilate the nourishment it contains—and every particle of Quaker Rice is digestible.

Quaker Rice can be easily and quickly made into many delightful confections, such as Quaker Rice Candy, Quaker Rice Brittle, etc., right in your own kitchen. Recipes will be found in each package. During the coming winter months Quaker Rice parties for children will be very much in vogue.

Quaker Rice is sold by grocers everywhere at 10 cents the package (except in the extreme South and far West)

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Splitting Hairs

The razor that will split a hair is the [illegible] razor, for no razor [illegible] can [illegible] cutting edge without [illegible] specially stropped. The [illegible] and that a good strop [illegible] for 1 month, 1 year or 5 years. Torrey Strops will enable the most inexperienced [illegible] edge up a razor.

Torrey Strops

are made in all styles. Popular prices—50c, 75c, $1.00, $1.50, $2.00 and $2.50. Sent postpaid if your dealer cannot supply. Money refunded if new strop is not satisfactory.

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By having your grocer supply our products, you will be sure of the highest attainable quality. Interesting illustrated booklet "Five Foods Ready to Serve" sent on request.

Burnham & Morrill Co.
Portland, Maine

Sampson Rock of Wall Street

(Continued from Page 17)

"I told you that."

"And he says nobody in Richmond is selling." Gilmartin looked inquiringly, almost anxiously, at Rock. Rock looked up from the ticker and said:

"What do you expect him to say: that he is selling his?"

"No," admitted Gilmartin. Of course the Robinson crowd were selling, and of course since they were selling the stock would go lower; and of course if the stock went lower . . .

Gilmartin smiled happily; the paper profit was safe. Also, there would be more of it.

"Of course!" went on Gilmartin, talking to himself as much as to Rock. "It's a certainty Richmond was selling the stock to beat the band this morning."

"I don't know anything about the Richmond selling. But I can tell you this much ——" Rock paused.

"Yes, sir?" murmured Gilmartin, trying to look concerned only with the news value of Rock's words—that is, looking attentive rather than over-eager.

"That whoever it was that sold all that stock this morning will sell more before you see the end of it."

"Do you think so, Mr. Rock?"

"Where are your eyes, man? Doesn't the tape say so as plainly as it ever said anything?"

"That's what I think, too," agreed Gilmartin cockily. "I guess I'll stand pat." He looked at Rock's face to see if he approved the policy of masterly inactivity, whereby the paper-profits were to grow But Rock merely nodded from the ticker without looking up, and Gilmartin left, saying: "If I hear anything more, shall I come in and tell you?" It was an insidious invitation—to himself.

"Always glad to see you, Gilmartin, when I'm not too busy." But, as Rock's tone was not unkindly, the reporter did not mind the last words.

Gilmartin, on the way to his office, ran across two or three of his followers who asked him the same question he had asked Rock. He replied with much decision: "Cover? *Now?* If you have cold feet, why, then, the best thing's to run. You've got a profit? Then take it; you won't go broke if you do that. But all *I* know is that whoever is selling that stock isn't done selling yet. I don't have to be told that. I can see it on the tape as plain as the nose on your face; and the tape's good enough for me. *I* am standing pat."

He could see the words sinking in and then spread in waves over the listeners' faces. Of course, they too would stand pat; that was the part of wisdom; and because Gilmartin felt a sense of responsibility toward those of his fellow-men who had followed his tip and whose profits he expected to share, he wrote and sent out on his slips:

> President Robinson, of the Virginia Central Railroad, stated exclusively to a representative of the Wall Street News Agency that neither himself nor any of his associates in the company has sold any of their holdings. He says he knows of absolutely no reason why anybody should sell Virginia Central stock at these prices. This, it will be remembered, is the same thing Colonel Robinson said some time ago, when the stock was ten dollars a share higher.

It was a scorpion paragraph: the sting was in the tail. Willfully or unconsciously, the other financial writers would be influenced by it. The afternoon papers, lacking the time to verify it, would do their duty—that is, they would rewrite the item, leaving the sting for piquancy's sake. The morning newspaper men, having leisure, would elaborate—along Gilmartin's lines; and lengthen the venomous tip of the tail. Rock knew how financial news was gathered. That was why he allowed the red-headed writer to form impressions of his own. When one of his own acknowledged stocks was concerned, Rock impartially told all the financial editors precisely what he wished them to print. It was always "inside information"; nevertheless it was always true. But the Virginia Central was not yet his. He was a rank outsider in the eyes of the Street and he desired to remain so, for publication, a few weeks longer.

As Sampson Rock, Junior, left the office that day, the sum total of his education was that Sampson Rock, Senior, was buying and selling Virginia Central in his manipulation, but always buying a little more than he sold—"accumulating it on the way down," the Street would have called it. The price would go lower—that was certain, though not as low as Sam in his ignorance had at first feared. It was plain to the veriest tyro that a way to make sure money was to buy Virginia Central stock at once, without waiting for the bottom. Not even his father knew when the bottom would be reached; but that the price would rise later was as certain as anything could be. Ten thousand shares at, say, thirty-three. At forty-three, that would mean $100,000; at fifty-three, $200,000; at sixty-three, $300,000. By the time Sampson Rock had fifty-five per cent. of the capital stock it would be sixty-three; possibly even seventy-three, which would mean $400,000 in cold cash. Money won by Sam, earned by Sam, to do with as he saw fit; to do good work with; to invest ungambler-like and make more; to give it away to poor children, to cheer crippled paupers, to "stake" deserving "hard-luckers." Money. . . . Knowledge was power and power was money; therefore knowledge was money. And money was ten thousand things, good and bad. Eliminating the bad there remained the good, on which to use the money. . . .

Did the end ever justify the means? Was this abuse of his father's confidence excusable? Was it wrong to anticipate a gift? If his father made money, Sam could have it for the asking, but if Sam made it, he need not ask; he would have it to use as he saw fit. The Virginia Central stock that was being dislodged by Sampson Rock's ticker-blows came from speculators, from gamblers who had merely bought for a rise and knew the chances they took, men who therefore deserved to make money as much as a race-track loser deserves pity or a Monte Carlo victim merits charity. None of it came from people who depended on it for their bread and butter, for the stock paid no dividends, yielded no income to the holders.

Robinson's stock: that was another matter. The president of the Virginia Central Railroad, inefficient as a manager, might be a well-meaning, honest man who might deserve consideration. He might take years where Sampson Rock took weeks, but he need not be throttled to force him to hand the reins to a better driver. But any Virginia Central that was bought now would enable Sam to do the right thing at the right time. All the subtleties of the ticker game he might not understand. But the deal itself—to put that through, or help to put it through, in a straightforward, gentlemanly way, to make a good railroad out of a poor one and do it without self-reproach—that was worth doing. There were obstacles, unseen but existent. How to acquire the knowledge to see them and to overcome them?

He thought of nothing else; but the way was not clear. The fog was thick. But as a refrain to his thoughts ran this: Money is needed; without it all is vain—vain—*vain!*

(TO BE CONTINUED)

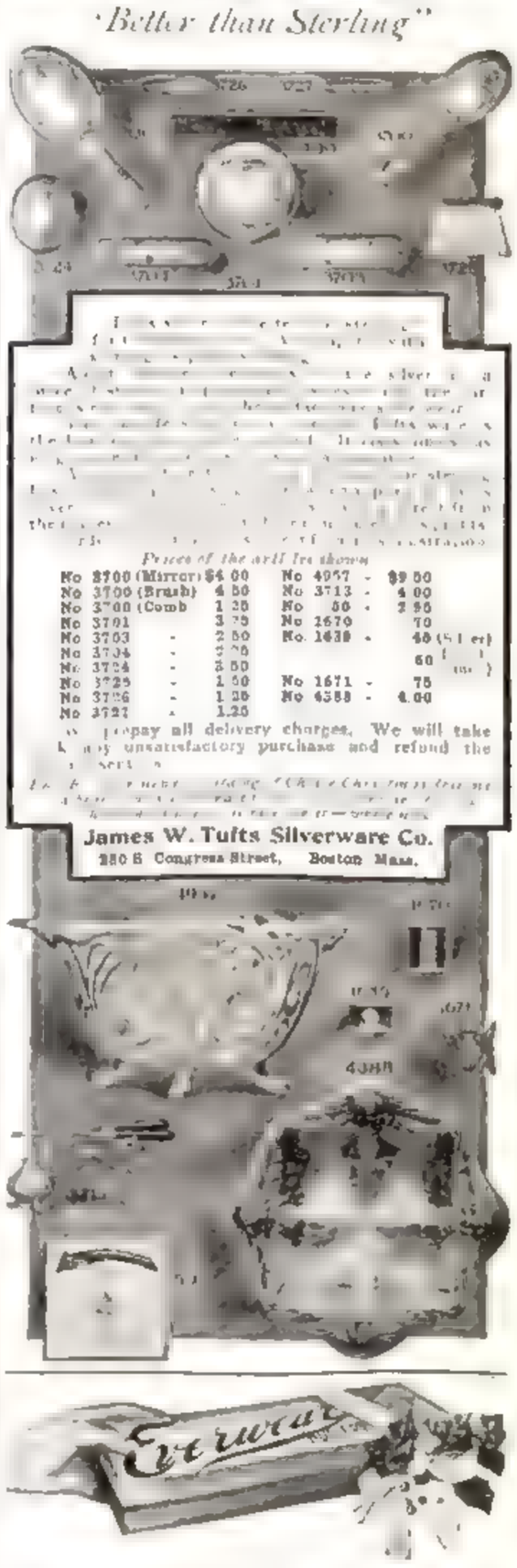
A Spur to Trade

FREE alcohol will give immediate encouragement to many industries in this country—for example, the manufacture of aniline dyes and other coal-tar products. Smokeless gunpowders will drop to less than half their present cost; and imitation silk, made from cellulose (which, in a chemical sense, is just about the same thing as smokeless powder), will come into widespread use. Alcohol enters importantly into the preparation of this beautiful textile material, the explosive properties of which are removed in the final processes.

Thus we shall inevitably see the spirituous product of distillation assuming a greater and greater industrial importance, as it replaces a variety of other materials. From a multitude of substances it can be manufactured in quantities without limit.

Tufts

"Better than Sterling"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Men's [illegible] with white feet, blue, steel [illegible] Price $1 50 box of [illegible] or black with white feet, [illegible]

[illegible] supply you, send your orders direct [illegible] all express charges.

Write for [illegible] booklet, "An Everwear Yarn."

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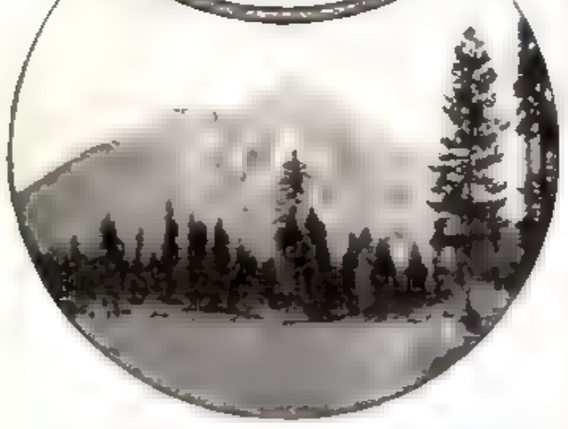

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The Quest of the Colonial

By Robert and Elizabeth SHACKLETON

Fakes: How to Recognize Them and How to Avoid Them

The Brasses Indicate its Period—About 1820

IT WAS long ago remarked, sagely, that the world is given to lying, and it is not charging the sellers of old furniture with more than the average of tergiversation to hint that they sometimes make misrepresentations. For although many a piece is precisely what it is claimed to be, and many another is offered honestly upon its merits, of which the buyer must judge, there is much which is fraudulent.

As to date and history, there are peculiar temptations toward misstatement. Many buyers attach so much higher a value to an article with a history that the manufacture of imitations with fine old dates cut on them is quite an industry. It is a particularly barefaced kind of imposition. And yet, dates are by no means always to be doubted. Sewall, he of diary fame, in getting a chest for each of his children, had each chest marked with the date of the youthful owner's birth.

In learning to discriminate between the genuine and the imitation the old-furniture collector comes to see that there is much to consider besides the appearance of the wood.

There is one rule in buying old furniture that, if followed, gives a sense of security in one's purchases. Pay less for your old furniture than it could possibly be reproduced for. And the danger of fraud is minimized if you buy furniture that makes no pretense of having been restored. Have the mending and polishing done afterward.

There are superb modern Chippendale chairs of genuine wood, but there are also many of imitation mahogany. An acquaintance, who possesses and highly prizes a Chippendale of beautiful design, has not noticed, or at least has not drawn a deduction from the notice, that there is yellow in the gleam of the wood at the edges of the arms, where the touching and handling of years has begun to wear the polish and the stain away. The chair had been bought at the sale of some studio effects, but it should have been observed that the wood was not so heavy as good mahogany ought to be, and the deep red color should have aroused suspicion, for it pointed infallibly to imitation, or at least to mahogany ill-treated.

With oak, deceit is often attempted. From two hundred to three hundred years ago, oak was what was most commonly used for furniture; but, of that early period, it is seldom that a veritable piece is found, outside of museums.

There are various methods of darkening new oak to the color and appearance of old;

Editor's Note—This is the last in a series of papers by Mr. and Mrs. Shackleton, written out of their own experiences in the quest of old furniture.

Think Again!

IF you have thought you could not afford an encyclopædia, read this announcement through, and *think it over again*. Perhaps you cannot afford to lay out $100 or $150, for that *is* a lot of money to pay for a set of books. But conditions have changed. **Here at last** is a new encyclopædia that you can buy at a price low enough not to inconvenience you in the least. It has been eight years in preparation, and it is not yet *quite* finished, so it is *absolutely the latest*.

Six hundred of the best and most experienced men money and influence could obtain, worked for years on this great task. Each man is a specialist in some department of knowledge. These authorities worked under the guidance of **Frank Moore Colby, M.A.**, New York, and **George Sandeman, M. A.**, Edinburgh, to complete this great work of reference, and now you may buy

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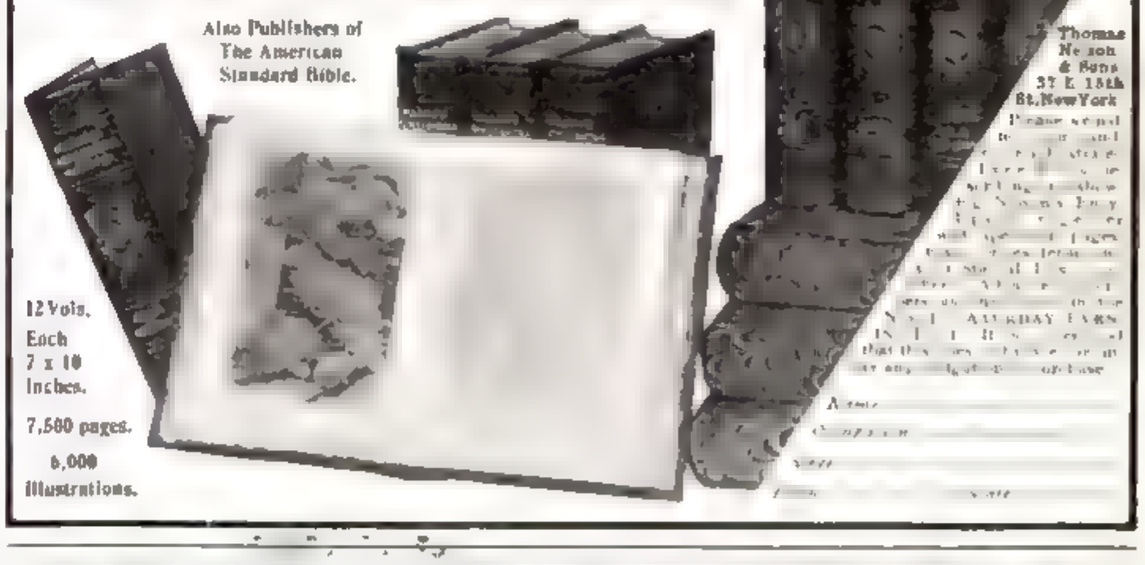

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a curious one is to use a wash of old iron in hot vinegar, to give the requisite hue, before the piece is polished; or acids and stains and fumes lend their aid. Another method is to coat new-made oak furniture with paint, and then remove the paint, in patches, with potash. And, as for the wormholes that are so often found in the genuine articles, of different woods, they are looked upon by many as such indubitable signs of age that, to meet the demand, they are sometimes put into new wood, one method of perforation being with very fine drills.

An acquaintance called one evening to inquire what we did to our old chairs and things when they had wormholes, and we were asked to go over next day to inspect a newly-acquired desk which was so wormeaten that the remedy was to be applied immediately. We tried to laugh a little at the enthusiasm which would not permit worms which had been at work for decades another night of life, but the inquirer was a new and very ardent collector. We told him to scrape, where the wormholes were, to the bare wood, and with a brush dose all the holes with corrosive sublimate. We also suggested that where fuzz showed at a wormhole a thin wire would sometimes drag out the worker. Being a doctor, he got corrosive sublimate without difficulty, and we went over to see the find. The desk was of shapely Empire design, but the brasses were oval plates that did not belong with it. However, new brasses are often put on old pieces. But the thing looked wrong. The drawers, pulled out, showed great spills of ink and general duskiness. That is a master-stroke of the artful reproducer. Spilled ink within desk drawers is looked upon as the sign and symbol of extreme age—it is offered as proof positive of antiquity—when, as a matter of fact, a drawer is one of the last places where ink would by any reasonable chance be spilled. The corners of the drawers were telltale. The dovetailing suggested machinery, being as even as the corner of a starch-box.

And, somehow, there was not an atmosphere of high spirits. Then, with a smile, came the words: "That sublimate wash is a good thing. I think the worms are pretty dead, now. Here's one I dug out with the wire!" And he displayed an infinitesimal bird-shot.

Within a week his Morris chair was dragged again into light and he planned to "do" his dining-room in Mission furniture. His dream of Empire was past.

An old document found, to the dealer's intense surprise, in a secret drawer, is always suspicious. Old methods of dovetailing are seldom followed in reproductions. Look with doubt upon bureaus and desks whose brasses point to previous to 1770, but whose drawers can be pushed in instead of being stopped by projecting edges. Look cautiously for pieces which, although in the main new, have had old parts grafted on them. Ornaments and carvings, in relief, may be reproductions made by filling a mould with mahogany sawdust and glue, under pressure; the mixture will take a polish, but has not the texture of the genuine wood.

But, after all, buyers deceive themselves more often than sellers intentionally deceive them. And the collector will meet with quite as much honest misrepresentation as dishonest—the honest misrepresentation being usually based upon family tradition or ignorance of styles.

A dear old lady in Massachusetts prizes among the chief of her household possessions an ancestral bed "in which Washington once slept." She is absolutely sure of this, and, of course, it would be needlessly cruel to say anything to the contrary to her; but, alas! the combination of twisted rope and pineapple and acanthus leaf points to a period when Washington was "dust and his good sword rust." It may be added that the acanthus leaf, when found alone, although it is usually associated with Empire, is an old ornamentation as well, it being of the Renaissance.

Family tradition, no matter how honest, how sincere, must always be received with caution. Even an unbroken tradition is never strong as to precise dates. Under the merging influence of time, centuries are blended and decades imperceptibly melt into one another. Many a piece of furniture of not more than one hundred years in age is held by family tradition to be "over two hundred and fifty years old."

But if, for example, tradition has it, unbrokenly, that certain furniture was part of a wedding outfit of a certain couple, then

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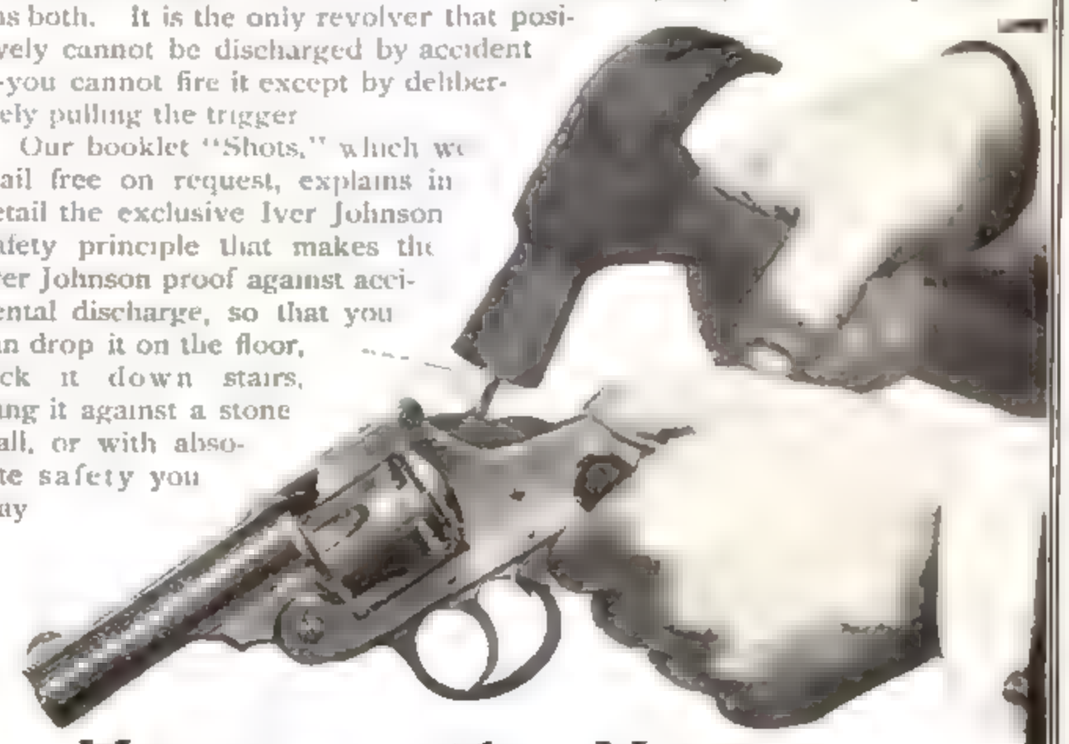

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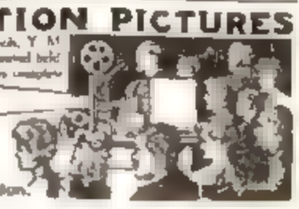

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the chances are that tradition is true, and, without trusting to it for the date, the time of the wedding may be looked up in some record. A friend who lives in a charming old Italian villa feels no doubt that the furniture is of the period of 1702, not only because there is every sign of age, but because tradition has it that the furnishings were part of the original furnishings of the villa, and records have it that it was built in 1702.

More than anything else, a collector comes to cultivate plain common-sense in examining old furniture; he judges, of course, by his knowledge of makes and styles, and then weighs not only the statements of the would-be seller, whether that seller be a professional dealer or a simple householder, but also the probabilities of correctness, gathered from his personality, his manner, his surroundings, and the likeliness of his really knowing the actual truth. And as experience and observation widen there comes a sort of intuition, a sixth sense, upon which he learns to rely.

Too much credulity and too great a readiness to doubt are alike to be avoided. When your old brass andirons totter and fall apart when a fire is built, and you see a stream of white solder on the hearth, do not too rashly decide that you have been deceived, for many a pair of genuine old andirons, in which the central interior rod has been worn out by time, has been repaired with solder instead of by blacksmith's work.

A genuine letter from South Carolina, offering some old chairs and slender-legged card-tables, was shown year after year by one antique dealer to explain the source of supply of a line of old pieces which was kept constantly replenished from the workshop. The glamour of that letter removed doubt from the minds of a long series of purchasers of "those dear little Carolinian tables and chairs."

Proprietors of the elaborate old furniture shops study closely the pictures of furniture in famous or distant collections.

In a recent book, one illustration was that of a beautiful mirror with its principal ornament missing. The author described the mirror in terms of high praise and suggested that the missing ornament was probably of gilt and urn-shaped. And already some of the large shops offer a "veritable antique" precisely similar to that picture, except that the missing ornament, richly gilt, and of urn-shape, is triumphantly in place.

Sometimes the vaulting ambition to deceive o'erleaps itself, as when genuine old Windsor chairs of hickory or ash are taken in hand and masqueraded into mahogany, so that a better price can be obtained. It is probably safe to say that no old Windsor chair was ever made in mahogany; certainly, if there ever were any, they were very few; mahogany was never deemed a good wood for the Windsor bendings.

The grain of different woods can easily be learned—at least, that of oak, and of nut woods, such as walnut. These, no matter how they are dyed or stained, still retain some characteristic which should never allow them to be mistaken for mahogany.

A pillar which shows the flowerlike flames of mahogany is necessarily veneered, and the line where the veneer joins can be found; yet many a prospective purchaser of a table whose pillar shows a flaming glow and a fine pattern in the grain, such as are found only in quarter-sawed wood, is assured that it is solid mahogany.

Dutch marquetry, in really beautiful pieces, is to a considerable extent sold nowadays; and more than once we have seen it described as "old" Dutch marquetry. Some of it may be old, for there was a great deal of fine marquetry made in the old days; but in the Holland workshops marquetry in old patterns is now turned out in large quantities. Much of it is highly desirable in shape; the only defect is a possible tendency not to stand the steam heat of American houses, there being a great number of little pieces fastened on with glue; and unless one looks for age and history and association there is no reason why it should not be bought.

"Old Dutch" is by common acceptation supposed to imply the Colonial period of Stuyvesant and Van Twiller and other Knickerbocker worthies, and so one is apt to consider "old Dutch silver" to be quite antique. There is, of course, genuine old Dutch silver still obtainable; but it is something that lends itself readily to reproduction; and the market for it

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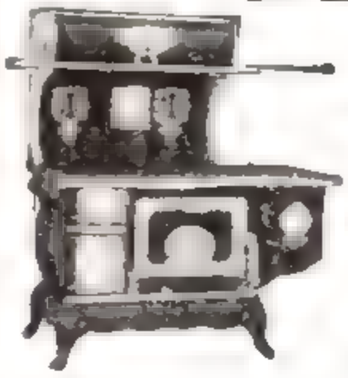

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being great, and purchasers being very willing to believe in its genuineness, there are, for example, more veritable old Dutch chatelaine bag-clasps for sale in New York than all the ladies of Amsterdam ever possessed. An officer of the Dutch army who knows a great deal about old silver, and has a fine collection, especially rich in the quaint silver toys now so rare, has told us that little really good silver is now to be had in his country, and that the making of reproductions is a recognized industry which deceives only the stranger. In the American market a piece of sixteenth century or seventeenth century Dutch silver is most probably only a copy of the design of that period, made in Holland.

And as for windmills and "Apostles" upon spoons—of course, there are originals, but such things grow on silverware in America much oftener than they did long ago in Germany and the Netherlands.

A curious industry, which was never intended to possess any misleading trait, flourishes on the East Side of New York. The little shops of Russian Jew copper-workers began to be known, a few years ago, to a constantly widening public. The little dark rooms, where handicraftsmen work at forges just as their forefathers worked in Russia, began to be visited by wondering purchasers of the brasswork. People went away, telling of their prizes in "old copper." The number of these shops rapidly increased. The dealers soon found that the American public wanted to believe that what they bought was old. The new pieces, made at the forges there, would be sold to their own people—but visitors must have the old, "brought from Russia," and with some geographical name definitely proved by a hieroglyphical Hebrew mark.

A Genuine Revolutionary Table
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It is really admirable work, most of it, in samovars and platters and candlesticks, and there is a small proportion of the really old—but if you have a dealer's confidence he will tell you that little of this really old goes to visiting buyers or to uptown shops.

It is peculiarly unfortunate when a public exhibit of old furniture is permitted to give incorrect information. In this respect Philadelphia has several sins to answer for. In the collection of the oldest Philadelphia library is a grandfather's clock that is said to have been the property of Oliver Cromwell. This belief is based upon the tradition that the auctioneer who sold it, a half-century after Cromwell's death, declared that it had once been the Protector's. A slight enough basis, this, for the perpetuation of such a claim! Surely, never was any other auctioneer's careless boast so honored!

One feels at once a sense of annoyance and incredulity, and then wonders if there is no way of settling such a question. And there is. For the name of the maker of the clock is upon it, and, from the records of the association of clock-makers, it is learned that he did not finish his apprenticeship until after Cromwell's death.

In examining this or other clocks, it is well to remember that long pendulums were not applied to clocks until nearly 1660; that a paper calling attention to an improved pendulum was read before the Royal Society ten years later; and that not until about 1680 did pendulums begin to be commonly made in London. Short pendulums came in at a still later day.

In the same library collection is a fine old desk, once William Penn's. It is genuine; but incorrect restoration put upon it the bonnet-top of a later period.

In the extremely valuable Girard collection is a desk, with a music-box concealed in its top, upon which one plainly reads the date, "1795." But it is of a style not made until into the 1800's, and the observer is at once unsettled and disturbed. It is only with difficulty, the desk being in the centre of a railed-off section, that some small lettering can be made out to the effect that it is the music that is of the date of 1795!

Philadelphia is not the only place to show such mistakes of knowledge or judgment, for in the collection at Mount Vernon a beautiful chair of Louis the Sixteenth is marked as being of the seventeenth century.

The collector, seeking to add to his own treasures, must be watchful in regard to "improved" pieces. The improvements may be highly admirable, but, even if so, he should see that no wrong impression of date is given by them and that they are not permitted to enhance the price unduly. Things are seldom what they seem; "skim-milk masquerades as cream;" and so fine inlays are set deceptively into otherwise plain fronts, and homely board doors are replaced by doors of latticed glass, and ormolu mounts give distinction to the undistinguished, and gorgeous handles supersede wooden knobs, and cabrioles take the place of straight legs upon many a chair and secretary—all to the confusion of the unwatchful.

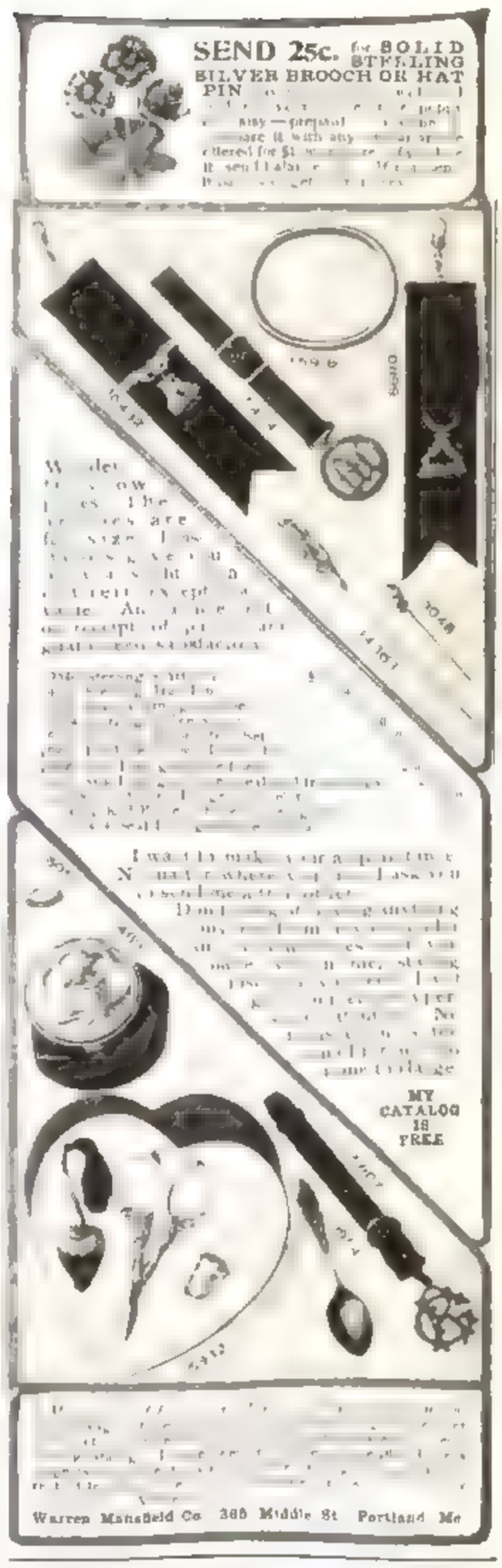
The smack of age, the relish of the saltness of time—it is this which is so delightfully associated with the old. The love for things of the past has in all ages exerted its appeal; the fascination of the old is perennial and imperishable. The attraction of the "fine last-century face" appealed to Charles Lamb, just as things of his own time appeal to us. Savage old Bajazet loved, in his moments of relaxation, to examine tapestry depicting ancient history. Generals, statesmen, artists, the average man and the average woman, all alike are susceptible to the allurement of bygone days. And in no respect is a love for things of the past more justified than in the desire to possess stately and beautiful and charming furniture.

Stately and beautiful and charming—in this lies the important point. The furniture which one is to gather should have grace or beauty or dignity, or all three. Age alone is always sufficient to arouse interest; but age alone is not enough to justify permanent possession. Naturally, the older a piece is, the less does it positively demand other attractions. Henry James has somewhere remarked that the very old can never look quite vulgar. Yet Methuselah pieces, notable for years alone and with no other justification for being, should be avoided.

Gather things which it will be a restful delight to look upon. Gather, too, for use. Each article of furniture should be both charming and indispensable. And, so far as possible, strive for harmony of effect. Let each piece be in the fit and proper place to add to the general impression.

And do not overload. If you can properly use but a single sofa, do not get two, unless the second one is a rarer prize and you are to discard the first. For you are furnishing a home with furniture to live with, not a museum, to be walked through with perfunctory stares. The attainment of sweetness, charm, propriety, proportion, ease, happiness—that is what old furniture is for!

We speak only as having attempted, as knowing that others can easily do all and more than all that we have done; but we speak out of an experience which tells what happiness goes with old mahogany. It is not that we have had any unusual success as gatherers of the old; it is not that our specimens would be considered first prizes in the great collections. But that is precisely the point! We are not telling how to form the great collections. We are but telling how any one may go forth and, with perseverance and enthusiasm, find delightful old bits of mahogany and walnut and china and brass, and bear them home in triumph. And into life there comes a new savor, with this smack of age and this relish of the saltness of time.



It's Summer now in

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Go to JAMAICA

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NEW "PRINZ" STEAMERS

First Class RATES $40 and upward including stateroom and meals

The Prinzessin Victoria Luise is one of the finest passenger steamers afloat, carries first class ... staterooms equipped ... Orchestra ...

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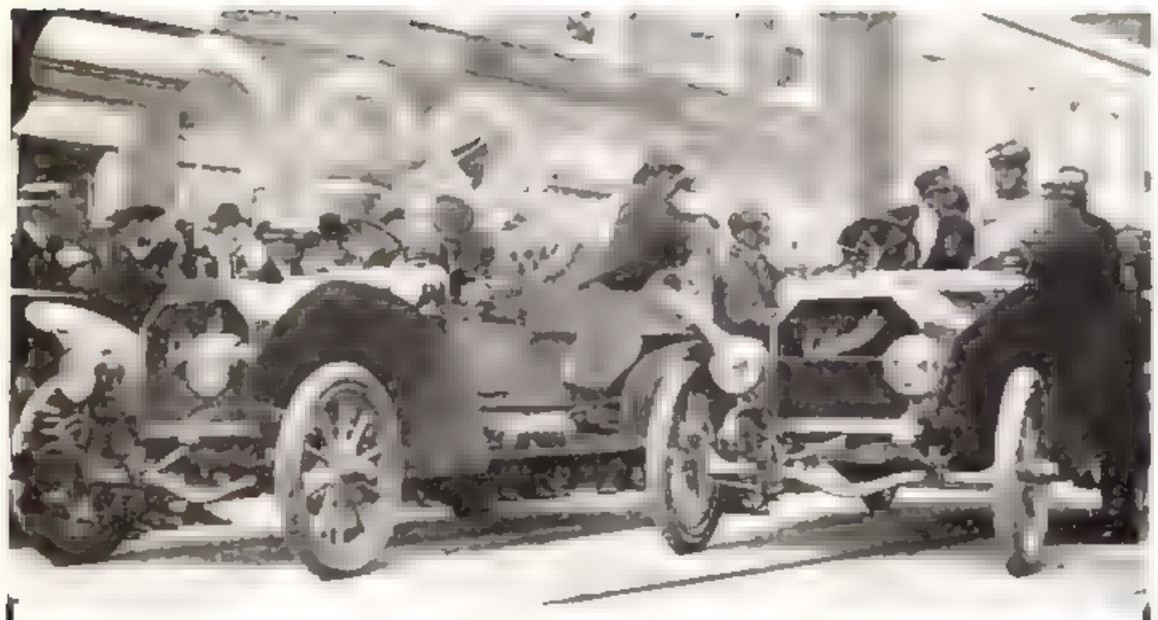


AS PROOF CONCLUSIVE—*the*

OLDSMOBILE

Offers ten, and more, convincing reasons—actual facts—why it is the most economical to buy—the most satisfying to own—and why you

drive a winner when you drive an Oldsmobile

First. All the qualities [illegible]

Second [illegible]

Third. [illegible]

Fourth. [illegible]

Fifth. [illegible]

Sixth. [illegible]

Seventh. [illegible]

Eighth. [illegible] the Denver, the Indianapolis, and the Toluca to Mexico [illegible]

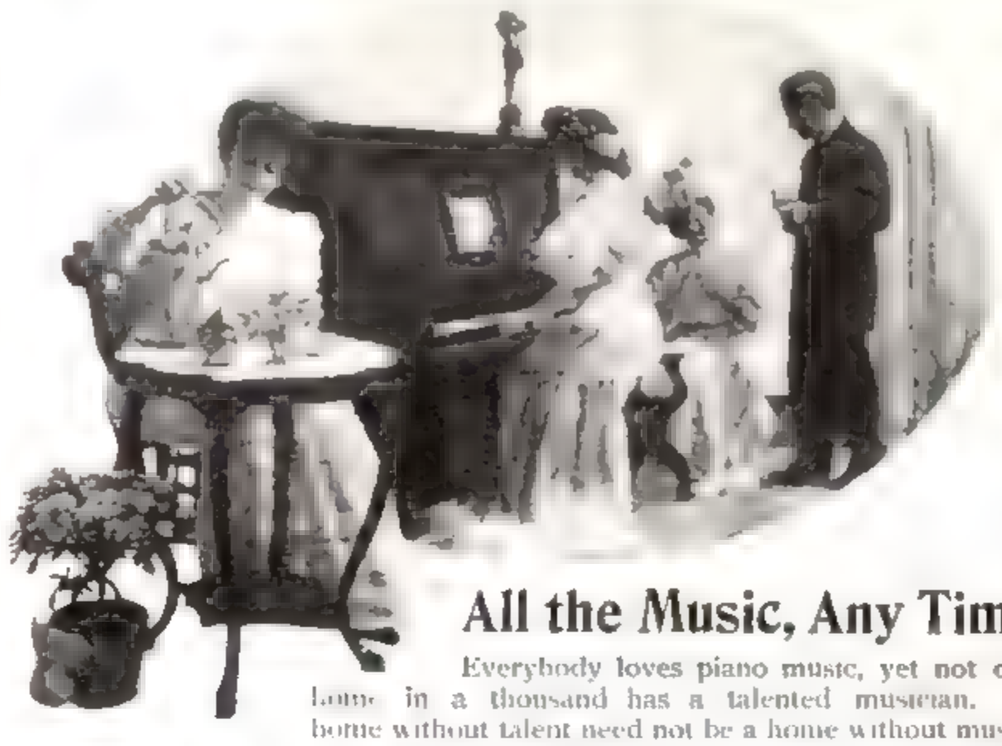
Ninth. [illegible]

Tenth. [illegible]

And further reasons furnished by the "man at the wheel"—ask him, or write us for details of any of the above. **Address Dept. S. E.**

OLDS MOTOR WORKS, Lansing, Mich., U.S.A.

Member of Association Licensed Automobile Manufacturers

We shall exhibit only at the Seventh National Automobile Show at Madison Square Garden [illegible]

All the Music, Any Time

Everybody loves piano music, yet not one home in a thousand has a talented musician. A home without talent need not be a home without music

The Reginapiano

makes it possible for every home to have piano music and every member of the family to play. It combines in the space of an upright piano all of the excellencies of a high grade piano with all the opportunities of a perfect player. Let the Reginapiano be your Christmas present to your own home. It will bring back the Christmas atmosphere every day for a lifetime.

The Reginapiano is a piano for musicians and a player for the rest of mankind, perfect in either capacity

Illustrated booklet sent free on request

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Send five two-cent stamps to Rahway for 1907 art calendar.

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The Little Joys of Every Day

What a charming success is a meal with Nabisco Sugar Wafers—little confections and yet their presence means so much. What a plain, matter-of-fact, prosaic failure is that same meal without

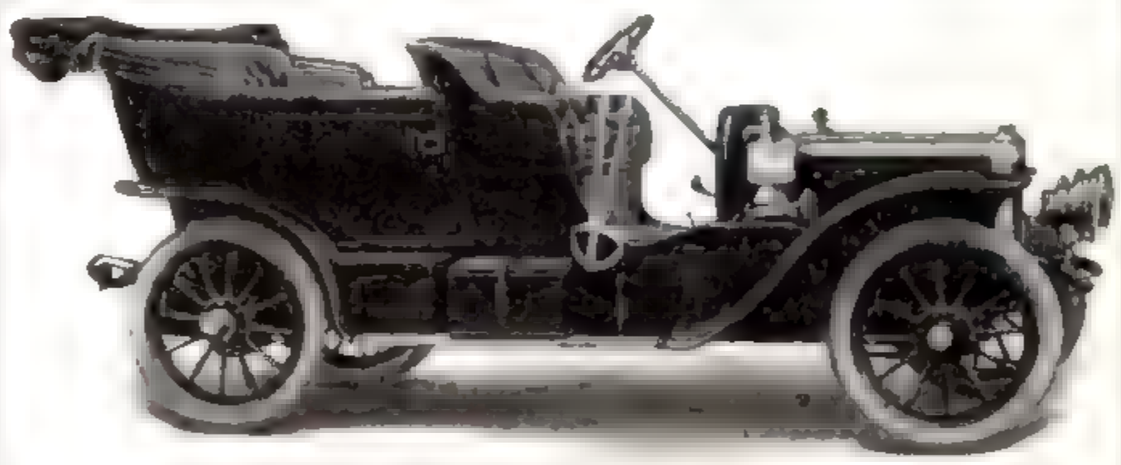
NABISCO

Those delightful dessert confections that exhilarate the palate and caress the tongue—helpful allies not only for the great events, but for the little joys of every day. What would a dinner be without Nabisco!

In ten and twenty-five cent tins.

FESTINO—A confection which looks like an almond nut, but is really a deliciously piquant morsel of goodness.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY



YOU'LL NEVER RUN OUT OF GASOLINE

on the road—when you have a Winton Model M.

Every time the tank is filled, two gallons go automatically into a reserve supply tank, and can't be used accidentally, or without warning. When the main tank runs dry, you turn a valve, and the reserve gasoline takes the Model M to a base of supply.

A gage always shows how much gasoline the main tank contains, but you may forget to look. No matter—you'll never be stranded. That two gallon reserve is your constant protection.

This safety idea is one of the very least important features of the Winton Model M. We mention it only to show how carefully every detail is worked out—even to details that offset forgetfulness. Note these features of the Model M

WINTON

[illegible]

Four [illegible] and speeds, selective.

Direct drive on third speed, with counter-shaft at rear

[illegible]

New roller type universal joints

Jump [illegible]

Centrifugal pump cooling.

[illegible]

Wheelbase, 112 inches

[illegible] oil and tail lamps, horn, [illegible], included as equipment

[illegible] ground to accuracy

[illegible] $3500 f. o. b. Cleveland

Type X 1-V 30 H

[illegible] Same careful selection of materials and exacting workmanship as on Model M. Admittedly the best $2500 car for 1907

THE WINTON MOTOR CARRIAGE CO., (Member A. L. A. M.) Cleveland, O., U.S.A.

COOKS WITHOUT FIRE!!

Saves 80 per cent of fuel and food. [illegible] The Marvel of the Age! [illegible] tions for making a $ [illegible] Fireless Cook Book [illegible] Approved and [illegible] U. S. Army [illegible]

FIRELESS COOKSTOVE CO., Oakland, California

YOUNG MAN—The Great RAILROADS WANT YOU

Learn telegraphy here. Situations furnished that lead to [illegible] positions. Good wages. Many [illegible] are now R. R. Supts. Expenses [illegible] Can earn your board. If desired 48-page book about it Free. Railroad wire in school.

Valentine's School of Telegraphy, (Est. 34 years.) Janesville, Wis.

A Gentleman's Habit

Made Easy and Safe by the

Finest Razor Ever Made

No Other Like It
None "As Good"

Complete Outfit
$3.00
Not Five!
Twelve Blades

300
Perfect Shaves Without Touching Hone or Strop

Satisfaction Guaranteed or Your Money Back.

The Only Safety Razor having the **Coiled Spring Guard Frame** giving the **Perfect control, the Smooth, gliding stroke and velvety touch.**

New Blades
50 Cents a Dozen.

Woods "Multiblade" Safety

Twelve Blades of finest Sheffield Steel. All Metal Parts, Nickel-Silver Plated. Polished Mahogany Case. Pocket size. The Perfect Razor for the Perfect Shave.

Read the Coupon **Mail it Now!**

PERFECTION RAZOR COMPANY,
752 Lexington Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

GENTLEMEN:—Inclosed herewith find $3 for one "Multiblade" Safety Razor, please send me one with 12 BLUE STEEL SAFETY BLADES, with the understanding and agreement on your part that if I am not satisfactory in every particular you may return it to you and you will refund to me the amount paid for it.

Name .....
Street and Number .....
City .....
County .....
State .....

Target-and-Arrow Old Style Tin Often Lasts Fifty Years Without Repairs

HERE IS AN INSTANCE

This old store, located in Huntsville, Alabama, was roofed with our Target-and-Arrow Old Style tin in 1850. The roof was not painted until 1901. It has never leaked, and for the last fifty years has not cost a dollar for repairs. The building has seen its day, but the roof is as good as when it was laid [illegible] many years ago.

As another striking example of durability and service, the residence of Mr. D. W. White, of Lebanon, Conn., might be cited. This residence has a roof of our heavily coated, Lamb-dipped tin and fifty years ago.

The "Target-and-Arrow" Old Style tin we are making today has exactly this same old-time durable quality. The kind of roofing tin we have been making for sixty years.

You can know this tin by the "Target-and-Arrow" trade-mark and our name as made from terne stamped on every sheet.

Write for free booklet "A Talk to Users of Roofs." It tells why "Target-and-Arrow" Old Style tin for roofing, "Taylor Old Style" will give you better service than any other tin or any other roofing material.

N. & G. Taylor Co.
Estd. 1810 Philadelphia

MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER

A Positive Relief for—

Chapped Hands, Chafing

and all skin troubles. "I do not charge higher in price perhaps than imitations, but a reason for it." Delightful after shaving. Sold everywhere, or mailed on receipt of 25c. Get Mennen's (the original)
Sample free

GERHARD MENNEN COMPANY, NEWARK, N. J.

Getting On in the World

STEPS AND MISSTEPS ON THE ROAD TO FORTUNE

Breaking in New Salesmen

FOR breaking in new salesmen a Cincinnati wholesale house recently originated a method that has since been adopted with great success by other houses. When a young man is sent out on the road he is allowed to pursue his way for about a week, when he is recalled by a laconic telegram: "Come back at once." When he reports he is taken into the general manager's private office, and there he is immediately taken to task, the general manager opening on him with a volley of questions that would make the ordinary man boil over with anger. The salesman is given a chance to recover his breath and start to explain why he has not done better, when he is interrupted with another volley of questions of a nature to arouse his ire.

If the young man loses his temper he is at once discharged, but if he takes it calmly without trying to get back at the "boss" and without stinging sarcasm or show of temper, he is informed that they have been trying him out to see how he would deal with an irritable customer, and he finishes out his trip and becomes a "regular" on the salesman force. —*P. A. P.*

Seizing the Opportunity

SAID one of the heads of the Philippine Bureau of Agriculture: "I had had several years of experience in sugar-culture in Hawaii, and when I came to the Philippines I was employed with a lumber company at $1200 a year. My desire was to study sugar-culture as a specialty, and I soon realized that I was making very little headway toward my aim while so employed. It was either 'stay' or 'quit,' and I quit.

"I went down and took the Civil Service Examination, passed, and, as I was acquainted with the Chief of the Bureau of Agriculture, I went in to see him. The Chief was a busy man and hard to see, but I persevered. Said he: 'I can give you a place, but the salary will be small.'

"'All right,' I said; 'I'll take it.'

"'The salary will be $900 a year,' said he.

"As I made no objection, he sent me down to the Experimental Farm at B——. I was at last in my element, and took a lot of interest. Now I am here at $2000 a year, and some of the men who said I was a fool to give up a $1200 job for one at $900 are still working for $1200 with no prospects of 'a raise.' —*H. H. S.*

Getting a New Start

LAST year I was sent West for the benefit of my health. I found living expenses very high, and my savings were soon practically exhausted. Being a photographer I located in one of the larger towns, hoping to secure work enough to make a living, but I could find nothing in my line. One day I noticed in a local paper that hundreds of people made a regular practice of spending Sunday in the mountains near by, and it occurred to me that a great many of these parties should be interested in snapshot pictures. I had a developing apparatus and three small cameras.

One Saturday I visited a few of the livery-stables and secured the names of persons who had ordered conveyances for mountain-trips the next day, then I called on these persons offering to lend them one of my cameras provided they purchased their films of me and allowed me to do their developing and printing. I had no difficulty in placing my three cameras, and the next week bought half a dozen more of a

SEND POSTAL TO-DAY FOR THIS BOOK

It contains an interesting story and tells all about that wonderful material

Pantasote LEATHER

It is profusely illustrated in ten colors, by leading artists. It gives particulars, prices, etc., of the staple of the material exhibited from which it is made. It tells how to judge of the value, the underlying principles of leather-covered furniture, and points out details of construction. Just write us and it will be sent postpaid.

Pantasote is durable, bright in color, easily cleaned, does not crack, fire-proof, waterproof, and wears unchanged in all climates.

The great success for **Pantasote** has led to the manufacture of many inferior imitations. To protect you against these we accept no furniture as covered with **Pantasote** from your dealer or upholsterer unless it bears our trade-mark label as shown below.

On piece goods, see that the word "**Pantasote**" is stamped on every yard. **Pantasote** was awarded the Grand Prize and Two Gold Medals at St. Louis.

Pantasote Leather looks so like leather that the ghost of a calf couldn't tell it from its own skin, and wears as well. It is wonderful, and as beautiful as it is serviceable.

The illustrations represent two of the many handsome effects in Pantasote leather furniture to be seen at our show rooms

26 West 34th Street, New York City

Have you a chair that needs re-covering?

We make it easy for all to test **Pantasote** by making [illegible] offer. Send us [illegible] and we will [illegible] must be covered with **Pantasote** from your dealer or upholsterer unless it bears our trade-mark label as shown below.

Address all communications to

THE PANTASOTE CO., Department S 11 Broadway, N. Y.

A PURE COCOA IS NOT ALWAYS A GOOD COCOA.

COFFEE BEANS RANGE IN PRICE FROM 8c A POUND UP
ALTHOUGH PURE, YOU WOULD NOT ENJOY THE 8c QUALITY & FLAVOR
COCOA BEANS ALSO COST FROM 8c A POUND UP. THAT'S WHY YOU MAY BUY A PURE COCOA WITH QUALITY AND FLAVOR DEFICIENT.

THE STATISTICS OF COCOA IMPORTATIONS SHOW THAT IMPORTATIONS OF CHEAP (LOW GRADE) BEANS HAVE INCREASED ALMOST 50% AND IMPORTATIONS OF HIGH GRADE BEANS HAVE DECREASED

WE HAVE USED AND ARE USING THE SAME QUALITY OF BEANS AS ALWAYS

THE BEST ONLY

DRAW YOUR OWN CONCLUSIONS

Huyler's

YOUR GROCER SELLS OUR COCOA AND CHOCOLATES

$500 Cash or Time Buys a FARM In Virginia

With cozy new 5-room cottage like cut, and 25 acres for poultry, fruit and vegetables. Only two miles from the live town of Waverly, on N. & W. Ry., midway between Norfolk and Richmond. Delightful climate, abundant water, unexcelled markets for produce. Splendid social advantages. "Go South,—Young Man!" Write today for Booklets, lists of bargains in farms, lowest excursion rates, etc.

F. H. LaBaume, Agt. Land Dept., Box 501, Roanoke, Va.

NEW NORFOLK & WESTERN Virginia-and-Ohio Line

ORIENT Clark's 9th Annual Cruise Feb. 7, '07, 70 days, by chartered S. S. "Arabic" 16,000 tons. 3 Tours Round the World. FRANK C. CLARK, 96 Broadway, N. Y.

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For use in Offices, Banks, Schools, etc.

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The "O. K." has the advantage of a tiny but mighty indestructible piercing point, which goes through every sheet on acting [illegible] projecting sleeve, and binds and holds with a bull-dog grip. No slipping. Handsome. Compact. Strong. Easily put on or taken off with the thumb or finger. Can be used repeatedly, and they always work. Made of brass. Three sizes. Put up in brass boxes of 100 fasteners. [illegible] all enterprising Stationers. Send 10c for sample box of 50, assorted sizes. Booklet free. Liberal discount to the trade.

James V. Washburne, Mfr., Syracuse, N. Y.

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It makes no difference whether you have furnace, steam or hot water apparatus; or whether it is new or old. All you need is the

Minneapolis Heat Regulator

Automatically controls the drafts. A change of one degree at the [illegible] is sufficient to operate the mechanism. As simple [illegible] than a gas-cock. Every one guaranteed for 25 years.

Sent on 60 Days' Free Trial

If not satisfactory in every way, return at our expense. Write today. Booklet free. Sold by the heating trade everywhere.

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Bits of compact counsel and wisdom mined from the world's experience.

By ORISON SWETT MARDEN
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Special type designs in two colors

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Postage 8 cents

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NEW YORK

Your Money Earns 6%

Why Not Get it Yourself?

Money wisely **invested** earns greater profits than money merely **loaned** and is just as safe and just as available. If you are receiving anything less than 6 per cent. on your money you assuredly owe it to yourself to thoroughly investigate our 6 per cent. Gold Bonds, based on the ownership of selected New York real estate. By simply eliminating the middleman they offer you an opportunity to invest direct and to receive the full 6 per cent. your money should and can earn for you with safety and cash availability. These Bonds are offered in two forms.

6% Coupon Bonds—for Income Investment—purchasable at par in multiples of $100; interest payable semi-annually by coupons attached; maturing in ten years and meanwhile subject to withdrawal on interest payment dates after two years.

6% Accumulative Bonds—for Income Funding—purchasable on installments during 10, 15 or 20 years and enabling the person without capital available for income investment to accumulate a definite capital in a given time by simply investing each year the equivalent of an ordinary interest on the amount desired. This form also carries cash values after two years. The yearly payment rates per $1,000 Bond are: 10-year term, $71.57; 15-year term, $40.53; 20-year term, $25.65.

A-R-E Six's are secured by our entire Assets of $8,364,909.97, including Capital and Surplus of $1,285,047.03, accumulated during more than eighteen years of uninterrupted success in this most stable and profitable business on earth.

Let us send you literature giving full information concerning our business and Bonds. A map of New York City free.

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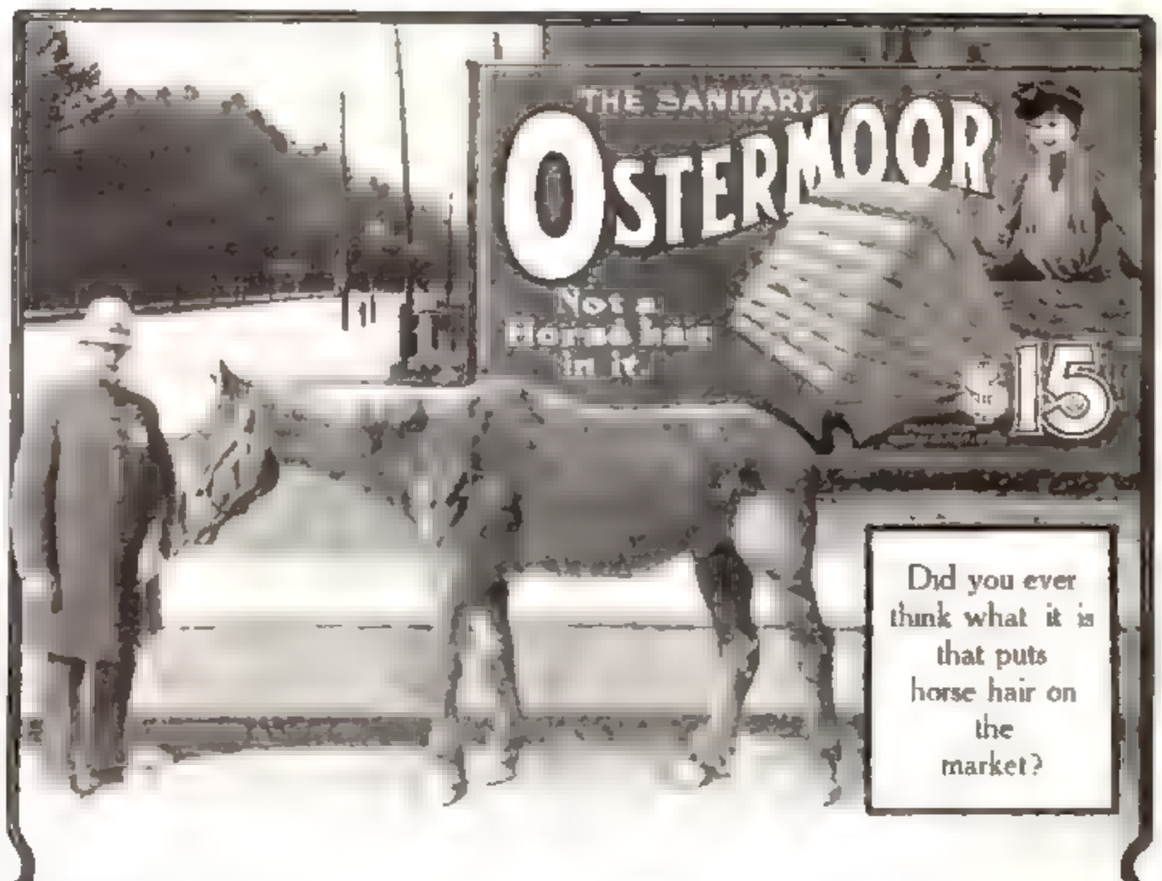

Did You Sleep on a Hair Mattress Last Night?

If you did, you probably do not fully realize the superiority of the Ostermoor. While the Ostermoor costs you but $15.00, it is a better bed than a hair mattress costing $50.00 (this we guarantee by *thirty nights' free trial*—money returned if dissatisfied), not only from a sanitary point of view, but also from the point of comfort. Many of our richest families who can afford any mattress, sleep on the Ostermoor, simply because they have chosen by reason and not by tradition. The Ostermoor is not stuffed but built up in layers of uniform thickness at every spot. These springy Ostermoor sheets retain their elasticity indefinitely, need no renovating, and are vermin proof, germ proof, dust-proof and non absorbent.

Our Free Book, "The Test of Time"

tells all about the Ostermoor, and explains why it fulfills these conditions. It contains 144 pages of vital importance to any one who values health and long life, and the restful sleep that insures both. Your name and address on a postal will do.

We Sell By Mail, or Through 2,500 Ostermoor Dealers

Don't accept Ostermoor imitations or substitutes—that is our claim. We were compelled to this move by the necessity of protecting the public against worthless imitations. Your Ostermoor dealer will be sure to ask to see the ticking—will show you a piece with the *Ostermoor name and trade-mark label sewn on the end.* Mattress shipped, express paid by us, same day check is received, if you order of us by mail.

SIZES	
2 ft. 6 in. wide, 25 lbs.	$8.35
3 ft. wide, 30 lbs.	10.00
3 ft. 6 in. wide, 35 lbs.	11.70
4 ft. wide, 40 lbs.	13.35
4 ft. 6 in. wide, 45 lbs.	15.00

All 6 ft. 3 inches long
Express Charges Prepaid
Two cents postage extra on Canadian orders.

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Without obligation on my part, please send me your 144-page book and free

SAMPLES

of ticking used on the Ostermoor, and the name of my Ostermoor dealer.

Name _____

Address _____

Wachusett Dress Shirts conform in style to and [illegible] the most exacting demands of fashion. They are worn wherever faultless evening dress is required and particular men pronounce them the finest made.

Wachusett Coat Shirts embody all the latest cloth creations, degrees of comfort and utility. They are stylish and durable and give the buyer big dividends in shirt satisfaction.

Ask your dealer for Wachusett make. Booklet free.

Wachusett Shirt Company
Dept. 4, Leominster, Mass.

Manufacturers of White, Negligee, Fancy Shirts and Night Robes

A Little Diplomacy

I WAS in search of my first job and had been scanning the "Help Wanted" columns every day for a month before school closed, when at last I read the words: "Boy Wanted—Call at No.— Market Street, at 8:00 o'clock A. M. References."

I showed it to the Principal at school, who readily gave me a "To whom it may concern" reference, setting forth all my good qualities, and, armed with this, I presented myself at No.— Market Street at 7:30 A. M., when lo! to my dismay there stood twenty others ahead of me.

I took my position in the rapidly increasing line, however, and had waited fifteen minutes when a young man appeared to sweep the sidewalk. While watching him a plan occurred to me. Why not send my letter in ahead?

Calling the boy, I asked him if he would take my "references" in if I would finish sweeping the walk, to which he readily agreed. Upon his explaining matters to the "Chief" the latter immediately sent for me, "took me on trial" and dismissed the line of applicants.

I am still employed by the same firm, but as a salesman now, having given up my broom six years ago to another.

-J. R. M.

The Man Who Paid

EVERY employer of labor is familiar with the type of employee who has ideas of his own about his work and who sulks or grumbles if these ideas are not accepted, who hints to his fellows that you don't understand your business, and points out how much better a thing would have been done if his suggestions had been carried out. Such a man is a continual menace to order and discipline, and yet is very often the best man you have employed, and his suggestions and protests rise from a real interest in the work and a desire to help rather than to hinder. He may really know as much or more about the particular job that he is employed on than you do, and it would be the height of folly to tell him that he is employed to work and not to think. It is to your interest to profit by his good suggestions and to refuse to follow the bad ones without offending him. I generally talk to a man of this type about as follows:

"Look here, B——, you are a good man, and I cannot afford to let you go, but there can only be one boss on this job: two work too much confusion. Now, the question is: Which is to be the boss? I leave it to you. You may know more about the work than I do, and I want to profit by all that you can teach me, but, at the same time, if I make a mistake it means a loss of dollars and cents to me, whereas if you make one you lose nothing. Now, the next time our opinions conflict, don't tell your fellow-employees how much better your way is than mine. Come to me and offer to back your opinion with a forfeit of your wages to the amount I would lose if your course happens to be the wrong one, and I promise cheerfully to follow your plan. But, if you are afraid to back up your own judgment and I have to pay for your mistakes as well as my own, it seems to me——"

That is as far as I generally have to go, and my position on this matter soon becomes well-enough known among my men, so that when talking among themselves one can hardly venture a new opinion about the work without being asked if he is willing to back it up.

As I grew older in the contracting business I made a standing offer of an extra day's wages to the man who would show me an improvement over my own methods, backing up his way; and who would pay for his own mistake if his way failed. Several times I had the mingled chagrin and satisfaction of paying the forfeit for a good idea. *—W. D. B.*

When you build, get the *right roof:*

Genuine Bangor Slate Roofs

outlive the building without paint or repairs.

Can you ask more of a roof?

Better write for our *free Book of Facts.* It will help you *do your own thinking* on this question. It's a book for the man who pays the bills.

It tells what the *tin* people say about tin Roofs
" *tile* " " " tile "
" *shingle* " " " shingle "
" *patent* " " " patent "
(tar, asphalt, gravel, etc.)
" *Slate* " " " slate "

It is a concise but complete handbook on the Roof Problem—on which the life of your building depends. It tells all the facts about all the roofs.

It's yours for a postal—write for it NOW!

Genuine Bangor Slate Company, Inc.
Ark Building, Easton, Penna.

CROOKED LEGS
appear straight when Alison Pneumatic Forms are worn. Light, easy, undetectable. Over 20,000 in daily use. Booklet and testimonials free. Forms sent on approval.
THE ALISON CO., Dept. 3, Buffalo, N. Y.

LAW HIGH GRADE INSTRUCTION BY CORRESPONDENCE
Fourteenth Year
Prepares for the bar of any State. Improved method of instruction combining the Text-book, Lecture and Case Book methods. Approved by the bench and bar. Three Courses: College, Post Graduate and Business Law. Send for Catalogue.
CHICAGO CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL OF LAW
Reaper Block, Chicago.

Take two hairs

and place them under a microscope—one from a Razac shaving and one from another safety razor. Note the difference. The Razac hair is severed sharp and clean, the other is cut into and split off. The Razac always does its work in the same easy, keen way, leaving your face clean and cool. The Razac does not drag on the face but cuts smooth as velvet and does *not* irritate the skin

Razac

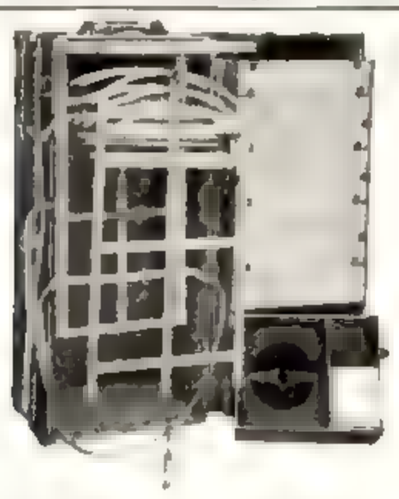
The New Ready Razor
Nothing to it but Shave

No matter how tough your beard you can use the Razac with ease. Shave across the grain the up- or down-stroke—it cuts a clean shave either way. No care of the blades necessary. **No stropping, no honing.** The holder is in one piece. No parts to screw. Nothing to clean.

The Razac is the complete outfit for instant use packed in a handsome genuine leather case. Use the Razac three days and if for any reason you are willing to part with it send it back and we will promptly refund your money. No strings to this offer and we pay express charges both ways.

Send your name on a postal today for our booklets RAZAC USE and RAZAC REASON which explain and illustrate everything you'd like to know about shaving.

HAPGOODS SALES COMPANY
Suite 101-303 Broadway, NEW YORK



The "Likly" Wardrobe Trunk

is equipped both for men and women and is the lightest and strongest and the most complete and perfect Wardrobe Trunk ever manufactured.

Every "LIKLY" trunk, bag and case is designed for a specific purpose and leads the world in its special class.

HENRY LIKLY & CO. MAKERS TRADE ROCHESTER MARK NEW YORK ESTABLISHED 1848

This trade mark guards base quality

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THE SEAT OF JUDGMENT

(Concluded from Page 21)

then the true depths of his good little Irish heart came to the surface. Shame for his petty scheme assailed him, pity for all Olga's misery. For she had to bear both the shame of her father's deed and the sorrow of being deserted by him.

"Olga, I didn't mean ut, honest," he said. "I'll tell you a story of Owen Roe O'Neill, and I'll fight anny wan that says annything to you ——"

"No, no," sobbed Olga. "He hates my father!"

Patrick hung his head; then, somehow, he stumbled on what should have been true.

"'Tain't him, but what -what he did," he stammered.

Julia shot him an approving glance which her words contradicted.

"Well, how do you know he did annything? It may be all a mistake. He'll be back yet wid the money."

Patrick found Olga's hand.

"I hope he'll come back to you, Olga," he said. "I wud bring him back to you if I cud; I wud so."

The hand was not withdrawn, and it lay in his ten minutes later while he told her a gentle story about the Good Little People of the Raths of Ireland. And sweet-hearted Augusta sat with her own plump hand empty, proudly watching her Patrick do a kindness. Patrick himself was humble enough; his one wish was to make poor little Olga forget.

So they were sitting when the dining-room door opened and Flaherty entered, followed by a stout, squat man with his hat drawn well over his face. Olga started to her feet and leaped into his arms.

"Then you did find him, Flaherty?" cried Julia.

"You are well, my little Olga?" said Oleson. "They have not tried to hurt you? And they have not turned you against me?"

She clung to him with never a word. There was a big lump in Patrick's throat. He looked on the haggard, wretched face of the man who had brought misery to thousands, and he wanted to offer him no hurt. He even respected the eleventh-hour courage that had brought him back to face what he had done. He wanted him to be punished, he supposed, for that was right and what Oleson himself would want, but he dimly felt that there are some wrongs in this world too big to be righted, and that hatred and envy are bad food by which to live.

Augusta slipped her hand into his.

"I knew your Uncle Flaherty would make it all right," she said.

Patrick mumbled some reply; then he went over and stood by Flaherty. He was not a demonstrative child, but now he leaned his head against the big heart that had never failed him.

"I guess I'm sick, Uncle Dan," he said; "I want to cry, annyway, so I guess I must be."

Flaherty put his great hand under the boy's chin, and looked anxiously into his face.

"Things is turrible mixed up, Uncle Dan," gulped Patrick; "but I keep thinkin' how good you were to take me and the childher, and what wud I do if I lost you, at all? And I wisht you'd mind what Mrs. Flynn tould you about your flannels, for pneumonia is that catchin'!"

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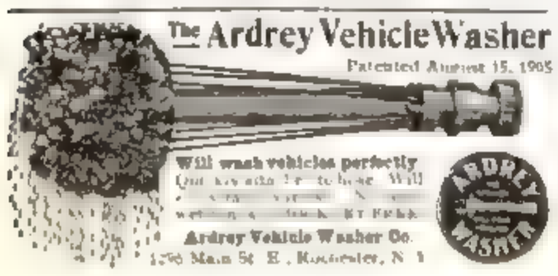

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The Haunted Bell

(Continued from Page 6)

years before beside an operating-table, and reëntered the house with him. Together the three went to the little room – the scene of the tragedy.

The Japanese gong still swung over the desk. The crabbed little scientist went straight to it, and for five minutes devoted his undivided attention to a study of the splotch on the fifth bell. From the expression of his face Hatch could gather nothing. What the scientist saw might or might not have been illuminating. Was the splotch the mark of a hand? If it were, Hatch argued, it offered no clew, as the intricate lines of the flesh were smeared together, obliterated.

Next The Thinking Machine critically glanced about him, and finally threw open the window facing east. For a long time he stood silently squinting out; and, save for the minute lines in his forehead, there was no indication whatever of his mental workings. The little room was on the second floor and jutted out at right angles across a narrow alley which ran beneath them to the kitchen in the back. The dead-wall of the next building was only four feet from the Phillips' wall, and was without windows, so it was easily seen how a man, unobserved, might climb up from below despite an arc-light above the wide front door of an apartment-house across the street, visible in the vista of the alley.

"Do you happen to know, Perdue," asked The Thinking Machine at last, "if this west window was ever opened?"

"Never," replied the physician. "Detective Mallory questioned the servants about it. It seems that the kitchen is beneath, somewhat to the back, and the odors of cooking came up."

"How many outside doors has this house?"

"Only two," was the reply: "the one you entered, and one opening into the alley below us."

"Both were found locked yesterday morning?"

"Yes. Both doors have spring-locks, therefore each locks itself when closed."

"Oh!" exclaimed the scientist suddenly.

He turned away from the window, and, for a second time, examined the still and silent gong. Somewhere in his mind seemed to be an inkling that the gong might be more closely associated than appeared with the mystery of death, and yet, watching him curiously, Doctor Perdue knew he could have no knowledge of the sinister part it had played in the affair. With a penknife The Thinking Machine made a slight mark on the under side of each bell in turn; then squinted at them, one after another. On the inside of the top bell – the largest – he found something – a mark, a symbol perhaps – but it seemed meaningless to Hatch and Doctor Perdue, who were peering over his shoulder.

It was merely a circle with three upward rays and three dots inside it.

"The manufacturer's mark, perhaps," Hatch suggested.

"Of course it's impossible that the bell could have had anything to do ——" Doctor Perdue began.

"Nothing is impossible, Perdue," snapped the scientist crabbedly. "Do not say that. It annoys me exceedingly." He continued to stare at the symbol. "Just where was the body found?" he asked after a little.

"Here," replied Doctor Perdue, and he indicated a spot near the window.

The Thinking Machine measured the distance with his eye.

"The only real problem here," he remarked musingly, after a moment, as if supplementing a previous statement, "is, What made him lock the door and run?"

"What made—who?" Hatch asked eagerly.

The Thinking Machine merely squinted at him, through him, beyond him with glassy eyes. His thoughts seemed far away and the cobwebby lines in his forehead grew deeper. Doctor Perdue was apparently at the moment too self-absorbed to heed.

"Now, Perdue," demanded The Thinking Machine suddenly, "what is really the matter with Mr. Phillips?"

"Well, it's rather ——" he started haltingly, then went on as if his mind were made up: "You know, Van Dusen, there's something back of all this that hasn't been told, for reasons which I consider good ones.

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It might interest you, because you are keen on these things, but I doubt if it would help you. And besides, I should have to insist that you alone should hear it."

He glanced meaningly at Hatch, whom he knew to be present only in his capacity as reporter.

"There's something else—about the bell," said The Thinking Machine quickly. It was not a question, but a statement.

"Yes, about the bell," acquiesced the physician, as if a little surprised that the other should know. "But as I said it——"

"I undertook to get at the facts here to aid Mr. Hatch," explained The Thinking Machine; "but I can assure you he will print nothing without my permission."

Doctor Perdue looked at the newspaper man inquiringly; Hatch nodded.

"I guess perhaps it would be better for you to hear it from Phillips himself," went on the physician. "Come along. I think he would be willing to tell you."

Thus the scientist and the reporter met Franklin Phillips. He was in bed. The once masterful financier seemed but a shadow of what he had been. His strong face was now white and haggard, and lined almost beyond recognition. The lips were pale, the hands nervously clutched at the sheet, and in his eyes was horror—hideous horror. They glittered at times, and only at intervals reflected the strength, the power which once lay there. His present condition was as pitiable as it was inexplicable to Hatch, who remembered him as the rugged storm-centre of half a dozen spectacular financial battles.

Mr. Phillips talked willingly—seemed, indeed, relieved to be able to relate in detail those circumstances which, in a way, accounted for his utter collapse. As he went on volubly, yet coherently enough, his roving eyes settled on the petulant, inscrutable face of The Thinking Machine as if seeking, above all things, belief. He found it, for the scientist nodded time after time, and gradually the lines in the dome-like forehead were dissipated.

"*Now* I know why he ran," declared the scientist positively, enigmatically. The remark was hopelessly without meaning to the others. "As I understand it, Mr. Phillips," he asked, "the east window was always open when the bell sounded?"

"Yes, I believe it was, always," replied Mr. Phillips after a moment's thought.

"And you always heard it when the window was open?"

"Oh, no," replied the financier. "There were many times when the window was open that I didn't hear anything."

A fleeting bewilderment crossed the scientist's face, then was gone.

"Of course, of course," he said after a moment. "Stupid of me. I should have known that. Now, the first time you ever noticed it the bell rang twice—that is, twice with an interval of, say, a few seconds between?"

"Yes."

"And you had had the gong, then, two or three months?"

"About three months—yes."

"The weather remained cool during that time? Late winter and early spring?"

"I presume so. I don't recall. I know the first time I heard the bell was an early, warm day of spring, because my window had not previously been opened."

The Thinking Machine was dreamily squinting upward. As he stared into the quiet, narrow eyes a certain measure of confidence seemed to return to Mr. Phillips. He raised himself on an elbow.

"You say that once you heard the bell ring late at night—twice. What were the circumstances?"

"That was the night preceding a day of some important operations I had planned," explained Mr. Phillips, "and I was in the little room for a long time after midnight going over some figures."

"Do you remember the date?"

"Perfectly. It was Tuesday, the eleventh of this month"—and, for an instant, memory called to Mr. Phillips' face an expression which financial foes knew well. "I remember, because next day I forced the market up to a record price on some railway stocks I control."

The Thinking Machine nodded.

"This servant of yours who is missing, Francis, was rather a timid sort of man, I imagine?"

"Well, I could hardly say," replied Mr. Phillips doubtfully.

"Well, he was," declared The Thinking Machine flatly. "He was a good servant, I dare say?"

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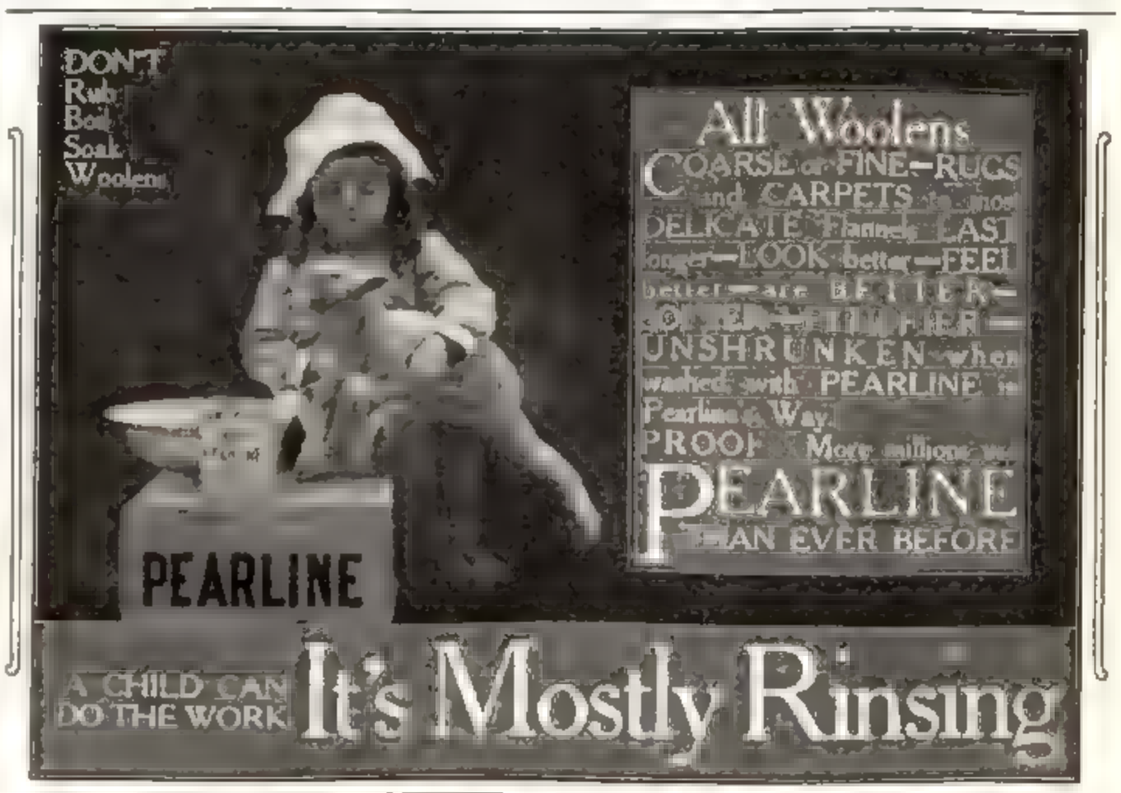
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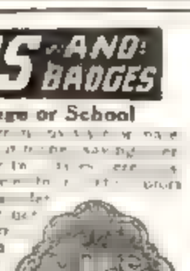

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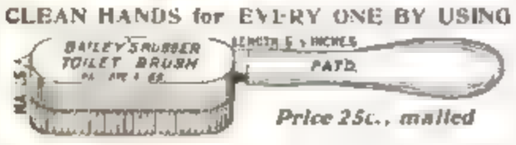

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"Would it have been within his duties to close a window which might have been left open at night?"

"Certainly."

"Rather a big man?"

"Yes, six feet or so—two hundred and ten pounds, perhaps."

"And Mr. Matsumi was, of course, small?"

"Yes, small even for a Japanese."

The Thinking Machine arose and placed his fingers on Mr. Phillips' wrist. He stood thus for half a minute.

"Did you ever notice any odor after the bell rang?" he inquired at last.

"Odor?" Mr. Phillips seemed puzzled. "Why, I don't see what an odor would have to do——"

"I didn't expect you to," interrupted The Thinking Machine crustily. "I merely want to know if you noticed one?"

"No," retorted Mr. Phillips shortly.

"And could you explain your precise feelings?" continued the scientist. "Did the effect of the bell's ringing seem to be entirely mental, or was it physical? In other words, was there any physical exaltation or depression when you heard it?"

"It would be rather difficult to say—even to myself," responded Mr. Phillips. "It always seemed to be a shock, but I suppose it was really a mental condition which reacted on my nerves."

The Thinking Machine walked over to the window and stood with his back to the others. For a minute or more he remained there, and three eager pairs of eyes were fixed inquiringly on the back of his yellow head. Beneath the irritated voice, behind the inscrutable face, in the disjointed questioning, they all knew intuitively there was some definite purpose, but to none came a glimmer of light as to its nature.

"I think, perhaps, the matter is all clear now," he remarked musingly at last. "There are two vital questions yet to be answered. If the first of these is answered in the affirmative, I know that a mind—I may say a Japanese mind—of singular ingenious quality conceived the condition which brought about this affair; if in the negative, the entire matter becomes ridiculously simple."

Mr. Phillips was leaning forward, listening greedily. There was hope and fear, doubt and confidence, eagerness and a certain tense restraint in his manner. Doctor Perdue was incredulously silent; Hatch merely waited.

"What made the bell ring?" demanded Mr. Phillips.

"I must find the answer to the two remaining questions first," returned The Thinking Machine.

"You mentioned a Japanese," said Mr. Phillips. "Do you suspect Mr. Matsumi of any connection with the—the mystery?"

"I never suspect persons of things, Mr. Phillips," said The Thinking Machine curtly. "I never suspect—I always *know*. When I *know* in this case I shall inform you. Mr. Hatch and I are going out for a few minutes. When we return the matter can be disposed of in ten minutes."

He led the way out and along the hall to the little room where the gong hung. Hatch closed the door as he entered. Then for the third time the scientist examined the bells. He struck the fifth violently time after time, and after each stroke he thrust an inquisitive nose almost against it and sniffed. Hatch stared at him in wonderment. When the scientist had finished he shook his head as if answering a question in the negative. With Hatch following he passed out into the street.

"What's the *matter* with Phillips?" the reporter ventured, as they reached the sidewalk.

"Scared, frightened," was the tart rejoinder. "He's merely morbidly anxious to account for the bell's ringing. If I had been absolutely certain before I came out I should have told him. I am certain now. You know, Mr. Hatch, when a thing is beyond immediate understanding it instantly suggests the supernatural to some minds. Mr. Phillips wouldn't confess it, but he sees back of the ringing of that bell some uncanny power—a threat, perhaps—and the thing has preyed upon him until he's nearly insane. When I can arrange to make him understand perfectly why the bell rings he will be all right again."

"I can readily see how the ringing of the bell strikes one as uncanny," Hatch declared grimly. "Have you an idea what causes it?"

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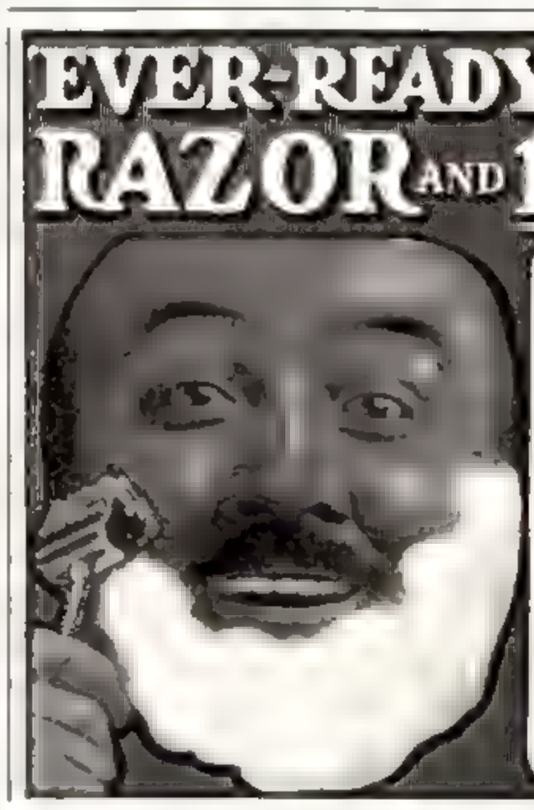

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"I *know* what causes it," returned the other irritably. "And if you don't know you're stupid."

The reporter shook his head hopelessly.

They crossed the street to the big apartment-house opposite, and entered. The Thinking Machine inquired for and was shown into the office of the manager He had only one question.

"Was there a ball, or reception, or anything of that sort held in this building on Tuesday night, the eleventh of this month?" he inquired.

"No," was the response. "There has never been anything of that sort here."

"Thanks," said The Thinking Machine "Good-day."

Turning abruptly he left the manager to figure that out as best he could, and, with Hatch following, ascended the stairs to the next floor. Here was a wide, airy hallway extending the full length of the building. The Thinking Machine glanced neither to right nor left; he went straight to the rear, where a plate-glass window enframed a panorama of the city. From where they stood the city's roofs slanted down toward the heart of the business district, half a mile away.

As Hatch looked on The Thinking Machine took out his watch and set it two and a half minutes forward, after which he turned and walked to the other end of the hall. Here, too, was a plate-glass window. For just a fraction of an instant he stood staring straight out at the Phillips' home across the way; then, without a word, retraced his steps down the stairs and into the street.

Hatch's head was overflowing with questions, but he choked them back and merely trailed along. They reëntered the Phillips' house in silence. Doctor Perdue and Harvey Phillips met them in the hallway. An expression of infinite relief came into the physician's face at the sight of The Thinking Machine.

"I'm glad you're back so soon," he said quickly. "Here's a new development and a singular one." He referred evidently to a long envelope he held. "Step into the library here."

They entered, and Doctor Perdue carefully closed the door behind them.

"Just a few minutes ago Harvey received a sealed envelope by mail," he explained. "It inclosed this one, also sealed. He was going to show it to his father, but I didn't think it wise, because of—because ——"

The Thinking Machine took the envelope in one slender hand and examined it. It was a perfectly plain white one, and bore only a single line written in a small, copper-plate hand with occasional unexpected angles:

"To be opened when the fifth bell rings eleven times."

Something as nearly approaching complacent satisfaction as Hatch had ever seen overspread the petulant countenance of The Thinking Machine, and a long, aspirated "Ah!" escaped the thin lips. There was a hushed silence. Harvey Phillips, to whom nothing of the mystery was known beyond the actual death of Wagner, sought to read what it all meant in Doctor Perdue's face. In turn Doctor Perdue's eyes were fastened on The Thinking Machine.

"Of course, you don't know whom this is from, Mr. Phillips?" inquired the scientist of the young man.

"I have no idea," was the reply. "It seemed to amaze Doctor Perdue here, but, frankly, I can't imagine why."

"You don't know the handwriting?"

"No."

"Well, I do," declared The Thinking Machine emphatically. "It's Mr. Matsumi's." He glared at the physician. "And in it lies the key to this affair of the bell. The mere fact that it came at all proves everything as I saw it."

"But it can't be from Matsumi," protested the young man. "The postmark on the outside was Cleveland."

"That means merely that he is running away to escape arrest on a charge of murder."

"Then Matsumi killed Wagner?" Hatch asked quickly.

"I didn't say it was a confession," responded the scientist curtly. "It is merely a history of the bell. I dare say ——"

Suddenly the door was thrown open and Mrs. Phillips entered. Her face was ashen.

"Doctor, he is worse—sinking rapidly!" she gasped. "Please come!"

Doctor Perdue glanced from her pallid face to the impassive Thinking Machine.

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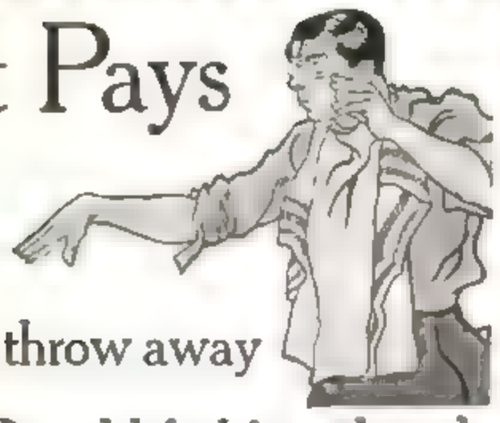

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"Van Dusen," he said solemnly, "if you can do anything to explain this thing, do it now. I know it will save a man's reason—it might save his life."

"Is he conscious?" inquired the scientist of Mrs. Phillips.

"No, he seems to have utterly collapsed," she explained. "I was talking to him when suddenly he sat up in bed as if listening, then shrieked something I didn't understand and fell back unconscious."

Doctor Perdue was dragged out of the room by the wife and son. The Thinking Machine glanced at his watch. It was three and a half minutes past four o'clock. He nodded, then turned to Hatch.

"Please go into the little room and close the window," he instructed. "Mr. Phillips has heard the bell again, and I imagine Doctor Perdue needs me. Meanwhile, put this envelope in your pocket." And he handed to Hatch the mysterious sealed packet.

It was twenty minutes past nine o'clock that evening. In the little room where the gong hung were Franklin Phillips, pale and weak, but eager; Doctor Perdue, The Thinking Machine, Harvey Phillips and Hatch. For four hours Doctor Perdue and the scientist had labored over the unconscious financier, and finally a tinge of color returned to the pale lips; then came consciousness.

"It was my suggestion, Mr. Phillips, that we are here," explained The Thinking Machine quietly. "I want to show you just why and how the bell rings, and incidentally clear up the other points of the mystery. Now, if I should tell you that the bell will sound a given number of times at a given instant, and it *should* sound, you would know that I was aware of the cause?"

"Certainly," assented Mr. Phillips eagerly.

"And then if I demonstrated tangibly *how* it sounded you would be satisfied?"

"Yes, of course—yes!"

"Very good." And the scientist turned to the reporter: "Mr. Hatch, 'phone the Weather Bureau and ask if there was a storm about midnight preceding the finding of Wagner's body; also if there was thunder. And get the direction and velocity of the wind. I know, of course, that there *was* thunder, and that the wind was either from the east, or there was no wind. I *know* it, not from personal observation, but by the pure logic of events."

The reporter nodded.

"Also I will have to ask you to borrow for me somewhere a violin and a champagne-glass."

There happened to be a violin in the house. Harvey Phillips went for it, and Hatch went to the 'phone. Five minutes later he reappeared; Harvey Phillips had preceded him.

"Light wind from the east, four miles an hour," Hatch reported tersely. "The storm threatened just before midnight. There was vivid lightning and heavy thunder."

To prosaic Doctor Perdue these preliminaries smacked a little of charlatanry. Mr Phillips was interested, but impatient. The Thinking Machine, watch in hand, lay back in his chair, squinting steadily upward.

"Now, Mr. Phillips," he announced, "in just thirty-three and three-quarter minutes the bell will ring. It will sound ten times. I am taking pains to reproduce the exact conditions under which the bell has always sounded since you have known it, because if I show you there can be no doubt."

Mr. Phillips was leaning forward, gripping the arms of his chair.

"Meanwhile, I will reconstruct the events, not as they *might* have happened, but as they *must* have happened," continued The Thinking Machine. "They will not be in sequence, but as they were revealed to me by each added fact, for logic, Mr. Phillips, is only a sum in arithmetic, and the answer based on every known fact must be correct as inevitably as that two and two make four—not *sometimes*, but *all* the time

"Well, a man was found dead here—shot. His mere presence indicated burglary. The open window showed how he probably entered. Considering only these superficial facts, we see instantly that more than *one* person might have entered that window. Yet it is hardly likely that two thieves entered, and one killed the other before they got their booty, for nothing was stolen, and it is still less likely that

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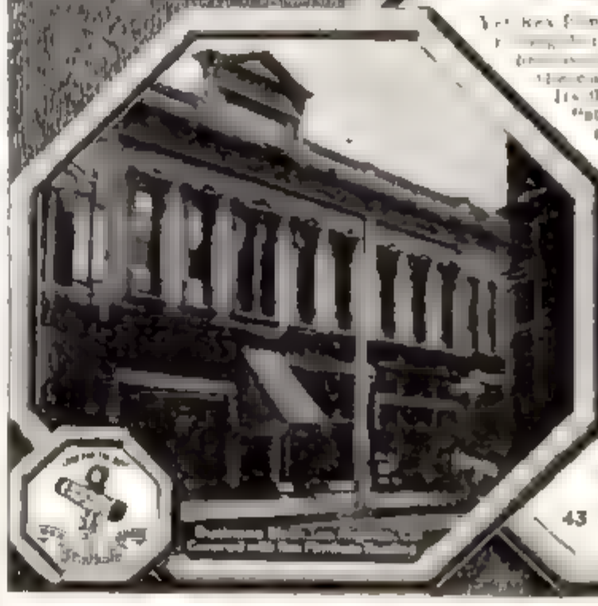

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one man came here to commit suicide. What then?

"The blood mark on the bell. It was made by a human hand. Yet a man shot instantly dead could not have made it. Therefore we *know* there was another person. The door locked on the outside absolutely confirmed this. Ordinarily, I dare say, the door is never locked? No? Then who locked it? Certainly not a second thief, for he would not have risked escaping through the house after a shot which, for all he knew, had aroused every one. Ergo, some one in the house locked the door. Who?

"One of your servants, Giles Francis, is missing. Did he hear some one in the room? No, for he would have alarmed the household. What happened to him? Where is he? There is, of course, a chance that he ran out to find an officer and was disposed of in some way by an outside confederate of the man inside. But remember, please, the last we know of him he was asleep in bed. The vital point, therefore, is, what aroused him? From that we can easily develop his subsequent actions."

The Thinking Machine paused and glanced at his watch, then toward the east window, which was open with the screen in.

"We *know*," he resumed, "that if Francis had been aroused by burglars, or by a sound which he attributed to burglars, he would have awakened other servants. We must suppose he was awakened by *some* noise. What is most probable? Thunder! That would account for his every act. So let's say for the moment that it was thunder, that he remembered this window was open, partially dressed himself and came here to close it. This was, we will also presume, just before midnight. He met Wagner here, and in some way got Wagner's revolver. Then the fatal shot was fired.

"From this point, as the facts developed, Francis' acts became more difficult of comprehension. I could readily see how, when Wagner fell, Francis might have placed his hand over the heart to see if he were dead, and thus stained his hands; but why did Francis then smear blood on the fifth bell of the gong, leave this room, locking the door behind him, and run into the street? In other words, why did he lock the door and run?

"I had already attached considerable importance to the gong, primarily because of the blood, and had examined the bells closely. I even scratched them to assure myself that they were bronze and not a precious metal which would attract thieves. Then, Mr. Phillips, I heard your story, and instantly I knew *why* Francis locked the door and ran. It was because he was frightened—horribly, unspeakably frightened. Naturally there was a nerve-racking shock when he found he had killed a man. Then as he stood, horror-stricken perhaps, the bell rang. It affected him as it did you, Mr. Phillips, but under circumstances which were inconceivably more terrifying to a timid man. The bell rang six, seven, eight—perhaps a dozen times. To Francis, looking down upon a man he had killed, it was maddening, inexplicable. He placed his hand on it to stop the sound, then, crazed with terror, ran out of the room, locking the door behind him, and out of the house. The outer door closed with a spring-lock. He will return in time, because, of course, he was justified in killing Wagner."

Again The Thinking Machine glanced at his watch. Eighteen minutes of the specified thirty-three had elapsed.

"Now, as to the bell itself," he went on, "its history is of no consequence. It's Japanese and we know it's extremely old. We must assume from Mr. Matsumi's conduct that it is an object of—of, say, veneration. We can imagine it hanging in a temple; perhaps it rang there, and awed multitudes listened. Perhaps they regarded it as prophetic. After its disappearance from Japan—we don't know how—Mr. Matsumi was naturally amazed to see it here, and was anxious to buy it. You refused to listen to him, Mr. Phillips. Then he went to Wagner and offered, we'll say, several thousand dollars for it. That accounts for Wagner's letters and his presence here. He came to steal the thing which he couldn't buy. His denial of all knowledge of the bell is explained readily by Detective Mallory's statement that he had long been suspected of handling stolen goods. He denied because he feared a trap.

"I may add that I attributed an ingenuity of construction to the bell which it did

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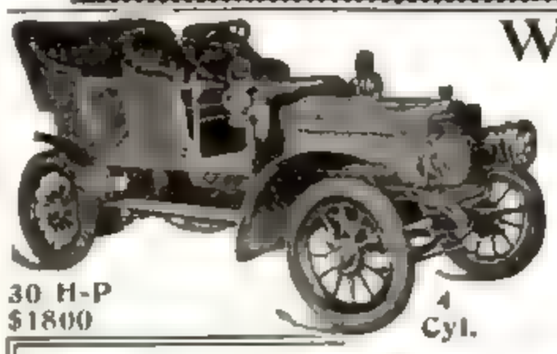

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not possess. When I asked if you ever noted any odor when it sounded, Mr. Phillips, I had an idea that perhaps your present condition had been brought about by a subtle poison in which the gong had once been immersed, particles of which, when the bell sounded, might have been cast off and drawn into the lungs. I can assure you, however, that there was no poison. That is all, I think."

"But the sealed letter——" began Doctor Perdue.

"Oh, I opened that," was the casual rejoinder; but Doctor Perdue, as he looked, read a warning in the scientist's face. "It related to another matter entirely."

Doctor Perdue gazed at him a moment and understood. Unconsciously Hatch felt of the pocket where he had placed the letter. It was still there. He, too, understood. The Thinking Machine arose, glanced out of the window, then turned to the reporter.

"Now, Mr. Hatch," he requested, "please go across the street to the apartment-house, and open the rear window in the hall where we were. See that it remains open for twenty minutes; then return here. Keep out of the hall while the window is open, and, if possible, keep others out."

Without a word or question, Hatch went out. The Thinking Machine dropped back into his chair, glanced at his watch, then scribbled something on a card which he handed to Doctor Perdue.

"By the way," he remarked irrelevantly, "there's an excellent compound for nervous indigestion I ran across the other day."

Doctor Perdue read the card. On it was:

"*Letter dangerous. Probably predicts death. Has religious significance. Would advise Phillips not be informed.*"

"I'll try it some time," remarked Doctor Perdue.

There was a silence of two or three minutes. The Thinking Machine was idly twirling his watch in his slender fingers; Mr. Phillips sat staring at the bell, but there was no longer fright in his manner; it seemed rather curiosity.

"In just three minutes," said The Thinking Machine at last. A pause. "Now, two!" Again a pause. "Now, one!—Be perfectly calm and listen!" Another pause, then suddenly: "Now!"

"Boom!" rang the bell, as if echoing the word. Despite himself, Mr. Phillips started a little, and the scientist's fingers closed on his pulse. "Boom!" again came the note. The bell hung motionless; the musical clangor seemed to roll out methodically, rhythmically. Three! Four! Five! Six! Seven! Eight! Nine! Ten!

When the last note sounded, The Thinking Machine was staring into Mr. Phillips' face, seeking understanding. He found only bewilderment, and with quick impatience picked up the violin and bow.

"Here!" he exclaimed curtly. "Watch the champagne-glass."

He tapped the fragile glass and it sang shrilly. Then, on the violin, he sought the accompanying chord. Four times he drew the bow across the strings, and the glass was silent. Then the violin caught the pitch and the glass, three or four feet away, sang with it. Louder and louder the violin note grew, then suddenly, with a crash, the thin receptacle collapsed, shattered, tumbled to pieces before their eyes. Mr. Phillips stared in the utmost astonishment.

"A little demonstration in natural philosophy," explained The Thinking Machine. "In other words, vibration. Vibration sounded the glass, just as vibration sounded the bell on the gong there. You saw me sound the glass; the note which sounds the bell is a clock on a direct line half a mile away due east."

Mr. Phillips stared first at the shattered glass, then at the scientist. After a moment he understood, and an inexpressible feeling of relief swept over him.

"But the bell didn't always sound when the window was open," objected Doctor Perdue, after a moment.

"The bell can only sound when this window and both hall windows on the second floor across the way are open—on warm nights, for instance," replied The Thinking Machine. "Then, too, the wind must be from the east, or else there must be none. A gust of air, a person passing through the hall, any one of a dozen things would interrupt the sensitive sound-waves and prevent all strokes of the clock reaching the bell here, while some of them might. Of course, any bell on the gong

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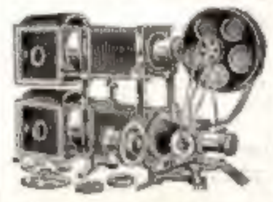

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may be sounded with a violin, or, if they are true notes, with a piano, and I knew this at first. But Mr. Phillips had once heard the bell long after midnight—say two o'clock in the morning. Pianos and violins are not going so late, except perhaps at a ball. There was no ball across the street that night; therefore we came to the obvious remainder—a clock. It is visible from the rear window of the second-floor hall over there. It's all logic, logic!"

There was a pause. Doctor Perdue, looking into the face of his patient, was reassured by what he saw there, and something of his own professional jocundity asserted itself.

"Instead of being a thing to make you nervous, Phillips," he said at last with a smile, "it seems to me that the bell is an excellent and reliable timepiece."

Mr. Phillips glanced at him quickly and the drawn, white face was relieved by a slight smile. After a while Hatch returned and for some time the little party sat in the room talking over the affair. Their conversation was interrupted at last by the clangor of the bell, and every person present arose and stared at it anew with the exception of The Thinking Machine. His squint eyes were still turned upward—he didn't even alter his position. There were eleven strokes of the bell, then silence.

"Eleven o'clock," remarked The Thinking Machine placidly. "You left the windows open over there, Mr. Hatch."

Hatch nodded.

Mr. Phillips was in bed sleeping when Doctor Perdue and The Thinking Machine, accompanied by Hatch, went away.

"Suppose we drop in at my place and look at that letter?" suggested the doctor.

The Thinking Machine, in Doctor Perdue's office, took the sealed packet from the reporter and opened it. Doctor Perdue was peering over his shoulder. The scientist squinted down the page with inscrutable face, then crumpled up the letter, struck a match and ignited it.

"But—but ——" protested Doctor Perdue quickly, and Hatch saw that some strange pallor suddenly overspread his face, "it said that—that eleven strokes meant—meant ——"

"You're a fool, Perdue!" snapped The Thinking Machine, and he glared straight into the physician's eyes. "Didn't I show why and how the bell rang? Do you expect me to account for every barbaric superstition of a half-civilized race regarding the bell."

The paper burned, and The Thinking Machine crumpled up the ashes and dropped them in a waste-basket.

. . . . . .

Two days later Franklin Phillips was himself again; on the fourth day he appeared at his office. On the sixth the market began to feel the master's clutch; on the eighth Francis was taken into custody and related a story identical with that told by The Thinking Machine to account for his disappearance; on the eleventh Franklin Phillips was found dead in bed. On his forehead was a pallid, white spot, faintly visible. It was a circle with three dots inside and three rays extending out from it.

(THE END)

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ONE of Arthur Wing Pinero's minor titles to fame is the fact that he has enabled so many actresses to make an enduring impression. Olga Nethersole in The Profligate, Mrs. Patrick Campbell as Paula Tanqueray and Mrs. Ebbsmith, Irene Vanbrugh as Sophie Fullgarney in The Gay Lord Quex and as Letty, Fay Davis as Fay Zuliani and Iris, have all, as William Archer once put it, walked into fame on Mr. Pinero's arm. But he is equally expert in bringing out the best there is in his men players.

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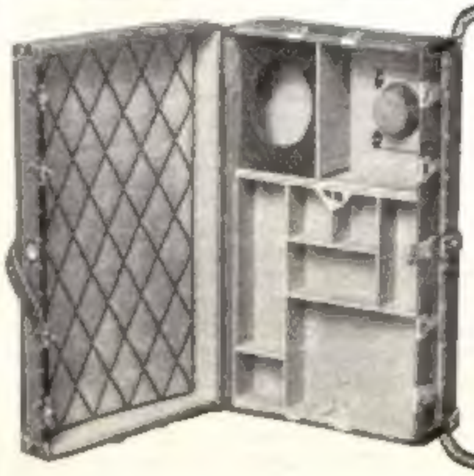

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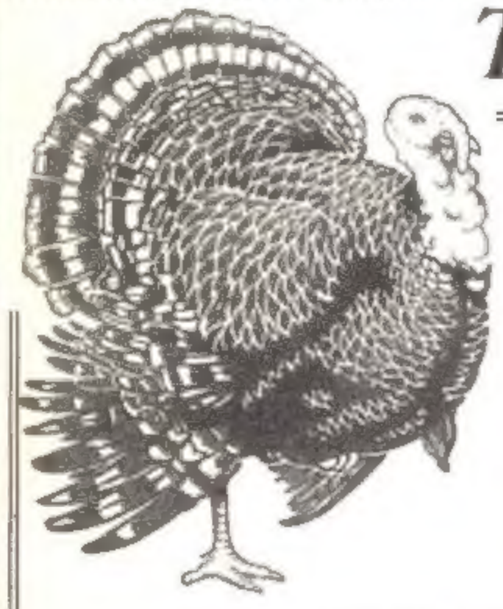

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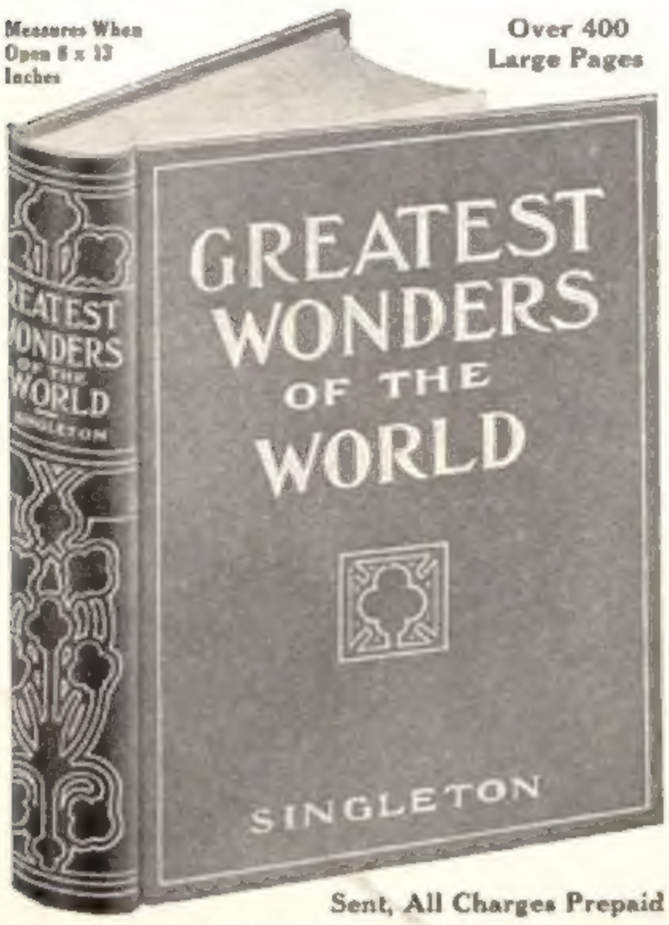

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